

SMART SET

Stories from Life

May

25
Cents



A NEW
HIGH SCHOOL STORY
By the Author of
CRUCIBLE of YOUTH

Magic Face Powder makes skin new, soft, satiny!

"My DEAR, I've never SEEN your SKIN look so SOFT and SATiny! What DID you DO—have your FACE lifted? You say you only use KISSproof FACE POWDER? I've NEVER seen ANY-thing LIKE it! It CERTAINLY makes you look years YOUNGer, my dear! Let me TRY some of that MAGIC POWder im-MEDIATEly!"

Kissproof is a new type of face powder made from a secret formula imported from France. Rosalie knows it gives her skin a new, soft, satiny tone that she could never before obtain with any other face powder.

Kissproof stays on!

And unlike ordinary face powder, Kissproof doesn't wear off like a first love affair! It is aptly called the Extra Hour Face Powder—it clings hours longer than any face powder you have ever before used!

We urge you to see what NEW SKIN this Extra Hour Face Powder will give YOU! Most French Powders of its type sell for \$5.00 a box, but Kissproof can be obtained at your favorite toilet goods counter for only \$1.00. Don't delay. Try Kissproof today! Insist on the genuine—be sure the box is plainly marked "Kissproof".

If you would like to try before buying,

Send for Kissproof Treasure Chest

As a Special Introductory Offer we will send you a darling Loose Powder Vanity of Kissproof Face Powder; a genuine Kissproof Lipstick in brass case; a Kissproof Compact Rouge complete with mirror and puff; a dainty package of Kissproof Paste Rouge; a bottle of Delica-Brow with camel's hair brush for applying; all for coupon below and only 30c! Not stingy samples, but a whole month's supply of each—the full size packages would cost over \$3.00! Ideal for week-ends or your hand bag.

Accept, for your beauty's sake, the test offerer here. Send coupon now! Find out for yourself what genuine Kissproof Beauty Aids will do; what ordinary unnatural cosmetics will never do! Kissproof are youth's own beauty aids—made to enhance natural youthful beauty. And how they STAY ON!

Only one to a person!



SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

[Mailed same day received]

Kissproof, Inc., Dept. 1325
3012 Clybourn Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

For 30c enclosed (stamps or coins) send me Kissproof Treasure Chest as outlined above. Include free, 8x10 Art Print of Kissproof Girl and 16 page Beauty Booklet, "The Secret of Perfect Makeup." I use—

- ☐ Flesh ☐ White ☐ Brunette
☐ Ivory Face Powder. Check which.

Name.....

Address.....City.....State.....



WARNING!

Never accept any cosmetic as "Kissproof" unless the name "Kissproof" is plainly marked on the package. For your own protection insist on the genuine. There are many spurious imitations but none are "Kissproof". Genuine Kissproof cosmetics are on sale at all modern toilet goods counters. Always ask for Kissproof BY NAME.



8x10
Art
Print
of this famous painting
The Kissproof
Girl, included
FREE with your
Kissproof Treasure
Chest. Printed
in 12 colors, mailed
flat for framing.

The young wife without a confidante is troubled by doubts — sometimes even frightened

LIFE moves quickly. A few hastening years and the young girl is on the threshold of maturity. Marriage soon follows—and with it the perplexities of a new and different existence.

It is at this point that many young women are faced with doubts—sometimes even frightened. All because they have not been told the straight truth concerning feminine hygiene. All because they are confused by well-meant old-fashioned advice and equally well-meant "modern" advice—both incomplete and misleading.

Every woman should know of these dangers

Feminine hygiene is in fact a sane, wholesome practice. Physicians and nurses will verify this. They will approve of the natural desire of women of refinement to attain a complete, *antiseptic* cleanliness. But they will also be quick to add that *in the past* it has been a *dangerous* practice, owing to the poisonous nature of the antiseptics commonly used—antiseptics bearing the sign of the skull-and-crossbones on every package.

Grave dangers attend the use of such poisonous antiseptics as carbolic acid, bichloride of mercury and their various compounds. True, these preparations have the germ-killing strength necessary for complete, surgical cleanliness. But this virtue is nullified by their poisonous character and their decided tendency to injure body tissues.

Women should know that in many cases mercurial poisoning is caused by the continued use of bichloride of mercury. The effects of carbolic acid are no less deadly. Hardening



of the sensitive membranes, the formation of areas of scar-tissue, a serious disturbance of normal body secretions—these are the fearful injuries that can result from the employment of carbolic acid compounds for purposes of feminine hygiene.

Sane, safe hygiene possible with Zonite

To what antiseptic, then, *can* women turn for safety? The answer is *Zonite*—the famous discovery of the World War. In this remarkable product women have an antiseptic that completely solves their most pressing and intimate problem.

Imagine an antiseptic far stronger germicidally than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the body, yet absolutely harmless to delicate tissues! *That* is Zonite. No wonder women have welcomed it as a godsend. In countless homes it has forever supplanted the old poisonous germicides that constituted a constant menace to every member of the family, especially the younger children.

Write today for the special women's booklet

Zonite is now on sale wherever you may be, right in your neighborhood. Let its wholesome effectiveness come into your home at the earliest moment. But in the meantime, write for a copy of "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene". This dainty booklet discusses its vital subject clearly, frankly and completely. It is filled with authentic information. And it is *free*. Simply send the coupon that is printed below. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.



In the bottles. 30¢, 60¢, \$1

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below. S-5

- ☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
(Please print name)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

(In Canada: 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto)

SMART SET

Stories from Life

WILLIAM C. LENGEL
Editor

The BEST True-Life Serials

Unforbidden Fruit 24	Uneasy Love 48
Warner Fabian Reveals Flaming College Life	The Midnight Sweetheart Finds Happiness
Rebel Romance A Spanish Girl's Story of War and Love	62

The BEST True-Life Stories

Bluffers 12	How My Ship Came In 42
The Love Story of a Good Girl, by Bob Carr	Could I Prove Myself a Real Captain?
The Girl Who Didn't Care 18	The Devil's Gift 56
And I Too Fell Under Her Spell	Suppose Your Wife Was a Temptress?
The Quality of Mercy 32	Alabama, Here I Come! 66
A Girl Who Didn't Want Mother to Know	When a Chorus Girl Falls in Love


The BEST True-Life Features

Damon & Pythias 10	Youth Is Still Glorious 41
Irvin S. Cobb's Funniest True Experience	O. O. McIntyre's Best True Story This Month
Freedom Is Love 16	The Modern Magdalene 46
By Elinor Glyn	By Judge Charles A. Oberwager
Do We Think Too Much About Sex? 22	What Every Father Should Know 54
By Count Keyserling (As Told to Dorothy Holm)	By John S. Sumner
Must Girls Pay to Be Courted? 30	Eight Ways to Win a Husband 60
By Shirley Ann Stone	By Homer Croy

AND JOHN HELD'S OWN PAGE, page 9; MY HEART JUST WON'T BEHAVE, poem by Louella F. Still, page 36; A GALLERY OF BEAUTY, pages 37-40; FUN FROM THE FILMS, pages 70-72; PRIZE CONTEST, page 68; A PARISIAN FLIRTATION by Henry Fournier, page 69; THIS FUNNY WORLD by Aleck Smart, page 74; BEAUTY OR BRAINS? by Martha Madison, page 76

Cover Design Painted by Henry Clive

AT LAST THE SOUL OF WOMAN FINDS VOICE IN WORDS

YOU  MY BELOVED

By G. SHEILA DONISTHORPE

Begin It in NEXT MONTH'S SMART SET

Teach Yourself!

A High School Education now available **50 VOLUMES All \$2.98** A Leather Cover for

DO YOU ever feel the lack of knowledge you really ought to have at your command? Perhaps you missed a high school education. Then again, perhaps you did not get the most out of it when you were in school. It is true that many young people never realize the value of an education until they have been for a time out in the world, as the phrase goes, shifting for themselves. Then they regret either that they did not finish school or that they did not make the most of their opportunity while they had it.

Classroom atmosphere has also often been a handicap. Many cannot learn as well in the strict way of formal education, but often such people—and you may be one of them—can get an astonishing amount of good from books after they have left school far in the past. It is to meet the demand of people everywhere who want to improve themselves—who want, in short, to broaden and extend their education along the general lines of the usual high school course that this series of 50 educational volumes has been gathered together.

Simplicity of Style

AN important feature of these books is their simplicity of style. They have been specially written so that everything is fully and understandably explained—in fact, so that no instructor except yourself is necessary. You will have to study the books and contribute your endeavor if they are to do you any good. But if you are sincere in your desire for self-improvement, if you really want to learn, honest application and alertness will make these books a mine of mental wealth to you. Look over the list of books in this series at the right and see how they can benefit YOU!

These books are all self-teaching—that is the plan that underlies them all, to make no instructor necessary. But the books are of no value unless you read them with the determination to learn from them. There is no royal road to learning just by sitting idly and letting your eyes wander over a page! But if you have genuine ambition, then these are the books which may perhaps be of more benefit to you than all the four years of formal high school education.

Astonishing Low Cost

IT is quite true that these 50 books, pocket-sized making them convenient to carry with you wherever you go to fill in spare moments,

substantially bound in stiff card covers, cost only \$2.98—first and full payment.

Remember that \$2.98 is absolutely all you pay—with this first payment you get the books and they are paid for in full.

This extraordinary low price is possible because these books are produced in tremendous quantities. If they were bound in the usual expensive library form, however, they would cost something like \$25 or \$30. By issuing them in this attractive style, each book containing about 15,000 words of text, we are able to offer all 50 volumes for \$2.98 prepaid, **payment in full**. There are no strings attached to this offer—\$2.98 is positively all you pay.

Think of how expensive a high school education is in comparison. Here you can get 50 books for no more than one average textbook costs in school. And you dispense with the instructor altogether—you become your own teacher, and you get the thrill and satisfaction of learning through your own efforts. This satisfaction is truly its own reward. Try it and see!

Try This QUIZ!

Do You Know—

1. Who said "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise"?
 2. What is meant by "squaring the circle"?
 3. What have the following names in common: Van Buren, Tyler, Polk, Fillmore, Pierce?
 4. What are the four forms of English composition?
 5. What is psychology?
 6. Who were Donatello, Cellini, Bologna, Rodin?
 7. What is the Milky Way?
 8. Who was Delilah?
 9. What famous speech begins: "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears"?
 10. What do the following mean: (a) "Sprechen Sie deutsch"; (b) "Parlez-vous français"; (c) "Hablan Usted espanol"?
 11. How far does a falling body drop in the first second after starting from rest?
 12. What does "Ibid." mean?
 13. Who was the Roman god of war?
 14. What are the three orders of Greek architecture?
 15. What chiefly caused the Civil War?
- All of these questions, and scores of others, are understandably answered in this 50-volume, educational course totaling more than 750,000 words—and the price is only \$2.98, payment in full.

etc., are available at similar low prices—full particulars of which are included with all orders for this 50-volume Educational Course.

Genuine Leather Cover

INCLUDED in each set of 50 books is a genuine sheepskin leather slip cover, holding one book at a time and protecting it while in use. A book may be slipped in or out in a few moments. Thus you can enjoy the luxurious "feel" of real leather while reading or studying these books.

50 Volumes (15,000 Words Each)

English (Grammar)

1. Common Faults in English.
2. Spelling Manual. (Rules, lists, etc.)
3. Grammar Manual. (Parts of speech, verbs, etc.)
4. Punctuation Manual. (Rules, examples, tests, etc.)
5. Words Pronounced. (How to pronounce 4,000 words often pronounced incorrectly.)
6. Conversation. (Guide to improvement of conversation.)
7. Vocabulary. (Guide to enlargement of vocabulary.)
8. Letter Writing. (How to write letters for all occasions, with samples.)

History

9. Outline of United States History.
10. Story of the American Revolution.
11. Story of the U. S. Civil War.
12. Lives of the U. S. Presidents (with portraits).

Economics (Finance)

13. Outline of Economics. (Simple course.)
14. Value of Money. (How to save money, etc.)
15. How Wall Street Works. (How money is made in N. Y.'s Wall Street.)

Literature (General)

16. The Classics. (Facts everyone should know about them.)
17. Outline of 100 Best Books to Read.
18. Reading Manual. (How to get the most good out of reading.)

Arts

19. Facts about Painting and Painters.
20. Facts About Sculpture and Sculptors.
21. Facts about Music and Musicians.
22. Architecture: Its Meaning and How It Developed.

Languages (Foreign)

23. Latin Self Taught. (Rules, syntax, etc., complete.)
24. French Self Taught. (Rules, syntax, etc., complete.)
25. Spanish Self Taught. (Rules, syntax, etc., complete.)
26. German Self Taught. (Rules, syntax, etc., complete.)

Business (Commercial)

27. U. S. Commercial Geography.
28. Handbook of Commercial Law. (Contracts, leases, etc.)
29. Business Letters (with samples).
30. Typewriting Course. (Lessons, samples, etc.)

Science

31. Chemistry. (Elementary course.)
32. Physics. (Elementary course.)
33. Astronomy (for beginners).
34. Psychology. (Science of the mind, for beginners.)
35. Evolution (fully explained).
36. Great Scientists.
37. Zoology. (Facts about animals.)

Mathematics

38. Curiosities of Mathematics.
39. Arithmetic Self Taught: Part I. (Addition, subtraction, etc.)
40. Arithmetic Self Taught: Part II. (Interest, problems, etc.)

Reference Manuals

41. Familiar Quotations (with complete index).
42. Shakespearean Quotations. (All the famous lines.)
43. Classical Dictionary. (Guide to literary allusions.)
44. Bible Dictionary. (All literary allusions.)
45. Foreign Words and Phrases.
46. International Dictionary of Authors.
47. Geographical Names. (Gazetteer.)

Quizzes (Tests)

48. 600 Questions and Answers. (Information tests.)
49. 400 Questions and Answers. (General quizzes.)
50. 600 Questions and Answers. (Who, when, where, what?)

All for \$2.98

Make Your Spare Moments Count!

Here in these books, you have the essence of a four-year high-school course—here is a chance to get the foundations of an education, and you can be your own instructor, learning as you read. It

A BOOK takes only an hour to read one of these books—
AN HOUR utilize your spare moments by carrying one or two of these lessons wherever you go. You can make every minute count and get the benefit of these handy volumes, which have been written especially for easy comprehension and compact utility.

HALDEMAN-JULIUS PUBLICATIONS
Dept. S-336 Girard, Kansas

JUST SIGN AND MAIL THIS BLANK

HALDEMAN-JULIUS PUBLICATIONS.
Dept. S-336, Girard, Kansas.

Send me at once the 50-volume Educational Course and one genuine sheepskin leather slip cover. Unless my check is enclosed herewith I agree to pay the postman \$2.98 on delivery—which is positively all I pay, and I am to be under no further obligation whatever.

City.....State.....

Name.....

Address.....

NOTE:—No C. O. D. orders to Canada or foreign countries—These must remit in advance by International Money Order or draft on any U. S. bank.

Is It All "Just For Fun"?



WHY does a girl tease her lover into a quarrel and then immediately make up? Just for fun? Why does a boy flirt with every pretty girl he sees? Just for fun? Why do young people, as soon as they get together, try to outdo each other in raising a racket, exceeding the speed limit and being generally foolish? Just for fun? As you read these stories in June SMART SET you'll realize that there are as many kinds of fun as there are people



ARE you getting all the fun you can out of life? If not, why not? You want it, of course! But do you know where to look for it? Or are you like the girl who was going to get a kick out of life or die in the attempt? There wasn't much that she didn't do just for fun! She was ready for anything except what happened. Never in all her mad hunt for fun had she imagined anything so devastating as the experience which came to her. Never in all her fevered seeking for a good time had she expected anything to shake her soul to its foundations. In fact she didn't know she had a soul, but Robert S. Carr will tell you how she found it out. Don't miss his story of

The Thrill Girl

In June SMART SET

WOULD attending a famous murder trial be your idea of a good time? Could you attend it day after day as you would a series of theatrical entertainments and at the end say sincerely, "Well, I admit I've thoroughly enjoyed every moment of it"? My pal did—and I might have if I hadn't fallen in love with the woman who was on trial for her life. What strange influence that moment's impulse to "see something different" was to have on the rest of my life—how strangely my happiness was to be affected by that instant's seeking after a new sensation which led me to attend Madeleine Ferrat's trial I shall tell you in

The Haunted Honeymoon

In June SMART SET

WHERE do we go from here? On to the next wild party! Faster and faster! More and more hectic! Work all day and play all night! What for? Oh, just for fun! Why be quiet? You're a long time dead! Keep on spinning like a dizzy top till you can't stand up any more. Then wobble out of the picture! And call it fun! That's one of the symptoms of jazzmania. Its victims act like hoodlums and think they are having a good time! But from the sidelines it looks as if we were destroying the true value of social life by cheapening it. If you think you can't have any fun unless the party gets wild don't fail to read the straight-from-the-shoulder article by

T. Howard Kelly

In June SMART SET

IS IT true that we lose the ability to laugh spontaneously as we grow older? Do we become so serious minded that we cease to see the funny side of things? Why aren't we wise enough to cultivate the saving grace of a sense of humor? If you feel that yours is growing rusty with disuse you can put it to work again by sharing "The Funniest Thing That Ever Happened" with a man who has never lost the magic gift of laughter which is just the inside out of tears. Don't miss the story by

Irvin S. Cobb

In June SMART SET

WHY do young people do the crazy-headed things that so scandalize their elders? Why do they insist on burning their candles at both ends? Why do they throw discretion to the four winds, run the most ridiculous risks, disregard all the worth while things and chase madly after will-o'-the-wisp enchantments? They say it's just for fun! But perhaps the new generation will step more carefully over the thin ice where this one tried to dance. That's one of the conclusions May Cerf will bring you from

Honoré Willsie Morrow

In June SMART SET

WHERE'S the fun in growing up and meeting charming young men—perhaps even meeting Prince Charming himself—if you have to marry some other man that your stepfather has picked out for you? What would you do if you had always been used to luxury and had to choose between a life of ease with a man you feared—or love on a chauffeur's salary? Would you dare to defy your guardian no matter what threats he used against you? Perhaps you'll see why I chose as I did when you read my story

The Right to Love

In June SMART SET

In your search for fun and entertainment don't overlook O. O. McIntyre, John Held, G. K. Chesterton, Elinor Glyn and other well known writers in June SMART SET. It will be on the newsstands May first

30 UP-TO-DATE 30 Selections

with this **Portable
Phonograph**



Folds Like a Suitcase

with snap locks and carrying handle. So light and convenient—easily carried wherever you want it. Take it along to parties where you want to dance and sing, or listen to good music. Take it with you on trips. Holds 15 records. Weighs only 17 lbs. Fullsize, not a toy.

When you play it, put it on the table, on the floor—anywhere that is handy. And when not in use, fold it up if you wish and put it away. You don't have to give up any space to this portable phonograph.

30 Days Trial

15 double face 75c records, to your home on 30 days' trial for only \$1.00 with the coupon. Use it as your own and see what a wonderful convenience it is to have a phonograph that you can carry from room to room, from place to place, wherever and whenever you want it.

We Guarantee: that you get everything in this phonograph so far as concerns music reproduction that a \$250 phonograph can give you. True, you don't get the big furniture, but you do get (and we guarantee it) the exact reproducer, the exact style of tone arm and the same grade of records you get in the most expensive phonograph ever made. That's why you get, on this wonderful offer, absolutely the best in music that any phonograph ever gave.

\$2.60 a Month

Use the outfit on 30 days' trial, on that guarantee. If within 30 days you decide not to keep the outfit, send it back and we'll refund your \$1.00 plus all transportation charges. If you keep it, pay only \$2.60 a month until you have paid that sensational price on this special sale—only \$26.85. Think of it, a first-class high grade phonograph, more convenient and more

Sensational offer. A special assortment of up-to-date high-grade 75c records—30 selections in all, 15 double face records—are included on this wonderful offer. These records are made by the wonderful new electric process—more life like, more volume, less surface noise than ever. And they play longer. Very latest selections, popular songs, dance music, band and instrumental pieces—\$11.25 worth of brand new records included with this outfit. And we've picked out just the kind of records to please you most. Read our wonderful offer below.

Yes, we'll send this Puritone portable phonograph outfit, with 30 high grade selections,

useful than an ordinary phonograph and 15 high-grade, up-to-date, double face records—(30 selections) a complete outfit, ready to play for only \$26.85!

Send NOW

Seize this opportunity on this special sale, while it lasts. Only \$1.00 with the coupon brings the complete outfit on 30 days' trial. Remember, 15 Double Face 75c New Electric Process records, 30 up-to-date selections—are included with this outfit. Send the coupon NOW.

FREE Catalog

of home furnishings sent on request with or without order. See coupon.

This Portable Phonograph

plays any make of 10-inch disc records including Edison, and plays two ten-inch records with one winding. Weighs 17 lbs. Waterproof imitation leather case, with hinged lid, closes up like a small suitcase with snap locks and carrying handle. Measures 14½ x 12 x 7½ in. Records placed inside of lid and secured so they will not rattle or break. Holds 15 records. Has quiet spring motor, tone arm and reproducer with indestructible diaphragm and wide throat for full sound volume. Reproducer is reversible for Edison records. Outfit includes 15 double face 75c New Electric Process records—30 selections. A complete record library without buying a single one! Shpg. wgt. packed about 25 lbs.

Order by No. W8824JA—only \$1.00 with coupon, \$2.60 monthly. Total price, \$26.85.

Straus & Schram, Dept. 3885 Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find \$1. Ship special advertised Puritone Portable Phonograph with 15 Double Face 75c New Electric Process records—30 selections. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the outfit, I will pay you \$2.60 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the phonograph and records within 30 days and you are to refund my dollar and express charges I paid.

Puritone Portable Phonograph and 15 Double Face Records, W8824JA, \$26.85

Name.....
Street, R.F.D. or Box No.....
Shipping Point.....
Post Office..... State.....
Married or Single?..... Nationality or Color.....
If you want only our free catalog of home furnishings, mark X here ☐

Straus & Schram, Dept. 3885 Chicago, Ill.

Do you believe in

ALIMONY?



*Is it
Woman's Right*

*— or
Woman's Curse?*

FAITH BALDWIN

Answers in a Fearless Novel

THE rising tide of divorce has brought us a new industry, the ultimate refinement of gold-digging, the perfection of blackmail within the law — *marriage for alimony*. Women who do not want husbands or children, have found a joker in our marriage laws by which they can establish themselves comfortably for life — free, respectable, rich, safe — without personal cost or sacrifice. Now Faith Baldwin has turned a powerful searchlight on the whole cruel, selfish business in a fearless new novel, beginning in May Cosmopolitan.

Naturally, for such an important and timely novel, she would select Cosmopolitan, for she knows that through Cosmopolitan she will reach the largest audience of alert, intelligent and thoughtful readers in the world.

OTHER contributors to May Cosmopolitan include Emil Ludwig, John Erskine, Theodore Dreiser, Irvin S. Cobb, Katherine Mayo, William J. Locke, Robert Hichens, Sir Philip Gibbs, Kathleen Norris, Rupert Hughes, Owen Wister, Royal Brown, Peter B. Kyne, Meredith Nicholson, Brig. Gen. Henry J. Reilly, Dorothy Speare, O. O. McIntyre, Maurice Leblanc, Margaret Cushman Banning, Richard V. Culter, Gluyas Williams and Charles Dana Gibson.

All in MAY

Hearst's International
combined with
Cosmopolitan

ON SALE APRIL 10TH

MONEY-MAKING DEPARTMENT

\$1.00 to \$7.00 Per Hour for Your Full or Spare Time

New Household Device washes-dries windows, sweeps, cleans walls, scrubs, mops. Costs less than brooms. Over half profit. Harpers, 530 Third St., Fairfield, Iowa.

Don't worry with small profits and unknown articles! Backed by tremendous national advertising, hundreds of Nogar salesmen are making \$500 to \$1,000 monthly Right Now! World's longest wearing suits, \$12.50. Amazing wear demonstration makes big, steady sales certain. Write today for Free Kit, full starting instructions. Nogar Clothing Mfg. Co., Dept. CS-5, Reading, Pa.

Women Representatives Wanted. New invention prevents shoulder straps slipping. No more discomfort. Women adore it. Write for particulars and free offer. Lingerie "V" Company, 95 Oak St., North Windham, Conn.

\$114 week Protecting Friends from Check Raisers. Sell Security Combination Fountain Pens and Check Protectors—also new Securographs. Advertise Saturday Evening Post. Write for details including Free Demonstrator Offer. Security Pen Corp., Dept. T, Mt Carmel, Ill.

Men—large permanent income spare or full time! \$8.00 advance commission for you. Our quality suits, topcoats, fast sellers at Two for \$34.50. \$20 sales outfit given Free. Write Morley Tailors, Dept. 1305, 64 W. 23rd St., New York.

We Start You Without A Dollar, Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods, experience unnecessary. Carnation Co. Dept. 593, St. Louis, Mo.

Agents—We start you in business and help you succeed. No capital or experience needed. Spare or full time. You can easily earn \$50-\$100 weekly. Write Madison Products, 566 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I Pay Men \$15.00 day to demonstrate amazing new Perfection Door Closer. Half price of competitors—works better—Big profits for you. Silent—footproof—handles heaviest doors—absolutely prevents slamming. Every Home, Store, Office buys. Get Demonstrator Free. Write Perfection Co., Bloomfield, Ind.

No Dull Times Selling Food. People must eat. Federal distributors make \$3,000 yearly up. No capital or experience needed; guaranteed sales; unsold goods may be returned. We furnish sample case, license and Free Exclusive territory. Ask now! Federal Pure Food, W 2311 Archer, Chicago.

\$1,000 Reward if this is not the greatest money-making house to house proposition ever known. N. R. G. tablets wash clothes in 10 minutes without rubbing. Free Samples. N. R. G. Co., W 2322 W. Superior, Chicago.

Earn \$100 weekly selling America's lowest priced shirts & neckties direct to wearer. 25% advanced commissions. Elaborate Outfit Free. Howard, Dept. 235, 1213 Van Buren, Chicago.

Woman! Sell Feminine Wonder Products. Big profits. Rubber Aprons, Sanitary Belts, Steppins, Shadow Skirts. You cannot fail. American Rubber Products, Dept. 575, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Foreign Positions—Men interested going romantic South America write us. Good pay. Expenses paid. South America Service Bureau, 14,600 Alma, Detroit, Mich.

Direct Representative—smartest Mary Rose frocks, biggest variety, unmatched prices, \$5 to \$10 daily, experience unnecessary. Rodasi Co., 465 Rodasi Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

\$75.00 Weekly. Pay daily. Taking orders New Patented Linen Tablecloth. Washes like Oilcloth. No laundering. Free sample. Jones Specialty Co., 804 No. Clark, Chicago.

If I show you an all Virgin Wool Suit, tailored-to-order, valued at \$35, that you can sell for \$22.50, make \$4.00 yourself, give you absolutely Free. Complete selling outfit, will you give me your proposition a trial? P. C. King, 2338 South La Salle, Chicago, Ill.

Fight Fire! We'll make you fire prevention expert and pay you \$8.00 an hour soon as you start. No investment or experience. Permanent business of your own. Reserve district now. Miracle Fire Chemical Corp., 15 Williams Ave., Carbondale, Pa.

Stop check frauds. Be protection expert. \$5 hourly. Low price-pocket check writer. Equals 360 machines. Merchants fascinated prospects. Quickest seller. Arnold Corp., Flint, Mich.

Agents—Just Out! \$8.88 for Men's Suits! Anyone can sell! Commission \$3 in advance! Free Sales Kit! 888 Company, Dept. E-13, Fort Wayne, Ind.

\$50 to \$200 weekly selling genuine Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry through illustrated catalog. Cash or Credit. Liberal proposition. Free outfit return mail. Write Sterling Diamond & Watch Co. Nationally known Jewelers, Est. 1879, 1540 B'way, Dept. A-142, New York.

Agents make \$5 to \$10 an hour taking orders for newly invented fountain pen. Holds three times much ink as other pens. Unbreakable! You can see through it. Solid gold point. Sells for \$3.00. Worth double. Liberal advance commission. Write for free quick money-making plan. Bonded Reservoir Pen Co., Dept. 505, 147 Nassau St., New York.

Why not sell us your spare time, \$2.00 an hour, \$19.70 daily easy full time. Introduce 12 months Guaranteed Hosiery—47 styles, 39 colors for men, women, children, including latest "Silk to the Top" Ladies' Misses Sport; Men's Fancies. No capital or experience needed. We furnish samples. Your own Silk Hose Free. New Plan. Macoshee Hosiery Co., Park 9285, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents \$300 a month. We feed the world. Groceries, teas, coffees, food specialties, soaps, perfumes, family medicines. Over 400 daily necessities. Steady profitable repeat business. \$3.00 hour part time. Samples furnished. Harley Company, Desk E 2584, Dayton, Ohio.

Slickers Plaid—\$2.98 Hat Free, also full line leatherettes, rayons, raincoat coats, for men, women and children. Outfit free. American Waterproof, Dept. P.C., 724 Roosevelt, Chicago.

Agents \$240 month. Sell finest line silk hosiery you ever saw. We furnish auto. Free silk hosiery for your own use. Write today for samples and state size of hose worn. Betterkint Textile Co., Silk 1035, Greenfield, Ohio.

We pay women \$6.00 an hour to wear exquisite Fifth Avenue dresses and show them to friends and neighbors. Experience unnecessary. Write today to Fifth Avenue Styles, Dept. 1005, Scranton, Pa.

America's Greatest Tailoring Line Free! 130 large Swatch Samples—All Wool—Tailored to Order—Union Made—Sensational low price. Get outfit at once. Address Dept. 422, Goodwear, 844 W. Adams, Chicago.

Punchboard Salesmen Take Notice. New fascinating game "Excitement." Can be used all states. \$200 weekly easy. One minute sales talk. Pay daily. Cigar Stores Novelty Co., Dept. P-Perla, Ill.

Great neckwear line now free! Features finest quality neckwear at factory prices. Collect big commissions daily. Write for FREE tie offer and FREE outfit. *Nawco Neckwear, E-125, Covington, Ky.

Agents wanted to advertise our goods and distribute free samples to consumers. 90c. an hour; write for full particulars. American Products Co., 1664 Monmouth, Cincinnati, Ohio.

65% of all Men past middle age, authorities say, have prostate Gland disorder. Now a scientific treatment. Free book. Address: Thermalside, Steubenville, Ohio, or 303 Van Nuys Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

I pay one dollar for old hot-water bottles. That's where you make your fortune. My sensational Health-protector is the greatest selling wonder in existence. Starting invention. Every home buys. Nobody can refuse. My unique plan guarantees success. Write for great surprise. Pres. Lobl Mfg. Co., Dept. PCS, Middleboro, Mass.

Sell new Alligator and Tu-Color Leatherette coats. Big variety \$2.65 up. Hat Free. \$15.00 daily sale. New spring outfit free—silvertone, 2035A Charleston, Chicago.

Guaranteed salary and commission selling new specialty retailers. Enormous opportunity. Liberal permanent income from repeats. Distributor, Box 1029 Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Used Typewriters. Underwoods, Remingtons, L. C. Smiths late models with modern improvements at less than half. \$2.00 down. 10 day Free trial and year to pay. Send for catalog and particulars. International Typewriter Exchange, Dept. 538, 184 West Lake Street, Chicago.

Palmistry—What secrets are revealed in your hands—if you only knew! Analyze your friends and sweethearts character. Learn to read finger prints and become an expert. We show you how. Amazing. Profusely illustrated. Great fun and profit. Send just 50 cents to St. Johns System, Department 2C, 418 St. Johns Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Wavy Hair in 10 minutes. "Waveen" new wonder preparation changes straightest hair into lustrous, soft waves. Sensation of New York. Be your own hairdresser. Absolutely greaseless and harmless. Large bottle sent postpaid on receipt of \$1.00. Beauty Co., 365 F Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Thrills—Mystery—Romance—greatest offer made. Eleven pocket-size books, exciting, gripping stories. Bargain offer extraordinary. While they last, only \$1.00 for complete set. Fisher Printing Co., 793 Kearney, Arlington, N.J.

\$25.00 daily selling colored Raincoats and Slickers, Red, Blue, Green, etc. \$2.95. Hat Free. Pay daily. Outfit Free. Elliott Bradley, 230 S. Wells, Dept. AF-8, Chicago.

Can You Sell Gas at 5c. per Gal.? My Distributors make \$750.00 per month. Send for free trial and my \$15.00 a day guarantee to Distributors. Frank Andrews, 150 E. Erie, Chicago.

Sell Broadcloth Shirts—four for Five Dollars. Liberal Commission. Samples Free. Stock or made to measure shirts. Mensin Shirt Co., 479 E. Tremont Ave., New York.

Agents earn big money taking orders for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks, Wash Fabrics, Hosiery, Fancy Goods. 1000 Samples furnished. The National Importing Co., Dept. E89, 573 Broadway, New York City.

IF IT'S NOT HERE WRITE US!

Here is a new service for the convenience of our readers. If you are looking for certain articles not listed, write P. C. S. Information Dept., 9 East 46th St., New York. For each item to be investigated, please enclose 10c. to cover cost of postage.



TO SQUARE-DEAL ADVERTISERS ONLY

If you do business on the basis of "satisfaction or money back" write us.

For rates in this and other magazines address Publishers Classified Service, 9 East 46th St., New York

Now! \$5,000 year easy! Sell Gibraltar Shirts! Finest quality. Lowest prices. Defy competition! Liberal daily commissions. Send today for free outfit containing large assortment shirt samples. Gibraltar Shirt Co., Dept. V-7, 22nd Street, New York.

Women Wanted for Traveling Position. Not married, entirely unencumbered, with high school education, between 25 and 40. Salary, bonus and transportation. Give full information letter. Salesmanager, 46 W. Oak St., Chicago.

Women. Men take orders \$3.95 colored raincoats, give \$1.50 hat free. Dresses, sports coats, whirlwind sellers. Pay daily. Free outfit, Superbuilt, Box 433-S, Chicago.

Agents \$240 month. Bonus besides. Sell finest line silk hosiery you ever saw. Auto furnished. Credit given. Write for samples. Wilkint Hosiery Co., Dept. 1435, Greenfield, O.

Start Mail Order Business of your own at home. We supply catalogues with your address on. Wincholt Sales Co., Box 3, Woodbine, Penna.

66 Miles on 1 Gallon. Wonderful New Vapor Humidifier and Gas Saver. All autos. Distributors wanted everywhere. 400% Profits. 1 Free. Critchlow, B-374, Wheaton, Ill.

Homework—Women wanting to obtain any reliable bona-fide kind, write us for information enclosing stamp. Eller Co., Dept. 75, 296 Broadway, N. Y.

Local Partner Wanted. Every City, Town and Village. New Plan. 3 Shirts Free and \$7.00 an Hour. Amazing values. Fashion Wear Shirts, Desk 58, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Amazing new 3-in-1 Lingerie Combination for women making sensational hit. \$15.00 daily easy. Spare or full time. Free Outfit. Don't Wait. Write French Fashion Co., 9 North Franklin, Chicago.

New invention beats vacuum sweeper and all its attachments. Electricity unnecessary. All complete \$2.95. Over 100% profit. Morgan, Mgr., 797 Grimes St., Fairfield, Iowa.

Women—Earn \$16 dozen sewing aprons. Experience unnecessary; no selling. Easy, steady work, materials cut. Addressed envelope brings details. Goshen Dress Co., Dept. 560, Goshen, N. Y.

Men! \$7.50 an hour spare time. Bargain all-wool stylish suits and top coats at \$18.75. Sell every man! \$3.75 advance commission for you. Write for expensive sample case—it's Free! Canterbury Tailors, Dept. Y-7, 20 West 22nd Street, New York.

Be a Real Estate Expert. \$5,000-\$15,000 yearly. Experience unnecessary. I'll teach you everything. Connect with my chain of real estate experts. Write for FREE booklet. National Real Estate Institute, Dept. 500-M, Fort Smith, Ark.

Bankrupt and Rummage Sales. Make \$50 daily. West start you, furnishing everything. Permanent business. Free details. Distributors, Dept. 279, 429 W. Superior, Chicago.

Agents \$240 month. Dri-Kleen-it removes dirt, grease, tar, all one operation. Cleans car for 10c. No soap or water used. Car looks like new. Wonderful seller. Free demonstrating sample. American Accessories Co., Desk 235, Cincinnati, Ohio.

New lines just out. Everything in hosiery, underwear and Rayon lingerie for men, women, children. Beautiful, irresistible Catalog and Samples now ready. New special big money plans. Cash bonus, service awards, rapid promotion. No capital needed. Choice territories going. Rush reply to World's Star Knitting Co., 135 Lake St., Bay City, Mich.

We are in touch with the best and most reliable schools in America.

If you are interested in art, engineering, electricity, radio, aviation, or any kind of business training, we will help you find what you want. Please enclose 10c. to cover cost of postage and receive advice of prominent school expert. Address School Dept., P.C.S., 9 East 46th St., New York.

EARN WHILE YOU LEARN

Learn electricity at home through complete, practical courses written by well-known electrical engineers. Indorsed by Edison and Steinmetz. Write for Free Booklet. INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Dept. 1226-B, Scranton, Penna.

Hotels Need Trained Executives. Nationwide demand for trained men and women; past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Write at once for particulars. Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite AU-W637, Washington, D. C.

Men, get Forest Ranger jobs; \$125-\$200 month and home furnished; hunt, fish, trap. For details, write Norton Institute, 270 Temple Court, Denver, Colo.

Avoid those embarrassing mistakes in English by studying at home in spare time. New method shows you instinctively which word to use and how to use it. Write for Free Booklet. INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Dept. 1225-B, Scranton, Penna.

Want U. S. Gov't Position; commence \$115-\$250 month? Men-women, 18-35, trained at home in three weeks. Write Instruction Bureau, 137 Arcade Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Big Pay Jobs open in Automotive field. Learn how on real equipment with real shop tools in eight weeks. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write quick for special tuition offer. McGraw-Hill Auto Schools, Dept. 21-E, Cleveland, O. and Cincinnati, O.

Men qualify Forest Ranger Position; start \$125 month; cabin and vacation. Patrol the forests, protect the game. Write Mokape Institute, Dept. M-44, Denver, Colo.

Learn drugless healing at home. Interesting, very profitable profession readily and quickly learned by spare time home study. Millions of patients waiting. Practice in your own or patient's home. Earn while you learn. Quick new method of teaching by use of motion pictures. Send 4c. postage for Free introductory course. American University, Botstord Bldg., Chicago.

Make Money In Building. \$12 to \$16 a day regular scale. Much more for trained men. Learn at home, valuable book "How to Read Blue Prints." Mailed free. Chicago Tech College, 118 East 26th Street. (2135), Chicago, Illinois.

MONEY SAVING DEPT.

Bargain! Established manufacturer has odd lot of 938 fine \$1.50 silk ties. Beautiful patterns, will sacrifice at 3 for \$2.00. Postpaid if cash with order. State colors desired. Money back if not satisfied. Miller Tie Co., 5553 Waterman Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Be A Magician! Astonish and mystify everybody. Simple when you know how. Secrets of the great magicians at last revealed. Write for a copy of our great expose. Only \$1.00 for set if you promise to keep secrets. Jeff Parks, 349 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, New York.

No more bother with "B" Batteries. Get perfect reception direct from light socket. Perfect Eliminator works on any type of set. Hooked up in one minute—works automatically. No "extras" to buy. Thousands of enthusiastic users. Price only \$5.95—less than a set of good "B" batteries. Send \$1.00. We ship C.O.D. for balance (\$4.95 plus few cents postage). Carroll Sales Co., 3244 Boudinot, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Amazing 112 page illustrated book. "All about Television" tells how you can see by radio. Send only 50c! Experimenter Co., 230 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FOR THE READER

Money—Do you need it? New illustrated book gives 67 tested plans to make spare-time money without investment. Mail 50c to V. O. Fisher, 797 Kearney, Arlington, N. J. (Please mention the name of this magazine when writing.)

Agents—Why work for others? Go into mail order Agents business yourself. Get our famous course—explains everything about starting your own business. Wonderful spare-time money-maker. Pay postman only \$3.95. Satisfaction guaranteed. Quinton 365 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Boys! Send for Free Copy "Illustrated Science and Mechanics" Magazine. I'll show you how to make money during vacation months. Write Schoen, 110 N. Franklin, Chicago.

Make More Money—Full or spare time. Secrets of successful agents and salesmen revealed. Send 10 cents for next 3 big, illustrated issues of my book, containing over 100 money-making ideas and opportunities. R. Bernard, 1200 Jackson Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Send 25c for Five Issues of French Humor, a weekly magazine full of live, clean illustrations and jokes right from France. Newsstand price 50c. French Humor, 230 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Make Extra Money Writing Stories in spare time. Learn secrets of writing and selling stories, photoplays, songs, poetry, etc. My book—published new every month—tells how. Send 25 cents for next 3 issues. Richard Abbott, 22 East 12th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Ladies! "101 New Ways to Make Money." There's extra cash for you in needlework, minding children, cooking, painting, business, making things, etc. Written by a housewife who made a fortune in spare time. We send this 311 page volume on approval. Just send name and pay postman \$1.95. If not worth \$30 a week to you, return book any time and \$1.95 will be refunded. Alto Co., 20 East 42nd Street, New York.

Write for your Money-making Opportunities

acceptable

Not until the last vestige of dandruff is gone, can you be considered a fastidious person, acceptable socially.



Checks Dandruff in Children

Children usually come home from school with a case of dandruff that may lead to baldness. They get it from contact with others; promiscuous use of combs, brushes and wash basins. Examine scalps often and, at the first sign of

dandruff, douse on Listerine full strength. Keep it up systematically for several days. To your delight you will find

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

that dandruff has disappeared and that little scalps are clean, sweet and healthy. Dandruff is a humiliating condition and can be checked only by frequent treatment. Begin now. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

YOU WILL LIKE IT

Listerine Tooth Paste is as refreshing as it is effective—and but 25c the large tube.

JOHN HELD'S Own Page of Wit and Humor

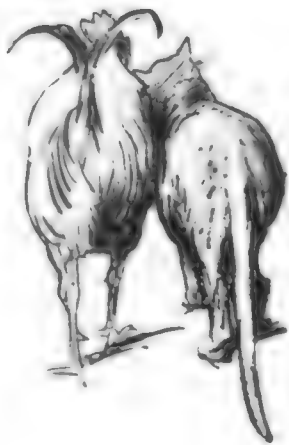


And Two Pair of Saxes Peal the Wedding March in Jazz

IRVIN COBB Draws from His Damon &



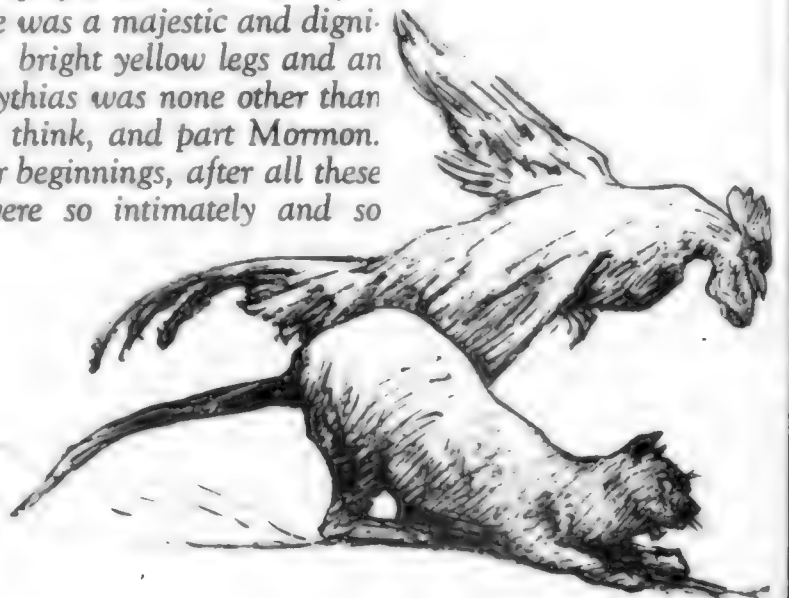
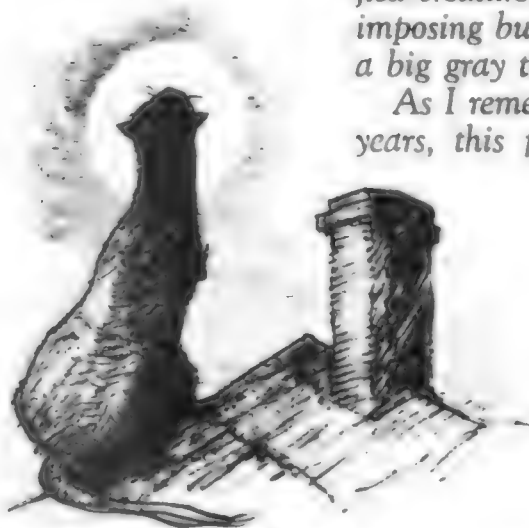
FROM the time I was a small boy until I was a long-legged youth beginning to take notice of girls and ten-cent-limit poker, we lived in a low white cottage on a shady stretch of street in the town of Paducah, which, as the world ought to know, if so be it doesn't, is in Kentucky. Directly across the street stood the old Hughes home, a rambling structure of brick with plenty of porches and plenty of chimneys. It was one of the most important houses in town, a landmark, so-called. The Hughes family lived there and the Hughes's were one of our old families. As a matter of fact, I never heard of a socially established Southern family that didn't claim to be old, but, measured by local standards, the Hughes's enjoyed particular distinction as having lived among us for a great many years and being prominent, financially speaking, and otherwise.



BUT it was not the historic glamour appertaining to this homestead which brought strangers to stand before it and stare over its iron fence palings. Nor was it that which for hours at a time made me an absorbed witness to the going-ons over the way. What drew the audiences was Damon and Pythias, as I shall call them for convenience and because of the association of ideas. They didn't have any special names during their lifetimes.

Some of the happiest recollections of my adolescence are centered about Damon and Pythias. For Damon was a large white rooster. He may have been a Plymouth Rock or then again, on the other hand, it may have been that he was of a nondescript breed and his mother, before he was hatched, became fascinated by a picture of that famous crag. Prenatal influences are very strong among many of the lower animals, so the scientists claim. At any rate, he was a majestic and dignified creature, with a ruby-red comb, bright yellow legs and an imposing bust development. But Pythias was none other than a big gray tom-cat, part Maltese, I think, and part Mormon.

As I remember the legend of their beginnings, after all these years, this pair whose destinies were so intimately and so



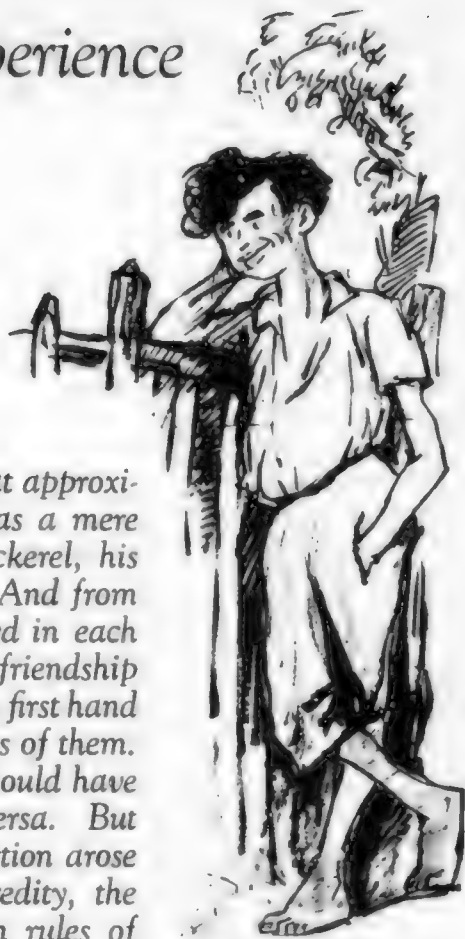
Boyhood This Amusing True Experience

Pythias

affectionately to be intertwined, entered into this life at approximately the same time. They met when Pythias was a mere frolicsome kitten and Damon a fluffy awkward cockerel, his limbs sprawly and his voice just changing on him. And from the very hour of their meeting, these twain recognized in each other an affinity, and therefrom dated as beautiful a friendship as it has ever been my good fortune to observe, and at first hand to study. Natural instincts should have made enemies of them. Biologically there was every reason why the rooster should have hated the ground upon which the cat trod and vice versa. But from its dawning a great and an understanding affection arose between them to triumph over the impulses of heredity, the laws of species, the ordinances of sex, the common rules of mundane existence.

I CAN shut my eyes and again I see them as I saw them many a day and oft. They are promenading side by side across the grassy front yard of their place of residence, where the ardent sun makes dapples of light and shade under the tall Kentucky oaks, the close-leaved magnolias and the spreading hackberries. Through the fragrant dewy morning they browse, as it were, together. Always they keep company. Damon drops a wing in token of his love and sidles close up alongside his comrade and utters amorous little clucking sounds. Pythias replies by arching his back and pressing himself against Damon and gives forth low boiling notes from his capacious interior. Pythias captures a fat grasshopper—I swear I've seen him do it—and offers the tidbit to his soul-mate and the latter graciously accepts it in the spirit in which 'twas tendered. A strange dog invades the domain where the pair lord it over a harem of docile hens. At once he is confronted by a valorous brace of allies: the one with claws bared and fur abristle, the other with lifted hackles and a brave and defiant gleam in those round straw-colored eyes of his. The dog, if wise, promptly retires, or, if foolhardy, stays to take a darned good licking in two places at once, fore and aft.

In the sultry hot nooning of mid- (Continued on page 97)



Are All 'Wild Wimmen' Really Wild?

Can a nice girl make believe she's 'fast' and get away with it? Can a fellow have a reputation for being a "hot sheik" and still drink nothing stronger than ginger pop? It's easy for young people to make grown-ups think they are awful—but when your own pals agree that you're the last word in speed—

BAB ALLEN tipped her head back and yawned gracefully at the ceiling of the high school classroom. The spindly little Freshman two chairs from her on the left gazed at the white arch of her throat, sighed, and wished he were a Senior. The Senior two chairs away on the right took in the soft curve of her shoulder with a practiced eye and regretted he was graduating so soon.

For Bab wasn't a girl that eyes passed over lightly. You looked at her, and then you thought about her for a while. She radiated that rich, tender freshness which only early adolescence knows. Her throat was a challenge; her lips, a dare; but her eyes took it all back.

Just then Bab was pondering one of the weightiest questions that had ever come into her life. Where, oh where, was she going to get a boy for the red-hot party that Teedy Barnes was slinging that very night.

Well, if worst came to worst she could get Sim Howard, but Sim was such a fish on a really warm party. And then there was good old reliable Billy, who would steal his father's car out of the garage any night in the week to have a date with her. But if she couldn't get Billy, then what to do—

"Miss Allen," said the teacher's voice, "what was the most decisive battle of the French and Indian War?"

Bab's first impulse was to say "damn" but she restrained herself. Cursing was a bit passé that season, and teachers such as this one were easily handled.

He was a pale young man not long out of teacher's college and he really should have gone more with the girls in his adolescent days. Bab looked him straight in the eye. He

With Drawings
from Life

By C. R. CHICKERING

Bluffers

ROBERT S. CARR

Who Became Famous at 18

With His Story


Crucible of Youth

Now Offers You

This Drama of Young Love

As Only A

Modern Boy Knows It



Bab shook her shingled head and dropped her eyes dejectedly. The smear of crimson where her lips should have been, quivered. The spindly little Freshman swallowed a hard lump in his throat.

The balance of the class looked on with mingled expressions of envy, admiration, awe and impatience. Most of them did find it necessary to study occasionally, while she—Well, she was Bab Allen!

Bab raised her moist eyes from the floor.

The pale young man teacher blinked rapidly, as if a firecracker had exploded in front of his face, hurried over to his desk and began to shuffle papers about briskly. A moment

he discovered he had set down in his book opposite "Allen, Barbara" the mark that stood for a satisfactory recitation. He felt annoyed and wondered how he ever could have done that. Then he recalled that the principal of the high school didn't like the teachers to hand in erasure-smudged grade

books. Moreover if the girl had actually studied ahead as she claimed she had—well he was passing on to the next pupil.

With an almost imperceptible smile of triumph Bab relaxed. What had she been thinking about before that darn' teacher interrupted her? Oh yes, how and where was she going to get a fellow for tonight's party?

An electric gong clattered in the corridor close outside the classroom door, transforming the twenty odd rather bored boys and girls into a drove of lively rebels. They sprang to their feet and rushed out.

Bab stopped in the hall at the shining nickel-and-white-enamel drinking fountain. As she stooped to drink, a boy with a sleek head stooped beside her.

The two gurgled musically in unison. From her inverted point of view Bab watched the sleek-headed boy's Adam's apple moving rhythmically back and forth. She tried to appraise his looks. Here, she told herself, was a possible victim. She did her best to catch his eye, but his gaze was fixed unchangingly upon a wad of chewing gum that was swimming in the clear water at the bottom of the trough.

As they turned simultaneously away from the drinking

blushed. Bab Allen had a way of looking at young men teachers like that. For an instant her dark eyes glowed behind her drooping lashes, then her pert face became profoundly serious.

"Oh Mr. Spencer," she said, "I'm so sorry! You know, I misunderstood the assignment yesterday and studied 'way up ahead."

"You're not prepared then?" he asked. "So that's the excuse."

fountain, Bab made a final effort. She dropped her history book. It was a large one and she dropped it with the deftness of experience. It smacked the tiled floor resoundingly.

The sleek head bent before her. She glanced down at a slender back and a moment later was looking squarely into a face that would have been handsome had it not been for certain hard lines of sullenness.

Bab caught her breath and wondered how she could have failed to recognize him at first, for he was no one less than the notorious Mack Moran, a slim, dark, eighteen-year-old who bore the name of the worst rounder in the entire high school. Since Lakeview High was situated in a refined and rather wealthy community, and was attended chiefly by the children of fine, strict old "best" families, the reputation of any boy who could aspire to the title of worst anything was of necessity so lurid that you could justify catching your breath

MACK handed her the book. "Tie a string to it," he suggested and Bab saw that his keen black eyes were laughing at her for her carelessness.

Her smile was a little breathless as she took the book from his outstretched hand. Although Bab herself travelled a little ahead of the fastest crowd that Lakeview High boasted, she had always been fearful of this mysterious Mack Moran, whose lone-wolf sidewalk-snatching expeditions were reported to surpass the most caloric parties ever staged. Why, they even said he cut notches in the steering wheel of his auto.

Mack flashed her a dark smile that cut short her reflections. "Whussa matter?" he inquired. "You look about as happy as a Christian martyr on your way to keep a heavy date with the lions."

Had Bab been as well manned as she usually was, she would have made a hurried departure. But faced by the dreary prospect of "dragging single" to one of Teedy Barnes' parties, she was rapidly getting to feel devilish, to say the least.

"I wouldn't mind having a date with a couple of good wild lions right now!" she said. Then she felt Mack's inscrutable eyes appraising her and heartily wished she hadn't said it.

"If I had a mane I'd take you up on that!" he said. He moved over close to her side and together they walked along the crowded hall.

"I don't believe you'd do," Bab said. "Not as a real fierce lion."

"How come? What's the matter with me?"

"Not half wild and woolly enough."

"Oh, is that so?" Mack said. He was shaken at having his sinfulness underrated. Then he added, "But if I'd ask you for a date you'd be just as busy as you were last time."

"Think so? Maybe I wouldn't, just to be different."

BAB felt her heart thumping heavily. She knew herself to be skating on dangerously thin ice. Already she had noticed curious glances being cast at her and her companion by passing schoolmates. To be seen with Mack Moran wasn't good for even her reputation.

He stopped abruptly in the shadow of the Biology lab door and took Bab by the arm. She yielded, speechless, wondering what was coming next. He drew her around to face him squarely. It was the closest she had ever been to this ogre and her heart did tricks as she discovered that his eyes were fascinating and that he wore a really beautiful tie.

"In that case," he was asking, "how about tonight?" He backed his question up with a level, unsmiling gaze that took

Bab's breath away. For a moment she was almost floored.

"Oh!" she gasped, and began to think rapidly. To date with him alone would be a risky adventure, but at Teedy's party, with the gang around, there could be but very little danger involved. And the nervy stunt of it would be another feather in her already overloaded cap. She made her decision with that momentary daring which is the cause of so many impromptu nocturnal hikes.

"WELL," she said, "I've got an invite to a red-hot party to-night, and—"

"Who's slinging it and I'll tell you if it's red-hot."

"Teddy Barnes is instigator and promoter of the affair."

"Then it's not even luke-warm. Rest easy on that."

"Maybe not for you, Mack, but I was going to say if you'd like to come with me on the party, you can. Otherwise nothing doing."

Mack's left eyebrow went up and he stifled a tiny bored yawn. "These denatured parties give me a pain," he said.

"This one won't. It's going to be wet, warm, and wicked!"

"They'll have chaperons, I suppose?"

"Don't be funny, Mack. Why honest, it'll be the hottest party since Nero played a fiddle and burnt Rome!"

"You do study your history, don't you? I wouldn't have thought it."

"Never! Just happened to pick that up in class. Well, what say? Hurry up and decide, or I'll be late for Spanish."

"Oh, I'll be 'round for you 'bout eight o'clock. Guess I can stand it."

"Do you know my house number?"

"I've had it in my notebook for the last six months. S'long till tonight!" The Biology laboratory door slammed.

The boys' shower room was jammed with a wriggling mass of wet and slippery bodies. They gleamed pink and white through the pelting spray. Dripping and stringy-haired, they trotted back to their lockers and squabbled over towels and clothing.

MACK MORAN teetered on a bench, rubbing down briskly. About him jostled other boys in varying states of nakedness, shrieking and laughing, swearing and whistling, bawling out ribald songs with heads thrown back. During a lull in the din Mack let fall a very casual remark.

"Had a date with Bab Allen last night."

An awed hush descended over that corner of the locker room. Then slowly eyes began to light up, grins began to form, and in a moment Mack was the target for a verbal bombardment.

"Whoopee! You're a hero Mack! How'd you do it?"

"I noticed in gym today you looked all puffed up."

"Didja wear your fireman's helmet to protect yourself?"

"Do you wanta borrow my penknife, or is your steerin' wheel already fixed?"

"Tell us about it, Mack, tell us about it!" This in chorus. Mack smiled indulgently. He was waiting for encouragement.

"Come on, Mack, spill the story. I need a thrill to keep me awake through Latin period," insisted one flat-chested sixteen-year-old. "Was she murked?"

"Murked?" Mack said. "Say, that girl was embalmed! And how she ate up the cigarettes! The party wasn't anything to drool over, but when that Bab kid gets a little pep worked up—wow! Climb back over in the front seat!" He stooped to tie his shoes.

"Details! We want details!" howled several among his audience, but Mack only grinned mysteriously.

The electric gong shrilled suddenly [Continued on page 101]



Robert S. Carr

Remember that name? And remember that you first saw it in SMART SET? He's the young man whose book, "Crucible of Youth," made him instantly famous because he wrote about you young people going to high school, as you really are. He's still writing about you. "Bluffers" is the first of several new stories he has written for SMART SET. Watch for them



Bab's smile was a little breathless as she took the book from Mack's outstretched hand. She herself traveled a little ahead of the fastest crowd that Lakeview High boasted, but she had always been afraid of this mysterious Mack Moran whose sidewalk-snatching expeditions were said to surpass the most caloric parties ever staged. "What's the Matter?" Mack asked. "You look about as happy as a martyr going to meet the lions"



Paramount

No woman can ever be really free



Melbourne Spurr

To kill romance is a great crime

*A New
Book of Revelations
In 1,217 Words*

Freedom Is Love

What is Freedom?

FREEDOM is the condition achieved when the spirit's desires are unhampered by material obstacles.

Freedom is of all things concerned with gold because so few things that we desire, even love, can be obtained without it. Freedom implies liberty to go where we like and we cannot go beyond a few miles without gold.

No woman can ever be really free, because women depend upon men for nearly everything that they want in life.

And what all women want, whether they will admit it, or whether they are even conscious of it, is love.

Love must be free. Love will not be a prisoner.

Love is only bound with security when he forges his own chains and builds his own prison. And it is because women do not realize this, and seek to use thongs and fetters, that they lose the only thing they really want.

What is Romance?

IT IS a spiritual disguise created by the imagination to envelop material happenings and desires, so that they may be in greater harmony with the soul.

Romance gilds the lives of great and small.

Romance makes plutocrats and rulers forget themselves and their aim, either paltry or great, in one exquisite thrill of emotion.

Romance lifts sordid existence into the sunlight. It is the mainspring of all chivalrous actions. Therefore, those who kill romance are guilty of a great crime.

The spirit of romance discovered new worlds. It inspired beautiful melody; it abetted poets; it exalted artists.

Romance sent explorers on their roads to new discoveries. It turned commonplace business into a great work for humanity.



M-G-M

Love makes noble sacrifices possible



Melbourne Spurr

'Discord means the end of love

By Madame
ELINOR GLYN

and Love Is Life

What is Vanity?

VANITY is the servant of subterfuge; vanity demands recognition in words, homage in public, incense burnt to its own image. Vanity countenances lies, swallows colossal adulation and puffs itself with self-appreciation. It is the reaction of fear in the subconscious mind, fear that its inadequacy may be discovered.

So it is that vanity demands knee bending, flattery, soothing syrup, everything that you cannot take away with you when you go hence.

Vanity has no sense of humor, it never sees how ridiculous it is; it takes credit for things over which it had no say concerning its possession of them; such as physical beauty, talent, charm—success.

Vanity claims all dues, whether owed to itself or another. It is rapacious, exacting, devouring.

What is Love?

LOVE is a madness which changes everything in us like an enchantment so that we only see commonplace objects as part of a celestial whole. Love lifts; love creates; love satisfies. It is the only intoxicating pleasure unproduced by drugs in this world.

There is an exaltation of the senses which can cause the most violent mental emotion of pleasure, pain, desire to possess, desire to please, jealousy, devotion and revenge. This is called "being in love." It is entirely dependent upon physical sensations aroused by the object of the passion. Offend one of the five senses seriously and the thing is extinguished.

There is an exaltation of the spirit which is only dependent upon the qualities of the mind and beauties of the soul in the object of its worship. [Continued on page 103]

The GIRL Who Didn't Care

With Drawings from Life
By C. W. ANDERSON

HOW vividly it comes back to me, that night under the South African stars, when Roy Alden told me about the girl who had ruined his life!


Most of us who were with him in the great Rhodesian gold mine thought there was some such tragedy in his life but Roy was the type of heavy drinker who grows morose and silent, and never talkative. We were the only two Americans in the mine, and both graduates from the Columbia School of Mines. Roy was five years my senior, and the only reason he was able to drink as he did and still keep his position was that all of us loved him and did his work when he couldn't.

The night on which he died seemed no different from the many others I had passed with him. The Kafir boy brought him peg after peg. I drank very little. I said I was afraid of the climate but, in reality, it was poor old Roy who had showed me what a brilliant man might come to if he persisted in throwing the stuff down all the time. And Roy was brilliant. I could see that before he had taken to heavy drinking he must have been very handsome. He had a sensitive face, the sort of face one sees among men who are destined to unhappiness.

"Old man," Roy said, "you've tried to slow me up but you've failed." He raised his glass and looked at it. "I don't really like this. Few men of my type do. With us it is an escape from reality, the road to forgetfulness. For a little while we do forget and then, next day, the wound hurts more than ever."

Roy never reached the stage that most people think of as drunkenness, nor did I ever hear him slur his speech or see him stagger around





Have you ever tried to take vengeance out of the hands of God and bend it to your own ends? Would you travel halfway across the world to find the fascinating woman whose heartlessness had sent your pal to his death? Then if you found yourself falling under her spell would you run away, or stay and find revenge the sweeter?

"I've been a horrible example to you, Dick," he said, "and I'm going to give you a warning. I'm going to tell you about the girl who sent me here."

I tried to stop him. "Don't," I said. "You'll regret it tomorrow."

"There may not be many tomorrows for me. A man can't drink without it getting him. The company doctor looked me over today and said he couldn't think why the old heart still functioned. No, don't get alarmed, Dick. There's not a thing you can do but just listen. You are the only one of the gang I really like. You've got character and ability; you'll go a long way, boy. That's just what they said about me when I was your age, and I'd have done it but for Avril. Yes, that's her name. I'm going to tell you what you and I, and our kind—just men who work for a living—have to expect from her kind. Don't interrupt. My brain isn't as clear as it used to be and interruptions confuse me."

"Don't," I begged, but it was useless.

"Dick," he said, "don't you understand that as I've nothing to leave you in the way of money or personal goods, I'm leaving you my last warning?"

We found Roy dead the next morning. The company doctor was out of reach so we buried him. When the doctor returned he backed up our statement that Roy died of heart trouble but I hid the half-emptied bottle of sleeping tablets.

Shortly after that I gave up my job and went home to New York to take out patents for a stamp I had invented. It would save time and money in ore grinding and I knew would attract the big men. There was one man I wanted particularly, James Stewart Halken, multimillionaire banker and capitalist. He controlled enough mining property to be my best bet.

I was told to come to his office and see his manager. I replied that I dealt only with principals. This brought a frigid reply that Mr. Halken would give me five minutes. I retorted that five minutes was useless. Finally I got an appointment and deliberately broke it. I knew they wanted my invention. Then I got Halken himself on the wire which was a great concession. He was as

"Do you remember Roy Alden?" I asked Avril. "Once you said you loved him. Then you forgot him utterly. I came here simply to tell you what you had done to Roy." At that Avril laughed. I thought it was horrible of her to laugh at such a moment



AVRIL, Queen of the Idle Wasters

mad as a hornet and explained that he had specially invited three other men and all four of them had never been treated so. And more to that effect.

In the end, I got myself invited down to "The Boulders," his great estate on the Sound, in order to discuss my patent with Halcken and the three men who were his guests. I was crazy to go—you'll see why later—and I made him bring himself to asking me socially for a few days. He hated to have to do it, but he did. So I knew my stamp had clicked with him and his friends and I was set for business.

I took the train two hours earlier than the one he suggested.

I reached "The Boulders" before dinner and not after it as he planned. I took a taxi to the front door and a butler bowed and beckoned a footman to grab my suitcase. There were so many guests that the butler was rushed to death. My clothes were all right and I didn't offer to shake hands, so he passed me in and I dressed for dinner and came down into an enormous hall full of people, all talking loudly.

My father was a lawyer in a large New England town, and I'd been into the houses of the best people there. I wasn't unused to going out to rich men's houses, but this place was a revelation. I began to see that the elaborate sets in the

movies did have some justification in fact. If I was nervous, I prayed I wouldn't show it. For I had come to this place first to avenge poor Roy Alden, and second, a long way down the line, to sell my invention.

As I stood at the foot of the stairway, raised a foot or so above the rest of the guests, I saw a very attractive girl. She was seated on a couch placed on a library table, and at each corner of it, lifting it high in the air, was a young man. It was a sort of royal procession with the queen raised high above the rabble.

As the bearers passed where I was standing, they stopped and yelled for cocktails. One of these boys was a big, red-faced fellow, a little too heavy for his age. He talked louder than the rest.

"Not that our fair burden is heavy," he explained, "but that we are overcome with the honor." A footman hurried up with a wheeled table full of glasses. "Everybody drink," the boy commanded, "or fear my wrath."

AS THE girl raised her glass she met my eyes. We looked at one another for seconds that seemed hours. I'd been one of the kind who believed love was a much overrated emotion, but I knew, in a moment, I'd been all wrong. This girl into whose eyes I gazed had reddish-brown hair and gray-green eyes. Her cheek-bones were rather high. Her complexion was marvelous, and the eyes, more than usually wide apart, looked at me with a faint amusement as though they knew they were looking, not at any particular man, but just another victim.

The boy to whom I'd taken an instinctive dislike, saw us staring at one another. He made another boy hold his leg of the table. Then he came to where I was standing.

"Why aren't you drinking?" he said. He held his own glass, untouched, in his big hand. "I don't allow anyone to insult my Queen."

I took the glass from his hand. The crowd snickered and he turned redder than ever. I didn't even look at him. I raised the glass to the girl and, just to tantalize him, I muttered a toast in Cape Dutch which I knew nobody there would understand.

"He can't talk English," the red-faced boy exclaimed. "He's



"If I loved I could give up everything but honor," I told Avril and at that minute Bimbo, in a rage, approached us. "Why did you lie to me?" he demanded



That last night under the South African stars, Roy Alden told me of the girl who had ruined his life

a wop or something. I wonder whose clothes he stole." He was deliberately trying to be offensive. I handed him the glass. "Get me another," I said, "and don't talk so much. I shall never be able to like your voice."

He threw the glass on the floor angrily. I thought at first he was going to hit me when he clenched his fists. But he restrained himself and turned to the girl. "Who is this, Avril?" he demanded, his voice full of suppressed rage.

So this was the famous Avril about whom I'd been reading in the society news, the only daughter of the man I had come to see, heiress to one of the really big fortunes. I had learned that Avril was a leader of the younger rich set. Others followed her in whatever foolery she started. She was a law unto herself and unmarried at twenty-three.

"Probably a friend of dad's," she answered. She had that curious husky, contralto voice which can be so attractive. Being a man I can't describe her clothes except to say she wore a tight-fitting, green dress, sparkling with sequins. As she rose from her chair I saw she had a tall, slim figure, yet not a boyish one.

"Put me down, Bimbo," she said to the red-faced boy. She came to my side. I had descended the two steps and was standing on the hall floor. She put out her slim hand. "I suppose you are one of dad's amazing discoveries. He told me a Mr. Richard Knight was expected on the eight o'clock train, but I imagined he was quite old. I hope there was a car to meet you?"

"MY NAME is Knight," I said, "but I caught an earlier train."

"Didn't want to miss the eats," said Bimbo. He looked around. "Here's the great Halken himself. We'll see if he admits knowing him."

"Ah, here you are!" said Mr. Halken, and he spoke rather patronizingly. "I see you have met my daughter. I thought I recommended that eight o'clock train."

Before I could reply the carillon sounded and I followed the crowd in to dinner.

I sat next a pretty dark girl who proceeded to ask me my life's history. I told her I was neither distinguished nor rich.

"Always my luck," she laughed. "When I meet a new man whom I could love he is poor or else in love with someone else. My last disappointment added three gray hairs. I actually found a man in love with his own wife. Almost indecent to parade such a thing isn't it?"

I realized that I was in a crowd of wasters. Most of them were the idle rich with whom I'd had little to do. They were amusing, and as tolerant as most people are who have no principles to worry about. This girl, Vanna Burnett, talked entertainingly and indiscreetly so [Continued on page 104]

*The Distinguished Author of "The Book of Marriage"
Who Has Been Studying American Life and Morals
Answers the Biggest Question of Our Day*

DO WE THINK TOO MUCH ABOUT SEX?

YOU in America are running wild with sex. You are glorying in your obsession. You parade sex; you talk about it constantly; you write about it; you put it on the stage and gloat over it and you are filled with the glee of a child who has discovered the jam his mother so carefully concealed.

It is deplorable, of course, that you should so permit yourselves to be carried away by sex. But it is only what was to be expected after your dark, bleak era of Puritanism, which pointed an accusing finger at sex and shoved it into the closets with the family skeletons.

Until recently sex, in America, was a scandalous thing to be discussed only in hushed, mysterious whispers. Is it any wonder it assumed in your minds the great importance that is now finding expression in your rampant pursuit of sex?

But you cannot retain forever this tremendous enthusiasm you now have about sex, for it is, after all, such an insignificant thing. When your enthusiasm has lost its zest and you have become satiated, you will revert again to Puritanism and once more close the doors upon sex as being obscene. Undoubtedly, such a state of affairs will come about and your reversion to Puritanism will be even more deplorable than your present obsession with sex. It is the swing of the pendulum. It is bound to come.

You are still such a young country. You have many phases to go through before you will be able to relegate sex to its proper place. After all, sex is such a small part of life, certainly not deserving of all the fuss you are making about it.

You are stressing sex in marriage and overlooking the real significance of the marriage relation. There is a great deal more to marriage than the physical aspect. In a moment of abandon two young people run off and are married, failing to take into consideration whether or not there is

a real, lasting love between them and giving no thought to the responsibilities of marriage. In fact, irresponsibility in marriage is one of the most striking features of American life.

There would not be half so many divorces if people would only stop and think before they marry, weigh all the responsibilities and exercise more care in the selection of a partner. It is lack of intuition, of thought and understanding of one's own need and nature that causes so many unhappy marriages. No one should have such poor instinct, and know himself so little, as to choose the wrong person.

I REGARD it as a moral crime for anyone to marry the wrong person. And for people to bring children into the world after they realize that they are mismated is even worse than a crime. The sooner such a marriage is dissolved, the better for all concerned to prevent them would be still better.

With care and consideration, many such mismarriages might be avoided. Infatuation is the worst possible basis for a successful marriage, for people usually become infatuated with a type totally different from that which it would be suitable for them to marry. One should marry only a person who is intellectually and spiritually harmonious, one who can assist him in being superior to those difficulties in life which he cannot cope with alone, one who will aid in his development and round out his life.

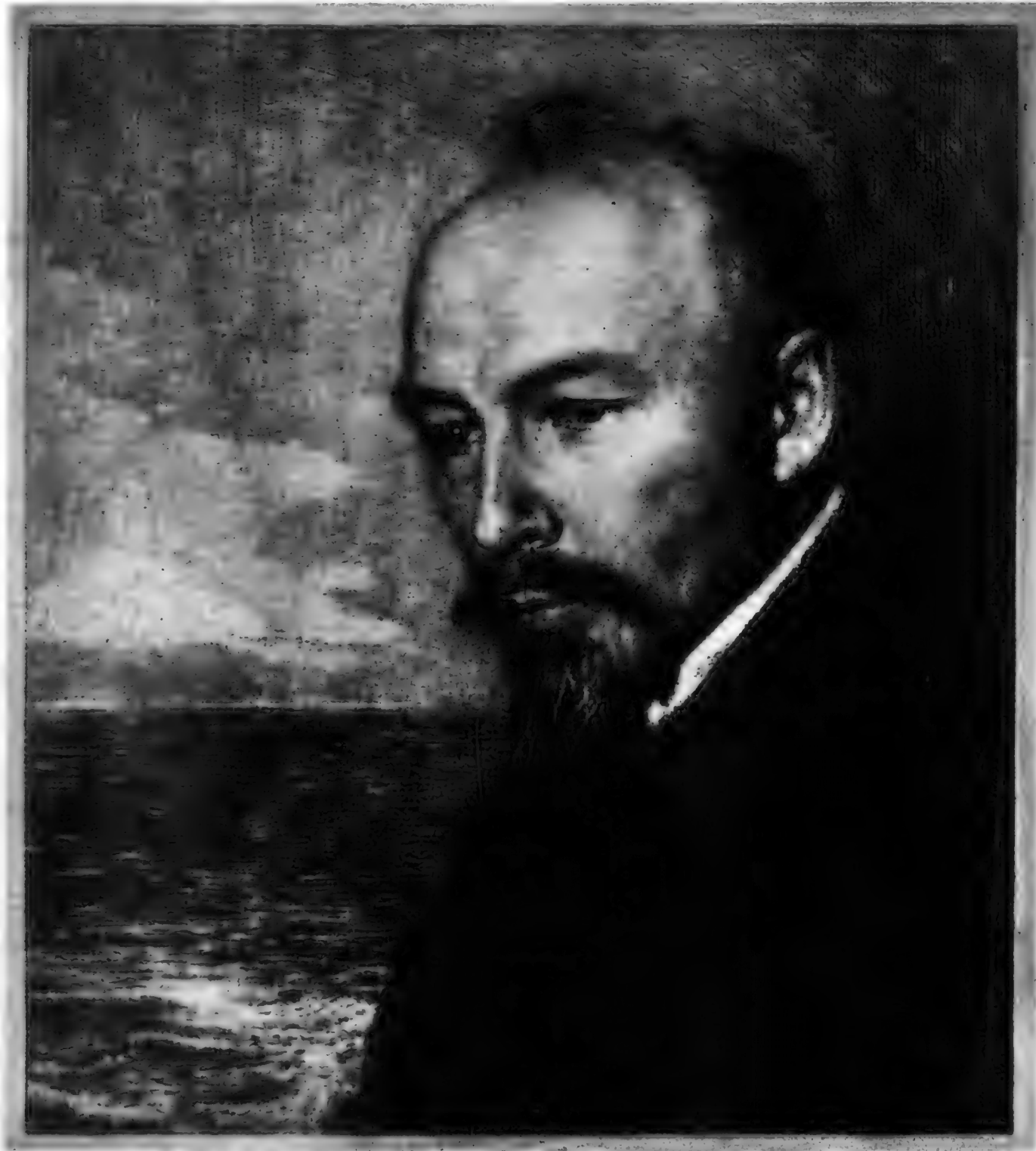
Love at first sight, between two people who clearly understand themselves and their needs, is entirely possible. For one sees in the person he loves, as in a mirror, the reflection of his own soul image. It is little wonder, then, that one can recognize at first sight a person who essentially belongs to one. Instinct in the selection of a mate proves its reliability when both man and woman feel themselves attracted with their entire beings to the individual who really suits them.

But all the problems of life are



*Count and Countess Keyserling,
at home with their children*

As Told to
DOROTHY HOLM BY COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING



Courtesy of Harcourt, Brace & Co.

You Americans think too much of kisses—and too little of marriage, declares this noted Philosopher and Writer

not solved as soon as two lovers find each other. Marriage is not by any means a state of perfect bliss. Most people expect too much of it. Marriage is a state of tension. Everyone who goes into marriage should realize that it requires a great deal of tact, patience and forbearance. The end of marriage is not individual happiness, but progress, and no marriage can be successful unless the two individuals progress. People should go into marriage with a definite conception of its continuity, instead of regarding it as a passing experiment.

Marriage demands constant care and vigilance, which must be exercised largely by the woman, since a man has no natural capacity for marriage, and the art of marriage seems to be inborn in most women. As a sex, woman must bear with life. Consequently, she is more realistic than man, and her whole psychology is adjusted, not to sweep aside difficulties, but

to master them in the best way that she knows how to do it.

Part of the success of marriage lies in keeping an appropriate distance and in maintaining a conscious reserve. A man and woman should never endeavor to be completely merged in one another. On the contrary, the more intimate they are, the more strictly should they cherish their own individuality. It should be the unwritten law that neither must encroach on the rights of the other.

The importance of marital vacations is not sufficiently recognized. Separate vacations are an absolute necessity for a successful marriage. I am not so much concerned here with the strain, the nerves, the temper, the monotony that may develop when two people are thrown constantly together as I am with the imperative need for every individual to be alone at times with his own soul. [Continued on page 89]

Unforbidden Fruit

At Sperry College You Will Meet:

SYLVIA HARTNETT, whose fire-and-ice personality is almost irresistible to young Professor Gifford. The attraction is mutual and Sylvia in her heart believes that some day the barriers that separate teacher and pupil will be torn away.

STARR MOWBRAY, whose happy-go-lucky personality forms a foil for Sylvia's seriousness. She is a young lady of affairs, flirting her way through college and through life.

SARA LA LOND, the college mystery, who has won all the scholastic and athletic honors, but whom no one knows well enough to ask why she paces her room all night.

PROFESSOR PATTERSON GIFFORD, the campus idol! Young! Good-looking! Brilliant! In the class room he is a tyrant, indifferent even to Sylvia, but his indifference disappeared on that stormy night when Starr, in terror, called to him from a speeding auto. He gathered that there had been a terrible fight or a raid at a nearby road-house and that Sylvia, lost from the crowd, was in danger. It was then that Patterson Gifford forgot he was a professor and went flying to rescue the girl who so disturbed his calm. Sylvia was thrilled but he, having brought her safely back to college, made no further move toward friendliness.

VERITY CLARKE, the freshman member of the Suite 20 trio who covered herself with glory when, with the aid of her popular roommates, Sylvia and Starr, she paid off an old score by stealing a man from Nixie, the Trumbull House vamp and then leaving him flat. Trumbull House was thrilled but Verity had romantic interests of her own. She firmly believed that the man who had occupied berth number 7 on a certain sleeper, which had brought her to college, would cross her path again. Besides wasn't she going off on a barn-storming tour with the Dramatic Club? And didn't that offer all sorts of romantic possibilities? How romantic she didn't discover until the troupers struck Risley Center.

Continue Adventuring With Them

THEN one night, Verity played her closing scene with one ear listening to her cues and the other attuned to a conversation that was taking place just outside.

"Hello, Harve, been to the show?" said a voice which Verity recognized as that of Jim Bascover, mechanic, stage-hand and head scene shifter of the Risley Center Auditorium.

"What show?" asked another masculine voice.

"Didncha know Risley Center was on the theayter map again? We gotta swell buncha one-night standers doin' business inside."

"Don't excite me. Is it 'East Lynne' or 'Uncle Tom'?"

"Nothin' like that. Much better kinda stuff than that."

Sylvia who had learned her technique from the most experienced hitch-hikers began to lag, casting exploratory glances over her shoulder

Is College Life Flaming?

This Vivid Serial by

WARNER FABIAN

Takes You

Behind the Closed Doors
of a Girls' School



With Drawings from Life
By HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

Jim took a bite of sandwich and a sup of milk from his work-time supper, before he answered.

"Society stuff. Lissen."

A high rear window facing the lake was open to admit whatever breeze there was to palliate the unseasonable October heat. Through it floated a clear girl voice.

"But I don't understand that kind of love, really."

"Then you never will," said a man's heavier tones.

"I NEVER want to. I don't believe I'd like too."

"Bet she gets a hand," said Bascover, the authority in matters theatrical, and as the event justified his prophecy he added, "She is sure one slick kid."

"What are they, cheap barnstormers?" asked the other in not too guarded accents. The girl who had just made her exit and had kept on going for a breath of fresh air, paused at the door. She could not see Jim Bascover's grin but she heard his reply.

"Not so hum. Want to meet some of 'em?" He was not without pride in his official privileges.

"I'm hardly dressed for society, thanks. Just out of the woods and heading for my little bed."

The girl had stepped into the open and was drawing deep breaths of the night's fragrance. The woodsman was blinking as he stood there looking at her.

"Hey, Miss Clarke."

She peered into the dimness. "Is it you, Mr. Bascover?"

"Sure. You was wishin' you had a canoe or boat or somethin' to go on the lake."

"Oh, yes!" she said. "Found out where to get one?"

"Make you acquainted with Mr. Westfall. Harve, Miss Clarke. He might help you out."

"Are you a boatman?" she asked of Mr. Westfall.

"If he ain't," said Mr. Bascover, "they ain't no sech thing's a boatman on Lake Risiquara."

"I'd like to take a boat for an hour or so," said the girl.

"He'll row you. Unless he's feelin' too tired. Be you, Harve?"

Mr. Westfall bestowed a secret wink upon his friend. "This way, lady," he invited in professional tones. He settled her into the stern seat of a smart looking cedar craft, pushed off, swung the bow outward and poised his oars. "Where to?"

"Anywhere. I don't know any places around here."

"Anywhere is nowhere."

"Very well, around that point, then. I'd like that."

At an estimate, "that point" was five miles distant.

In the misty night and to an unpracticed eye it looked less than a mile. The boatman rolled up his sleeves and sent the boat through the little ripples with a long and seemingly easy stroke. His fare leaned back and drank in the silence. She was having a luxurious time.

Something in the long, steady sweep of the oars suggested a distance pull. Moreover the goal did not seem to draw noticeably nearer.

"How far is it to the point where we're going?" she asked.

"ABOUT four miles, now. It's farther than it looks." "Won't it tire you to row such a long distance?"

"Yes."

The matter of fact affirmative made her giggle. She was quite sure that her companion was grinning inwardly and that it was a nice, reliable grin. "Let's not do it then," she said.

"All right." He let his oars trail.

"What are you doing it for?" she asked.

He declined the opening. "The usual rates."

"Fair enough. But we have to go somewhere, at that rate."

"It's your party. You can go anywhere you like."

"Isn't that an island over there with the light on it?"

"Entirely surrounded by water."

"We might call on them."

"You might."

"Wouldn't they be surprised! It might be interesting."

"No."

"No? Why not?"

"Well, they just wouldn't. You might surprise them some ways but not that way."

"Then they must be funny people. Do you know who lives there?"

"Yes." He told her but offered nothing more definite.

"Who?" asked Verity though she didn't really care.

"I do. It's my own particular island. I live there by myself."

"You? Why do you?"

"Why not? A fellow has to live somewhere, doesn't he?"

"Are you a hermit?"

"No, I am a forester."

"And a boatman on the side?" Verity suggested.

"At your service," he said.

A sudden wild, fantastic fancy took possession of Miss Verity Clarke and would not be denied. "Tell me; have you ever been West?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes, and my grandmother put up her own preserves."

"What's that got to do with it?" she asked.

"I don't know. What's my having been West?"

"I just wanted to know whether the number seven had any special significance in your life."

"Witchcraft!" said the oarsman. "I've got four fingers and two eyes crossed and if you try to throw your shadow on me I'll jump overboard."

"Then it hasn't." She was so patently disappointed that he sought to do something about it.

"I've got a seven-toed cat," he said. "Would you like to meet her?"

"Where is she?"

"Tending the light and waiting for me to come home."

"I don't think it would

be proper," said Miss Clarke, "to call on a bachelor with a seven-toed cat at this time of night."

"Are you such a stickler for propriety?"

Verity reflected. A stickler for propriety? All her life she had been, instinctively. She had never yet taken a chance. This was not because of timidity but of distaste. Suddenly the bare idea of risk, in and of itself, took on allure. She did not even formulate definitely the nature of the allure or of the risk. There were vague, unexplored corners in Verity's young mind. She had never cared to think much about "that sort of thing."

"Does the court instruct me to withdraw the question?" he asked after a prolonged silence.

"No. Answer it yourself," she said.

"If you are, you're in queer company," he decided.

Verity was startled. "How do you mean, queer?"

"A third-rate barnstorming troupe playing Risley Center."

SO HE didn't know. He took her for a professional, cheap, but still a professional! Verity was thrilled.

"How do you know we're third-rate?"

"What other kind would come to a backwoods town like Risley Center?"

"We have to take what bookings we can get," she said.

"But you're not third-rate, are you?" It was an affirmation of faith rather than a question. "What are you doing with that lot?"

Verity had an inspiration of gay possibilities. She could masquerade as well as he. "Trying to earn a little money," she replied in what she intended as an ambitious and uplifted voice.

"To support a widowed mother and pay your poor little crippled sister's hospital bills, I suppose."

"You needn't be snippy about it. Suppose it was to help put a certain party through college that I chose to go barnstorming."

"Oh, that's different. How much does she need?"

"Five hundred dollars or something like that."

"Do you know anything about college expenses?"

"Well, I thought one could start on that and wait on tables or something to help get through."

"Brave little woman!" he said.

"I think you're mean!" Verity said, and her voice trembled. She really had gifts as an actress.

He leaned forward across the oars. "Look here, girl, is this real?"

"Of course it's real." There was an actual quaver in her throat but that was mainly due to the dawn of misgivings.

"All right. I'll loan you five hundred. Sit still! This boat is cranky."

"Have you got five hundred dollars?"

"Yes."

"I couldn't possibly take it." No use! She couldn't carry the comedy any further; he had ruined her lines for her.

"Why not?"

"I don't know."

"Then don't be a fool," he snapped, "and take it."

"WHY should you lend it to me?" queried Verity desperately.

"Because you said you needed it."

"Do you lend five hundred dollars to all the girls you know who need it?"

"Not all."

"Only the worthy ones, I suppose." Verity was beginning to recover.

A gentle current had drifted them close in upon the island. "Are we going to land here?" Vee asked.

"Unless you want to get a good soaking."

Her eyes followed his glance back over his shoulder and upward. A slant of chill wind had given warning of impending change and one look at the sky aroused even Verity's inexperience to misgivings. The moon, a harried and pallid fugitive, wavered in an open space of misty gray, hemmed in on all sides by imminent clouds. They closed in with a rush.

The boat lunged forward in a brief and violent struggle against the weight of the squall, gaining the



Verity, the baby of Trumbull House



The driver of a milk truck offered Sylvia and Sara a lift. He was young, ro-
bust and chatty. "I got a sister at Vassar," he told the girls, "and I know
something about these college cuties. She better not let me catch her pickin' up
rides—she's too pretty for that." He didn't know why both the girls laughed at that

lee of the island just as the rain came down. Westfall vaulted ashore and held out his hands with a brusque order. As the girl stepped out uncertainly a form from the darkness flew straight at the man's throat. Verity shrieked, stumbled back against the yielding bow of the boat and would have fallen into the lake but for Westfall's quickness.

"It's only Whiskers," he said. "My cat, you know. Come on."

The cat purred against his neck. It was a reassuring sound, but Verity had to put forth all her will-power not to turn away into the blackness lest she feel herself dragged by the wrist—whither she wanted to go.

THE opened door showed an interior, mannish but as perfectly ordered as a ship's cabin. There were books, pipes, fishing tackle, guns, and comfortable old furniture. The host lighted a second lamp.

"Wet?" he asked.

"Not to amount to anything." The trees had formed an effective canopy.

"Want a drink? Suppose that bothers your 'propriety'."

"No."

"Cigarette? But of course you don't smoke either."

"No, thank you."

He laughed. "It doesn't commit you to anything, you know. I should never hold it against you."

It was true. Or if it wasn't, what of it? She was as far committed as anyone could be. As if to give point to this, a solemn clock in the corner tolled out twelve strokes. "Tactless grandpa," he said.

"How long do you think this rain will keep up?" she asked.

"No telling."

"I've got to get back. It must be getting terribly late."

"Have you?"

"Of course I have! They'll be worrying about me."

"Why?"

"Well, I can't stay here all night," Verity exclaimed.

"Can't you?"

"Without wishing to knock your ancient and honorable profess, I never understood that it was long on chaperonage or insisted that every lady be in by curfew."

"But—" She hesitated. For some reason she shrank from dispelling his gayly romantic illusion that she was a trouper.

He looked up from the bacon and eggs he was cooking for their supper. "You don't happen to have a husband or anything like that in the company, do you?"

"No! I hate men."

"Thanking you on behalf of my humble sex, may I ask why?"

"I don't know. They paw you. I don't like to be pawed over."

HE INDICATED the eggs and bacon as he asked, "Ready for this?"

"I believe I am."

He lifted a lamp from the mantel and walked toward the door of the inner room. "Want to fix up first?"

She stood a moment, doubtful, on the verge of dismay, then followed him and looked about her. "Oh-h-h-h!" It was an uncontrollable gasp. She was staring at a photograph of Gwen Peters, one of her college mates, on the dresser. He turned and caught her at it.

"What's the matter? What's wrong with that picture? Anything?"

"Nothing," she said.

"Have you ever seen that picture before?" he demanded.

"No."

"Ah!" he said. "Then you don't know Hilda."

"Hilda? Who's she?" Too late she realized her self-betrayal.

"You do know Gwen, I see."

Verity shut a tight and obstinate mouth and said nothing. She had resolved to keep her identity hidden.



"Hey, you," shouted one of the boys, "you can't get away with anything here." At that the man to whose car Sylvia and Sara had fled, drew an automatic. "Can't I?" he asked. "You fellows beat it"

"Oh, well! Help yourself and then come out and tell me everything or nothing about it just as you choose."

When she emerged he had evidently made a trip outside for his shoulders were wet. "I'm going to ask you one question and only one. Is it really important that you get back tonight?"

"Of course it is. They'll think I'm drowned or something."

"Well, you're not going to be drowned and you're not going to be 'something,'" he said. "But you may be scared."

"Is the storm so bad?"

"Bad enough, though it's letting up. But you'll have to stay here alone with Whiskers for a while."

"Why?"

"The boat is gone, and I'll have to go and look for it."

"Gone! Why, what do you mean? It's a trick!"



"For what purpose," he asked and he looked Verity squarely in the face.

She looked at him intently and the color rose again in her whitened face. "I'm sorry I said that."

"When the cat startled you and you jumped back against the boat, you must have pushed it off."

"Then how are you going to get anywhere?"

Westfall had his story ready. "There's a canoe, but it isn't safe for more than one in this sea. I'll cross and come back for you. You'll be perfectly safe here. I'll be as quick as I can."

UNTIL the door closed behind him Verity had never known what loneliness was. It seemed interminable hours before she heard his voice, triumphantly signalling his return. But when he came into the light she saw him grotesquely changed. He seemed to have outgrown his clothes, from which he protruded in ungainly extensions. Also his shirt, which had been khaki, was now dark blue flannel. He was shivering.

"Do you mind if I take a drink?"

"Of course not! Did you get very wet?"

"Yes, but it's clearing now. We'll be all right. Are you ready?"

"Where did you leave the canoe?"

"What canoe?" he asked.

She stared. "Why, the one you went in? Where is it now?"

"Oh! Of course. At the village pier. I wangled a boat to come back in."

He bundled her up in an old coat and took her to the place where he had beached the borrowed craft. The moon had struck through the clouds, was casting a spotlight on a rock curiously decorated. Verity, astonished, made out first the nature of the decoration and next its significance. It

was the suit which Westfall had worn when he left the shack.

"Your clothes! You swam across," she accused.

"Oh, damn!" said Westfall, "why did you have to notice that?"

"You didn't have any canoe."

"Discovered!" he said. "Now, if you'll get into this thing—"

"I WOULDN'T have let you go. I'd have stayed here all night—a week—anything, rather than let you go."

"Don't be delirious! It's only half a mile. I've often done it."

"But not in this icy water." She dipped her hand in and shivered. "And the storm, too. It's too—"

"If you're going to throw heroics," he said, "I'll go back to the house and let you row yourself home. All aboard!"

She sat silent and thoughtful while the wind aided them on the quick passage back. "We're playing Woodside tomorrow," Verity said when they were close to the landing. "Will you come to the show if I send you tickets?"

"Can't. I'm off to the woods at daylight. Just came in to get my mail."

"Then I won't see you again?"

"No? Why not?" He ran the craft expertly alongside the float and helped her out. Her hands were still in his as she murmured with a sort of childish awkwardness.

"I dunno. I just kinda think we won't."

"Don't you want to?"

"I do and I don't. This has been something all by itself. Wouldn't it be grander just to let it stand by itself with nothing before and nothing after it?" As he made no response but stood looking down at her with an expression half disappointed, half quizzical, she added [Continued on page 92]

HAVE YOU BOYS BECOME GOLD-DIGGERS?

I AM tired of hearing you men whine about the high cost of dates. To hear you talk one would think all you do is spend money on us. The truth of it is that if you should ever get so reckless as to spend any real money on us the shock would kill us. Wouldn't it, girls?

Yet, you have the nerve to call us gold-diggers. It is you who have become the gold-diggers! Unless you are rich, you protest, you cannot afford to take a girl out. You enumerate with gasps of dismay the cost of dinner, of theater tickets, of taxi fare and of supper. A date with a girl, you claim, leaves only small change in a fifty dollar bill.

Fifty dollars! Ha! Ha! In all the years I have been going out with men, and they are more than I care to own up to, I have known only one man who would spend that much on a date. Never fear, I still know him and still go out with him. Such a man is much too big a prize to let slip, for the man who spends fifty dollars on a girl is indeed a rare animal. He should be exhibited in a glass cage. The average man gives a five dollar bill close scrutiny and mumbles many prayers and incantations over it before he spends it for a date.

It costs a girl today just as much and often more to have a date than it costs a man, and incidentally, more and more of you men are seeing to it that it costs you very little and that we girls bear the brunt of the expense.

Laugh all you like at the saying, "The woman pays and pays," but it is actually true of girls today. We have to pay if we want dates. And the price you men are asking is high. Not only do we have to pay intangibly in pride and self-respect, pay the larger part of our salaries for the smart dresses and hats that are so necessary as a "come-hither" for dates, but we must pay today for our own dinners, our own theater tickets and taxi fares—and only too often pay for the man's as well. All of these things, except paying for him, seem to be entirely overlooked by the bright young men who complain of the high cost of courting in the new days of freedom.

When we entertain you at home, which is often, for the "rug polisher" is the most common species of dater in existence today, we are expected to provide you with unlimited quantities of liquor and cigarettes, appreciative laughter for your stupid jokes, admiration for all your "I am's" and "I did's," and finally, finish off your entertainment with a nice little petting party. If we go out with you in your cars, only too often we must stop and buy the gas for you. And I'd hate to count the times I have loaned money to men, never to see my hard earned cash again.

Yet you whine about the high cost of your dates! How can you? According to you, girls today are too hard to please and our demands for entertainment are unreasonable. You wish we were like the girls of your mothers' generation, who were elated at receiving a pound box of candy and were satisfied to spend the evening at home with the man eating most



Must We Pay

By SHIRLEY



A girl invests \$6.50 before she is ready for her date

of the chocolates that he brought her.

But the girls today are different, you say. We have an appetite for the most expensive dishes on the menu and an insatiable desire to go to theaters and dances. You can't afford to have dates with us, so, poor boys, you have to stay home with the family and listen to the radio. Yes, you do! If we would only be moderate in our demands and have some mercy on your bank account, everything would be all right, you say. You would be much happier and we would be honored with more dates.

It's a pathetic story you tell. That your mothers believe it, there is no doubt. You have even managed to fool your fathers with it. Any young man's mother can be heard almost any day berating the extravagant inclinations of the girls her son knows and any young man's father can be heard orating that in his day girls were different.

Nonsense! You men may succeed in hoodwinking your parents into believing that you're nothing but poor, well-meaning little dears who are being imposed upon all the time by us girls. But ask us what we think about it! You make us laugh. We girls are the partners on your dates. We ought to know. And ours is an entirely different story that I'm going to tell.

DO GIRLS SHARE THE COST OF DATES?



MORE power to the eleven girls at Columbia University who have formed a club as a protest against "dutch dates!" I wish more of us had the courage. No longer will the girls pay for their own ice cream sundaes, buy their own movie and theater tickets and their own dinners, and pay their share of the taxi fare, and sometimes all of it, just for the honor of being accompanied by a coonskin coat. It isn't worth it, they say. I agree with them. It isn't.

Take, for instance, the case of the college girl. She has an allowance, usually just sufficient to buy her clothes and provide her with ice cream sundaes and cigarettes. The college boy has an allowance, too, larger than the girl's, by virtue of his being a man. But out of her smaller allowance, the girl must spend a great deal more for clothing than the boy does, if she wants to be popular and present the up-to-the-minute appearance that a coonskin coat demands. For the collegiate wearers of coonskin coats are fastidious and want their dates to be so attractively and smartly dressed that every other coonskin coat on the campus will envy them their luck. But how can a girl spend most of her allowance for clothes and "go dutch" on her dates, too? That's a question that's bothering more than one girl right now.

Of course, college boys are spoiled. There is no doubt

about that. And girls are to blame to some extent for the spoiling. Girls who have money but little popularity have cultivated the idea in college boys that their society was desirable enough to be paid for. Boys have bragged to me that it is no unusual occurrence for wealthy girls to invite them to spend week-ends at their homes. In such a case, the week-end costs the youth nothing. The girl meets him with her car. They either dine at her home or go to a restaurant where she can sign her father's name to the check. Then her car takes them to the theater for which she has purchased tickets, and afterward to a night club where she can sign the check again. Her father's money pays for it all and the feeling is fostered in the youth that his society is worth a great deal. When he goes back to the campus, he expects the girls who are struggling along on a modest allowance to "go dutch," at least when they go out with him, even if they won't go to the extent of paying his way, too, like the girl with week-end invitations.

As to taking a girl to a dance, why should he? Why should he pay to take a girl out to dance when just the fact that he is presentable is sufficient to admit him to almost any debutante affair without cost. The supply of eligible partners is at low ebb at the debutante affairs and good-looking youths are in great demand. Almost any well appearing man can gain admittance to even the most exclusive dances. If he can't manage it openly, there are usually other ways. Gate crashing is a common pastime among modern boys. Fire escapes, side elevators, back entrances—any way at all, so long as they arrive and it costs them nothing. [Continued on page 86]

for Your Courting?

ANN STONE



A run in a pair of chiffon hose means at least \$3.00

Instead of weeping over the plight of you poor hard-working men, who are deprived of your rightful pleasure and recreation because of our expensive tastes, I ask the world to give its sympathy to us. Heaven knows, we need it. We need every ounce of pity that is being given out. For not only must we put up with your company, but we must pay our good money as well for the honor of your company. And you talk about the high cost of dates!

You know perfectly well that most of you men today are going to great pains to see to it that your dates make small inroads upon your bank rolls. A package of cigarettes is your idea of a really expensive date. In fact, for many of you a package of cigarettes seems an almost exorbitant expense.

The delusion is growing in your minds that you are doing us a tremendous favor by permitting us the pleasure of your society for an evening, and you are under the impression that we girls, not you, should pay. The sad part of it is that we do pay. I suppose it is no wonder that women are said to be fools where men are concerned. We're certainly fools when it comes to dates with the men; most of us are, that is a certain thing.



The Quality

A True Story By VIRGINIA
TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

I OFTEN wondered why Christine Dale, Puritan, refined and sensitive, became what is known as a social worker in New York City.

She and I were at boarding school together. I have spoken of her as a Puritan. By that I mean that in her standards, her ideals, she was uncompromising. A thing was either black or white with her. Truth was truth; anything else was a lie. We often argued this point. I, less sure of my standards, would plead that circumstances sometimes justified prevarication, a varnishing over of disagreeable facts. She would shake her head obstinately and argue:

"Falsehood cannot stand. It is a sin. It is never right to commit sin that seeming good may result. A thing is right or wrong. There is no compromising with wrong, even if people do practise sophistry to justify them in dishonest speech and actions. Truth is truth; a lie is a lie."

That a creature who shrank from evil should take up the work I have mentioned seemed strange. I was convinced that she was not fit to cope with some of the conditions she would meet in her efforts to reclaim erring girls and women. Nor had she had experience with such characters. She had kept house for her father in a small town in New York state. After his death, she came to the city to live. During our years apart, we had corresponded regularly. I was glad we were to be in the same city, although her work and mine prevented our seeing each other as often as I wished. At our first talk together I expressed my doubts as to her ability to carry on the task she had shouldered. She answered my objections with a calm determination that convinced me that argument would be useless and I might as well be still.

"I AM thirty-five. Nobody needs me. I must earn my living. If, while earning it, I can help save other women, so much the better," she said. "I hope you will let me talk to you of some of the problems that I meet when I have a chance to talk."

I assured her that I was more than willing to listen to all that she had to tell me. During the months that followed, our friendship and intimacy ripened steadily. I like to think that her occasional visits to my studio were a comfort to her. She talked out much that was in her mind. It was in the course of one of these talks that she told me of Pauline Henderson.

Pauline was eighteen. Christine saw her first when the girl accosted a man on a corner of Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue one rainy night. I tried to visualize the scene to myself. I found it difficult to see Christine in it. But my



*We Advise Every Reader
Who is Ashamed of Tears
To Skip This Brief History of a Girl
Who Didn't Want Mother to Know*

y of Mercy



Vera Clare

The man to whom Pauline spoke cursed her and went on. Christine Dale put her hand on Pauline's arm. "Come under my umbrella," she said. "We'll walk a little way together"

With Drawings
from Life
By VERA CLERE

reactions are of no consequence, for I must not let myself intrude in this story, which is, after all, of a social worker and a girl of the streets. I give the facts as Christine gave them to me.

On the stormy night in question the man to whom Pauline spoke hurled a curse at her, then walked on. The next minute Christine Dale's hand was on the girl's arm.

"Come under my umbrella," she said gently. "We'll walk a little way together."

She did not speak of what she had seen. That would have antagonized her companion. But Pauline was on her guard. Two years in New York had taught her craftiness. Yet the friendly interest of the worker gradually disarmed her suspicions. She accepted Christine's invitation to take supper in a cheap cafe the following evening.

I COULD not suppress an audible gasp when my friend told me of that supper.

"I wonder you dared!" I exclaimed. "Didn't people stare at you and your charge? You, looking like a nun, and she, a woman of the street."

"Don't call her that!" Christine begged. "She has been the victim of circumstance and folly, but she is pitiful and I want to help her."

"How did she behave and look?" I asked. "I mean at the restaurant with you?"

Christine flushed. "She behaved very well," she said, "but, to be honest, she did look pretty dreadful. She was overpainted, and her eyelashes were overblacked, and her lips were a startling scarlet. Still, really good girls get themselves up in much the same way. I tried to remember that when I saw men look-

Is it ever noble to be dishonest? Can a lie be beautiful? Can a soul to whom truth seems the greatest thing in the world find something still greater by turning aside from truth? Perhaps you'll say no, as one woman did, until—you read this story by Mrs. Van de Water

ing at Pauline. I've invited her to go to a movie with me soon and she's accepted. I want to save her if I can."

"It's a big 'if,'" I declared, "but you can do it if anybody can."

Three weeks later Christine came again to see me and said that she had had a long talk with Pauline Henderson.

"I FANCY she suspects that the cough and husky voice from which she is suffering mean something serious. I have seen the symptoms too often not to recognize them but I have not intimated this to the poor girl. I think she trusts me now, for little by little she explained how she had run away from her home up in Massachusetts two years ago."

"Tell me about it," I begged. "I shall never see the girl, so it can do no harm for me to hear the story. What did she tell you?"

Christine told it to me. She forgot herself in the tale and often gave the sick girl's exact words.

"I just couldn't stand it," Pauline had declared. "Ma was always begging me to stay with her and pa. Pa is chair-ridden, has been for quite a while. Creeping paralysis, the doctor called it. I couldn't make money there and if I could, I'd have gone crazy if I'd stuck it out. So I ran away as soon as I got out of school. I suppose it was kind of mean to leave all the work on Ma, but I could do more for her here than up there in the country. And I've sent her lots more cash from the city than I'd ever have made at home and my folks certainly needed the money."

Christine refrained from delivering any condemnatory comment. Later Pauline told how she had worked for a while at straw-hat making, then at flower making, later at candy packing. It was while she had this last job that she had been discharged on account of a cough that, she insisted, "didn't amount to a darn, but which she couldn't quite get rid of."





Pauline looked "pretty dreadful" the night she and Christine had supper together. She was overpainted and her eyelashes were overblackened, but Christine ignored these things because, she said, "really good girls get themselves up in much the same way these days."

Pauline's lodgings and found the girl ill with fever and a pain in her lungs, the sufferer's fear that she might be going to die drove her to honest speech.

"I MEANT to run straight when I first left home, honest I did," she pleaded. "There was a chap who used to work near me and I was fool enough to fall for him. He was awful handsome and no matter what happened afterwards he did love me for a good while. And how I cared for him! It seems silly now that I've found out what men are like, but then I believed all he told me. And I was so careful to try to be the kind of person that was good enough to marry him that I never let any other man even kiss me. Not one! Ben, that was his name, and I used to plan what we'd do when we got more money. Then he got a raise, a good one. After that he was kinder different somehow. But even then I was sure he was going to marry me. And then he fell for another girl. She was pretty and had the money to get the swell clothes I couldn't get. She was a fine dancer, a real city girl, the kind a stylish boy like Ben would take to at once. Yet for a while I couldn't believe that he really cared for her. I was so sure of him. Then I found he'd gone off with her. After that nothing made any difference any more. Gee! I don't know why I'm spillin' all this to you except that I'm kind of sick—and—I've just got to tell it to someone. I might—"

"They're too plagued fussy with their health boards and everything," she complained to her new friend. "A girl's got to live and she can't live if she can't work."

Christine did not intimate by word or glance that she knew the speaker had not depended upon work to earn money.

Yet when, at the end of that week, Christine called at

She broke off abruptly, for she seemed very weak.

Christine Dale admitted to me that, in spite of all the pity she felt for the sinner, it had been an effort for her to lay her hand on the hot forehead and speak some word of comfort.

"I felt like a Pharisee when I found I had to force myself

to stroke that poor girl's head," she said, "but I was glad that I had done it when I saw the tears come to her eyes. If she only could have let the gentle part of her rule and not the wicked, hard part. She bit her lips to keep them from quivering and said something about always having heard that when you made your bed you must lie in it. Then she broke down and sobbed. 'Since then, since that time that Ben went off, I've been no good at all!'"

PAULINE had tried to tell the sordid details to her visitor but Christine would only listen to a few of them. "There, there!" she had soothed, "I know, I know!"

As if Christine could possibly know! But she imagined she did or she would not have said that. I did not question her reactions, but let her go on with her story.

"It was the easiest way," Pauline had said. "I always hated work and there was a man who was awful good to me for a while. He treated me fine, gave me clothes, a nice room and everything. And then, well, he got tired of me too, so the money stopped. Then I tried a job again. The pay was mean and I'd got used to more money. And now I'm awful sick and perhaps I'm going to die, and my folks don't know where I am."

Uncontrollable sobs checked the wailing plaint. The worker spoke firmly.

"You are to stop crying, my dear. I am going to look out for you. You will not die, just yet, anyway."

Her prediction proved true. But a month later, Pauline caught another cold and was so ill that the woman with whom she lodged sent her to Bellevue.

Christine learned of this when she went to the girl's room to see what had become of her. The worker, herself, had been housed for several days with a cold and had not been able to follow up her cases until that day.

"Miss Henderson's in the hospital," the woman at the lodging house informed her. "She's terrible sick. She was ravin' with fever all night before last. So I sent for the ambulance to fetch her away. I wasn't willin' to have her here an hour longer."

Christine was not supposed to spend as much time on any one case as she spent on Pauline Henderson during the next few days. At the office of the association she explained that the patient really needed her. Then she wondered if she had spoken the truth in making this assertion. It was like Christine to worry about that statement. She asked me if I thought she had compromised with the truth. I assured her that I was convinced from what she told me that Pauline Henderson did need her morally and spiritually, although not from a physical standpoint. Christine saw for herself how good the nurse in the ward was to the sick girl, even when Pauline rebelled at being washed or at having medicine administered to her.

"She's a bad egg," an interne had said bluntly to Christine Dale on one of her calls upon the invalid. "If you could hear her in her delirium, you would not come to see her again."

"I AM not so sure of that," Christine said to the doctor. "I wonder why you do come," the young man said as if to himself.

The sedate little spinster answered, "Because she asks me to and because I am sorry for her."

"Your sympathy is wasted," the physician remarked as he went on to his next patient and Christine went to Pauline.

All that day Pauline was unusually difficult. The next day, as the worker sat watching her, she remembered what the physician had said and wondered why Providence had thrown this special girl in her path and, like the interne, marveled at her own interest in the case.

As if divining the thought, the sleeping girl opened her eyes. "I guess maybe you're tired of me like they all are in this place," she said.

"No, I'm not and they're not tired of you here either. The nurse is sorry for you."

"Yes. I asked her this morning if I was going to die and instead of answering, she said perhaps I'd like to see a priest or a minister."

Christine started. She told me afterwards that until that moment she had not thought of sending for a clergyman.

"Would you like to see a minister?" Christine asked Pauline.

"I would not!" was the harsh reply. "I had all the religion

I could stand up home. Ma's all for religion but it never got her anything as far as I could see."

She lay silent for a moment. Then she spoke again.

"But in spite of her silly old-fashioned notions, she's my mother. I'm not going to die if I can help it but if by bad luck I do, you'll write her, won't you? She'd be wondering why I didn't send her money and I kinder hate to have her looking for it if it isn't coming. Don't forget to tell her, will you?"

"I WON'T forget," Christine promised.

Again the patient sank into a sleep. Once the fever-parched lips murmured something and Christine bent over to listen. The word "mother" was all she heard. She recalled the superstition that people about to die go back in imagination to their childhood. She tried to visualize this girl as she must have been ten years ago. A pretty child eight years of age. And now—

Suddenly the sunken eyes opened wide. For an instant there was bewilderment in their dark depths, then they focused on the worker with a look of recognition followed by one of fear.

"You'll be sure to write to my mother if anything happens to me, won't you?"

Christine met the frightened gaze squarely.

"Yes, I will."

The questioner's eyes remained fixed upon hers for a moment. It was evident that the sick girl was thinking hard and quickly.

"YOU'RE one of the truthful kind," she commented. "And you look it."

"I hope I always tell the truth," Christine said.

"It don't pay," the girl said. "I'd hate to have my folks know the truth about me. There's no need," she added, "of their knowing it. It wouldn't get them anything."

"No," the older woman agreed. "Yet if they asked for the truth, it would be right to give it."

"But if anything happened to me, you'd not have to tell all the truth. You could just write that I was gone."

"If they asked for the truth they would have to have it," Christine answered. Then she saw with relief that the girl had fallen once more into the stupor-like sleep significant of her condition. The worker was thankful that she did not have to repeat that phrase.

She said as much to me that evening when, wearied by the emotional strain of the past few hours, she stopped in to talk over the case with me at my studio. [Continued on page 111]

MY HEART Just Won't Behave By Louella F. Still

I'VE put a dunce cap on my heart,
Poor silly little fool!
Because, like Mary's little lamb,
It won't behave at school.

IT OUGHT to tick, just like a
clock.
But, oh, when you're about,
It won't be still! It jumps and
thumps,
I almost hear it shout.

IT WILL not learn its lessons
As a well-trained heart should
do.
The only word that it can write
Is "You-you-you."

OH, IF you'd let it wait on you,
Why maybe even yet,
We'd make that little dunce into
A perfect teacher's pet.

Smart Set's Own Gallery of Beauty



Paramount

Hommel

LOUISE BROOKS. The Girl at the Wheel



First National

DORIS DAWSON
The Girl with the Spanish Shawl



M-G-M

Ruth Harriet Louise

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN ~ The Girl with the Mask



Paramount

Richee

ESTHER RALSTON ~ *The Girl with the Pearls*

As a Friend of the Family I Have Just Witnessed a Renunciation of Love by One of Those Modern Girls I've Thought So Terrible. Now Publicly I Offer My Apologies Because I Was Wrong and

Youth Is Still Glorious

LIKE nearly all the middle-aged dodderers almost ripe for the ether cone I have had my sneer at modern youth. They swig gin, they smoke cigarettes, they neck, they slither honky-tonk dance steps and read phallic literature.

Pretty awful, you say! I say so too. I have listened to the philosophers bewail the lack of chastity and modesty in what someone has called "the new degeneration." I agreed enthusiastically.

These old eyes have seen young girls enter supper clubs of New York, bright with maidenly freshness, grow buoyantly bunned and be carried out feet up to a taxicab.

These old ears have heard adolescents prattle ribald stories that would shame a Bowery tough. It is all a depressing picture. And yet I do not believe there has been a time in the history of civilization when youth has been so honest.

If a father asks a young sprig at the breakfast table how it happened he came in at 4 A. M. with a lot of undue racket he receives the frank reply, "I was plastered, Dad. Sorry. It won't happen again."

And if mother inquires why daughter did this or that, she receives an answer just as frank. All

of this is not, as it would seem, an impertinent gesture. It is an independence, if you will, but an independence that forecasts a stability that is going to be counted.

This transition has not been pleasant for parents. It has grayed many heads and cost many sleepless nights. But the sensible are consoling themselves that they no longer have children who are sneaks.

I recently sat in at the family council of an old friend who was worried about his daughter, a flapper type, reckless and lovable. I used to bounce her on my knee and she looked upon me with a sort of avuncular affection.

She had, to be honest about it, been playing around with one of those lonesome husbands, "misunderstood at home." Her derelictions had been harmless enough, I suppose.



O. O. McINTYRE'S
Best True Story
This Month

Luncheons, dinners, theaters and perhaps a fleeting kiss in the taxi on the way home. But she remained "a good girl."

We talked to her kindly and her eyes grew moist and her chin quivered. "I know what you all think," she said. "I hate to disappoint you who love me so much. I have been trotting around with him indiscreetly. He has held my hand under the dinner table and he has kissed me in taxicabs. He has written me foolish letters and I know he is married. What is worse I know his wife and I admire her.

"Worse still I know he is a rotter. Those are all my cards and they are on the table. What do you want me to do?" She had not spared herself in this statement.

We tried to show her as kindly as possible just what it would come to. We spoke platitudes for after all the great truths are platitudes. There was a slight choke in all of our voices for she seemed so wistful and alone, like a little frightened rabbit cornered by the pack.

She knew that what we said was true and she knew we were all inspired by a zeal to protect her. She marched straight to the telephone on the console and rang up his club.

Then she said, and all of us were able to hear her words:

"I have been seeing too much of you. I have just talked it over with my parents and their best friend. I want you to understand that I never will see you again. If you ever write me a letter or telephone me I shall notify your wife."

She hung up the phone, straight and white-faced and walked as in a dream up the stairs to her room, perhaps to break down in a frenzy of tears.

There was something overwhelmingly magnificent about it. We sat there silent, all of us, feeling pretty mean, knowing that we were in the presence of the cold corpse of a dead love, slain just like that!

I know I left that house in the gathering dusk taking back a lot of things I have said and [Continued on page 91]

With Drawings
from Life
By LESLIE L. BENSON

How My Ship



"You've got to take my orders while we're at sea because—" suddenly Tom caught me in his arms, "because, Jeanne, I love you"

THERE was no pleasure for me in the sights of Port of Spain that morning, nor any joy in the languid, caressing air.

Down by the water-front under their patched umbrellas the old fruit sellers crouched drowsily beside their wares: bunches of greenish plantains, or little mounds of limes and alligator-pears, colored like a patchwork quilt. The stores of the ship-chandlers and the mariner cafes shouldered the irregular water-front.

But these things did not fill my eyes or awaken any interest now. I was still numb from the calamity that had befallen me.

My father had taken me along with him to Trinidad on his cargo schooner. He had taught me the sea wisdom and the things of the sea, as was right for a girl who was the daughter of a sailor, who, in turn, was the son of a seafaring race.

There were only the two of us left and now there is only myself. For in Port of Spain, my father had fallen ill with

some hideous, unknown fever and two days later had died in the silent hospital tended by nuns.

It was hard to realize, hard to look out at the harbor, hard to see the *Fleurette* docked there, with her singing lines and all her delicate spars, and know my father would never step on those decks again.

And that morning I had one more situation to sicken me. I tried to face it. My job was to bring the *Fleurette* safely back across the Caribbean and up the Gulf home. Her cargo of asphalt was loaded. Her crew was idling. Bert Winslow, my father's mate, and I would bring her safe to port.

Then I had met with difficulty. Very powerful are the marine insurance agents that gamble on ships and cargoes and very strong are their rules.

My clearance papers were not passed; the underwriters would not let me leave because I had no licensed officer on board.

In vain I pleaded that I could take the ship anywhere. I cited Bert Winslow's years of service, his knowledge of the course, his seamanship and skill.

A CROSS a high counter, a middle-aged Dutchman with a red face and hairy hands that were like spiders, leered at me.

"It is the rules," he said with a grin. "You cannot ask me to break the rules except for excellent reason."

His grin grew evil with significance. With a shudder of disgust I made my way out of the doors without one more word.

But at the American Consulate, I received immediate help. Since I must have a man with a master's ticket, the consul himself agreed to discover one for me.

In the late afternoon I returned to the *Fleurette* and entered my cabin, next to my father's that was now so silent and forlorn.

Perhaps if I had had eyes for anything I might have noted that the schooner looked dirty and the men were slouching about as if their work had ceased forever.

It was about ten o'clock next morning that I was told a man had just come on board with a letter from the consul to me.

I went up on deck and found him, a tall, slim figure, who was looking disapprovingly at the litter and harbor grime which covered the planks and at the crew who loafed outside the fore-castle.

He did not see me at first and I had the chance to study him without his realizing it.

Sometimes I think we must all be clairvoyant. I didn't know anything about this man and yet right away I liked him.

There was an air of frankness about him. His broad shoulders and his straightness pleased me. He had coppery red hair, level gray eyes and a wide, humorous mouth that relieved the somewhat pugnacious thrust of his strong underjaw.

Came In

I thought the end had come. I was a prisoner on my own boat. The crew was in mutiny. Hijackers had flung my captain-lover overboard. After that nothing mattered—nothing but the ship. How could I prove myself a real captain's daughter?

His face was brown as a sailor's should be and he looked like a pretty good man, I thought.

He noticed me next and his eyes seemed a little puzzled.

"I'm looking for the owner," he declared as he removed his Panama hat.

"I am the owner, Jeanne Poirier," I explained and smiled at his evident embarrassment.

He regarded me with surprise.

"Have you any objection to serving under a woman?" I asked.

"Not at all!" he said. "Just a bit surprised. The consul said nothing about the owner being a lady."

HE FISHED inside the pocket of his coat and brought forth a sealed envelope, which he handed to me with a bow. I broke the seal and hastily read the enclosure. It was from the consul who informed me that Mr. Tom Barry was a certificated ship's officer with a master's license for any tonnage on any ocean, and that he was competent to command the *Fleurette* and navigate her to her port of discharge.

I folded the note and returned it to its envelope. Then I addressed myself to the bearer. "Very good, Captain Barry," I said. "We will now settle the matter of compensation for the job."

"We won't quarrel over that, Miss Poirier," he smiled. "It is enough for me to get a passage out of this God-forsaken hole to a place where one can get a decent ship."

"Not at all!" I said. I was somewhat nettled at his slighting reference to the *Fleurette*. I named a figure which I thought right. "How will that do?" I concluded.

"That will be plenty," he agreed. He looked over the deck again, then back to me. "By the way," he said, "have you a mate?"

"Oh, yes," I assured him. I turned and called Mr. Winslow.

Winslow arose from the hatch and came slouching aft.

"This is Captain Barry, Mr. Winslow," I explained.

The two men greeted each other perfunctorily; their eyes met, and in that glance, swift as it was, I read the birth of a deep and unexpected hostility.

Winslow scowled while Tom Barry, with his level eyes, looked stern and determined. There was a moment's awkward pause. Then with a mumble of pretended civility, the mate turned on his heel and left us.

"Then everything is settled, Captain," I said. "If you'll meet me at the consul's you can sign on."

"I will, thank you!" He bowed and turned away.

Descending to the deck, he strode forward to the gangway and went ashore, pausing a moment to light



At the very first glance I liked the man who wanted to take my ship home for me. "I'm looking for the owner," he said. "I am the owner," I told him. "Do you mind working for a woman?"

his pipe, while he glanced approvingly up at the tapering masts of the schooner. Then he turned and walked quickly toward the town, the smoke of his pipe trailing out behind him.

I started apprehensively as I heard the rasping voice of Winslow from where he stood among the crew.

"Everything was all right. We'd 'a' got to sea all O. K. in a day or two if that red-headed yahoo hadn't showed up. I'll betcha he'll be hard to catch before we raise Ship Island light!"

We cleared from Port of Spain on the evening tide. Barry seemed to know his business and took charge with the confidence of a veteran skipper, although he was scarcely thirty. The first two days passed without event. I took my meals alone in my room while Barry and Winslow ate at the cabin table.

"I want to see that deck cleared up by moon, Mr. Winslow," Barry told the mate at breakfast on the third day. "After that, you'd better put that gang of soldiers for'ard to holystoning."

I DIDN'T catch the mate's answer, only Barry's peremptory repetition that the deck must be cleared of the grime which came from the loading in port. On shipboard it is the mate's task to see to the maintenance and cleaning of the vessel. It seemed that Winslow was deliberately ignoring Barry's authority, for that day passed and the order was not carried out. Not a finger was raised to do the holystoning.

There was something in the air that I couldn't understand. There was a spirit of more than ordinary familiarity between the crew and Winslow. It puzzled me and I felt worried. I could see that Barry was boiling with rage at the carelessness of the mate and I feared that any moment the storm would break. I dreaded strife and I resolved that if I could help it there would be no fighting.

I ORDERED Barry to ignore the condition of the deck. "But," he stormed, "the ship looks like a floating pigeon! We're running close-hauled and those fellows for'ard haven't anything else to do but keep her clean."

"Never mind!" I said. "They'll get busy after awhile and clean up. In the meantime, I want no more quarreling between you and Mr. Winslow."

"Just as you like," he said.

The palm tops on Baja Nuevo were lifting above the indigo horizon when the trouble began. It was a still morning, with hardly a breath of wind blowing and the sea was flat as a mill pond. The ship was almost becalmed and had been for several days, making bare steerage way. Barry was impatient at the delay. I knew he was anxious to have the passage over and done with.

At eight bells, four o'clock, that morning, Winslow had failed to relieve Barry and the latter had found the mate drunk in his berth. Disgusted, Barry returned to the deck to stand watch until Winslow was sufficiently sober to be trusted

with the ship for a four-hour spell.

It was well past nine o'clock. Forward, both watches of the crew were grouped about the fore-castle door, growing momentarily more boisterous since the little restraint Winslow exercised upon them, was temporarily removed. Every once in a while one of them would slip into the fore-castle and return, wiping his lips.

All the seamen I had known were neither better nor worse than the average workmen ashore but over-indulgence in liquor will turn the best of men to beasts. The crew's recently displayed contempt for discipline convinced me that there was a plentiful supply of liquor on board.



As I watched Tom striking at the angry men around him, I knew all at once that I loved him. Turning I ran into the cabin, snatched up a loaded shotgun and rushed on deck. "Stop," I shouted, levelling the gun at the fighting men.

and I felt a terrible qualm of apprehension at the thought.

Barry was striding angrily to and fro across the poop, his jaw set, his brows puckered in an angry frown, as there drifted aft some maudlin sentiment that made my ears burn. Suddenly one of the men rose to his feet, struck a dramatic attitude, and began the opening lines of an obscene ditty.

"For'ard there!" Barry snapped. "Put a stopper on that!"

The man addressed swayed drunkenly as he swung about and favored Barry with a leer that lacked all sign of respect.

"Why, hello, Red!" he hiccuped. "Didn't know you was aboard. Come ahead an' have a li'l drink."

Barry drew in his belt a notch or two, then stepped toward the poop ladder.

"Don't!" I said. "Don't go down there. Leave them alone."

He turned his head and regarded me coolly. "Who's running this madhouse, you or me?" he inquired.

"I'm the owner!" I snapped.

"And I'm the captain, and as such, I'm responsible to the insurance people, as well as to you," he answered.

Oh, but I was angry! How dare he disobey me like this? Why, he acted as if he were owner of the schooner, owner of me! Only from my father had I ever taken orders such as those he was giving to me.

I saw him turn his back, descend the poop ladder and walk forward. Into my furious heart came the hope that he would be punished. I think almost I hated him.

The next moment

I heard his voice and it was a brave voice, as I knew already:

"Some of you stews get brooms and holystones from the store room." He pointed at first to one, then another. "The rest of you man the force pump; we're going to get this deck clean."

"Say," one of the hands demanded, "who d'ye think you are?"

By way of answer, Barry sprang toward the man and the pugnacious one collapsed in the scuppers, insensible. The next instant the remainder of the crew closed in on Barry with angry yells.

His fists swung like sledgehammers, knocking the men right and left as he flailed about him, his gray eyes alight with the fire of battle. They came on, still fresh, while he was showing the strain of his exertion. It was open mutiny, and they were ready to stop at nothing. I felt there was almost murder in the air.

My wish was going to be granted, [Continued on page 108]



The men fell back before Barry's savage attack, their mouths gaping in angry surprise. "Keep them covered until I ditch their liquor," he shouted to me while he drove the mutinous crew aft

*Are We Still Casting Stones?
Should a Girl Be Condemned
for One Innocent Misstep?*

The Plight of the



Judge Oberwager

THE girl in the case was little more than a child about seventeen, I should guess. She had a manner that was modest and her pretty face seemed all eyes, eyes startled and contrite. The boy, twenty perhaps, was a nice-looking lad but much more sophisticated than she.

They had been neighborhood sweethearts, too young to realize the danger of yielding to their emotions. The parents of the girl had haled the boy to court to try and force him to save their child from disgrace.

The boy responded immediately. He was entirely willing to marry the girl and her face lighted so quickly, so radiantly that it was evident that love, deep love had been behind the feeling which had swept her beyond her depth. "That's the right thing," I said and smiled approval to the boy

His father sprang forward. "I should say not," he almost shouted. "I won't permit it. No matter what he thinks, he's not of age. We'll pay the expenses in the case, that's all."

I tried to reason with him, patiently, for the sake of the girl, but he couldn't be moved. "I will not allow my son to ruin himself by marrying this girl," he declared.

"And what about your son?" I demanded. "Isn't he a participant in this offence? Isn't he in fact the one responsible?"

"He's a man," he snapped back at me. "He's young and foolish, that's all. I've nothing against the girl but what's happened proves there's a bad streak in her."

Sympathy led me to examine into this case thoroughly through a probation officer. I knew that it was the girl's first



*Sketch
By*

ROBERT ORR

By Judge CHARLES A.
OBERWAGER

Modern Magdalene

offence, that she had always been modest, clean-minded, circumspect; her every action, above the hint of suspicion. I knew that only the sweep of an overmastering love had been able to overcome her scruples. And I knew, too, that the boy, though not a bad boy, had been wild, that this was not his first affair and that, compared to the girl, he was a black sheep beside a snow-white lamb who erred for a first time.

All this was without effect upon the father. He held to it that if a girl made one mistake she could never again be trusted. It wasn't safe for any man to marry her, he said.

"You mean to argue," I said, "that morality is a question depending on sex and not on the facts involved?"

He was ready with an answer. It was this. That it isn't the lapse from virtue that brands the girl as unworthy but that the lapse is an indication in her of inherent frailty. Every girl, he said, knows well the social penalties imposed upon the woman who made a misstep. If in the face of that and while she is still unspoiled, she slips, it shows that, in her, sex urgings are stronger than moral resistance. It indicates that she is ready to revolt against the decent conventions of society. Hence, since her barrier is gone, it follows that she will be more apt to yield to temptation than she was before.

There you have the traditional viewpoint that still sways a large section of society. One slip on the part of a girl and she is forever after damned, a social Pariah not to be trusted, outside the realm of possible regeneration! I have seen this ugly idea raise its head against helpless women time and again in my courts: young girls in the direst trouble lashed down to perdition by it, wives in the family court confounded by a girlhood lapse raked up to flay them, other women in all sorts of cases denounced as unworthy of belief

or consideration in any matter because of a scandal hovering over them, unfounded perhaps, but not possible of refutation by them.

It is all so utterly cruel. Society condemns and seeks to destroy a girl because she has loved not wisely but too well. Such is not always proof of moral obliquity. Instead of showing that she is a bad girl, it is apt to show that she is

just a weak girl, physically weak but mentally uncontaminated. Her lack of sophistication proves that. If she were familiar with the detail of sex, in other words had she been less innocent and ignorant, she would have known how to save herself.

A young girl in love, in the grasp of ardent romance, is like a dazed child straying uncertainly over the slippery surface of a frozen pond. One moment of carelessness and she is in the dark waters of despair. The more innocent a girl is, the more trusting she is and the more apt to believe the honeyed promises of her lover.

THINK how inconsistent it is that we blame the unbalanced girl for her moral slip and declare she deserves the injuries she suffers, while we would be all sympathy were that same girl to have had a physical fall and sustain, instead of terrible hurts to her immoral soul, only a passing disability. And when you see a girl who has sinned once and paid sorely, drifting downward, instead of searching in her character for the cause, look in another direction first.

One day a girl of nineteen was brought before me charged by her parents with incorrigibility. They wanted her committed to an institution. They accused her of immoral conduct.

The girl's face seemed familiar to me. Where had I seen it before? Suddenly two years were lifted from my memory and she stood before me in another court, that time not a defendant, but the victim of her first lover. It was the same pretty face but greatly changed. So was her manner, then soft, frightened, modest—now hard, defiant, scornful.

"Is she in trouble?" I asked the probation officer.

"Oh, no," she replied. "The girl is too sophisticated for that. There isn't much she doesn't know. Strange isn't it, Judge, how so many of these girls who get into trouble once, seem to go to the bad? There's something wrong with them, I guess."

That from a woman officer and a sympathetic one constantly in touch with such cases. And with all her experience not reading behind the surface facts!

"Will you tell me," I said to the girl, "how it is that your first sad experience failed to be a

WOMAN'S INHUMANITY

How strange that the sex which has suffered most by our lopsided moral code should so long have accepted it unprotestingly. Also that women should have imposed this code upon their offending sisters more relentlessly than man ever did



The Midnight Sweetheart

*Finds a
Happy Ending
to Her
Venture Into
the World
of*



Uneasy Love

I SPRANG up and snatched the letter from Hugh's hand, crumpling it into a tight ball. I heard myself stammering nonsense.

"Oh, it's from Julie! Her silly old name for me. Her Midnight Sweetheart! That's because she never got home till midnight and I was so cross when she waked me up. 'Sweetheart' was sarcastic. Perfectly idiotic! But please forgive me for snatching. She might say something about herself she wouldn't like you to read."

"Of course, dear. It's quite all right," said Hugh. "I'd hate to barge by mistake into one of your friend's secrets. Hand me over that waffle you've buttered. It looks too good to neglect."

He began eating calmly. Oh, was it a natural calm? I asked myself in anguish. Surely it must be. Hugh wasn't an actor. He wouldn't even try to behave like that if he suspected that I was deceiving him. Why should he? Yet, if he stopped to think, he might remember my telling him more than once that I had "dropped" Julie. I mustn't let him stop to think!

I chattered to him about nothing at all. I laughed and fluttered my eyelashes in a way that I knew he loved. I couldn't eat but I crumbled toast and drank more than one cup of scalding coffee. The dreadful letter was lying all the time on my lap and I was terribly afraid it might fall to the floor, yet I dared not slip it into my bag under Hugh's eyes as I wished to do for fear he'd be more anxious about it.

For the first time I longed to have him go. It seemed as if he never would! He too had more than one cup of coffee and drank slowly. Was he testing me, watching my pale face and my shaky fingers?

At last I ventured to ask if he had finished his breakfast. Yes, he had. Would I come to the door and see him off? Of course! I answered and rose. I hid the crumpled ball of paper in my left hand. Even then I was afraid he might suddenly open my clenched fingers and take the letter away. But he did nothing of the sort.

NOT till the car had passed out of sight from the loggia did I look at the letter. I was faint as I sank on to a garden seat and straightened out the wrinkled sheet of paper. What I saw on it gave me a new and more agonizing fright. At the bottom of the first page was the signature in big black letters, "Breakneck."

Had I snatched the letter away from Hugh before his eyes had glanced down to that word?

It is strange how deathly sick suspense can make one! I was almost in a state of physical collapse, but I knew I must not let myself go. I would need all my strength.

I forced myself to read the letter through.

"My little Midnight Sweetheart:

"I must call you that once again," Breakneck had written, for only the envelope had been typed. "Maybe it is for the last time. I feel that the end of everything is near and I

With Drawings
from Life
By G. D. SKIDMORE



There in a secret drawer of the red lacquer cabinet were all of Breakneck's souvenirs including my dress, the "Rose of Love," and all the letters I had written him. "I want to tell you all about Breakneck and the flat," I faltered, cold with fear as Hugh showed me the things

want you to come to me before it is too late. I ask you kindly and humbly to consent, but as I warned you, if you do not come you will regret it. Arrange to be free tomorrow afternoon as soon as possible after your luncheon. If you prefer to make a secret of your visit, you have the wit to think of a plan. I leave that part to you. But come. It is important. Yours as always. Breakneck."

I SAT there for many minutes with the letter in my hand, hardly able to use the wits he praised. But one thing those wits caught hold of! He had had the envelope typed on purpose, so that I should open it carelessly, in the presence of others, preferably in the presence of Hugh Hardinge. And he had written a short letter, with the signature big and black and in full view at a glance, so that I might not be able to hide it.

I was sure that he had plotted this deliberately, and such pity as I had for his misfortune turned to bitterness that was almost hate. Yet I must go to him. There was no way out of it.

He'd said that I had "wit enough" to plan some secret way of visiting The Glooms and finally a plan did occur to me. I told Mrs. Graham that I would like to go to town by the two o'clock train, if she could let me have a car to the station. Of course she said "yes," and would send to meet me whenever I wished to return. There was a quick train back arriving at seven. Would that suit me? It would, I told her, and mentally I calculated all the moves I would have to make.

Of course I didn't take the train to New York. I waited till the Grahams' chauffeur had driven away and then I engaged a taxi. "Where to, Miss?" the man inquired. I had my answer ready.

"There's a place where they sell dogs," I explained, "not far from The Glooms. Perhaps you know it?"

He did. He knew both The Glooms and the dog breeder.

I was thankful that I had happened to remember the latter!

We drove there and the chauffeur asked if he should wait.

"No, come back for me," I said.

"Come—" I stopped to think for a minute how long it would take me to walk to The Glooms and return. Twenty minutes each way

I counted, and an hour with Breakneck at the most. I would try to escape from him much sooner but more than an hour I would not stay! Two hours altogether ought to be more than enough. It was now three o'clock. "Come at five," I said. "I'll pay you for all the time in between now and then and a good tip, but I'd rather you didn't wait."

The man must have wondered why I should need two hours to look over a few dogs. But that wasn't his affair. He had seen me at the station before, with the Grahams, and evidently considered me a person who might be trusted. "All right, Miss," he agreed.

I HAD to go into the dog breeder's house and there I made things safe for myself so far as I could see by picking out a police-dog puppy. "I have to make a call in the neighborhood," I said. "I'll come back in less than two hours and pay for him. Then you'll keep him for me, I suppose, until I can take him away."

This business settled, I walked to The Glooms not more than half a mile distant.

The same servant who had opened the door for his master on the day of my one other visit, opened it again for me. His discreet mask of a face showed no expression, yet I knew I was blushing furiously as I gave my name.

"Mr. Lawrence is expecting you, Miss," the man said. "He

is in the red lacquer room. Will you please come with me?"

I said something about being glad Mr. Lawrence was not confined to bed and his servant answered, "Mr. Lawrence is not a gentleman, Miss, the doctors can keep in bed. He spends most of his time in the library, his favorite room."

I remembered that Breakneck had told me it was so. He loved his Chinese things.

The servant opened the door and announced me. "Miss Mayo, sir." My heart was like a lump of ice within me as I crossed the threshold. The door shut behind me. I was in the black walled Chinese room where, on my first visit to it months ago, I had felt a queer presentiment of trouble waiting for me in the future.

I N FRONT of the red cabinet which in my eyes had been the most striking feature of the place, Breakneck Lawrence reclined in a big wheel-chair.

He faced me as I came in but did not raise himself from the cushions which propped his head and shoulders. The change in him was not as startling as I had feared but it was enough to soften my heart. In spite of his cruelty and his threats, I could not hate him.

Tears sprang to my eyes; I forgot everything but pity as I walked straight across the big room to the invalid chair.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" I said.

He did not speak and his silence made me look at him. No doubt he kept silence on purpose for that. His eyes held mine. They were slightly sunken and had dark shadows beneath them. The sunburn had worn off his rough-hewn face and left it pale with a grayish pallor like clay.

"Well, my child, you see what you have made of me," he said. "I wanted you to see it."

"Don't speak like that," I cried. "Don't be so cruel."

"It's you who have been cruel," he said. "You can't say you've treated me fairly."

"But I didn't want to hurt you," I pleaded. "You'd made me afraid of you. I knew how hard you could be to others. You'd shown me! And I hadn't promised you anything. Hugh came. I knew when I saw him again that I'd loved him all the time."

"All the time since the night of Virginia Gold's ball," Breakneck cut in.

I started. "How did you know?"

"I KNOW a good many things you don't think I know," he said. "I suspected one day when you wouldn't give me a certain newspaper that you were interested in Hughson Hardinge. His picture was in it and some paragraphs about his getting home from abroad. That set me on the right track. I found out just when he had sailed for Europe from New York. And I found out that he was to have been at that ball. I'm good at putting two and two together once I get a start, but I trusted you, Bobby. I thought you were a sweet, innocent, truthful girl, who loved me a little if only through gratitude and would love me more by and by. I staked all my future happiness on you and you threw me down. You showed yourself disloyal and a coward."

"Maybe!" I admitted. "But I loved Hugh. I knew you wouldn't let me go so I ran away."

"Cowards deserve punishment," Breakneck said, as if I hadn't spoken.

"I have been punished every day!" I answered with a sob.

"Punished by remorse?"

"No, by fear of you. But you said in your first letter that I needn't be afraid, that you didn't want to hurt me.

You, My Beloved

Once or twice in a century the soul of a woman finds voice in words.

Sheila Donisthorpe, a widely known writer, has bared to the world the truth about a girl's love and the pain and joy it brings her. This girl raised up a man and adored him and she tells clearly all the secrets of her heart and mind.

All who have loved will read her story which begins in June SMART SET.

You have followed, eagerly, Bobby Mayo's struggle in "Uneasy Love." You are absorbed by Sylvia in "Unforbidden Fruit." Now SMART SET has provided another masterly treat for you in "You, My Beloved."

You will all read this story because each one will find an echo of his or her pain and joy and hope in

You, My Beloved



BOBBY MAYO

I kissed him, and I think it was then I realized what true love is. It is love underneath, faith and trust in the middle and love again on top. Nothing can break such love. It is built to last forever

So I came with that understanding."

"You came because you were afraid! You are afraid now of this poor broken wretch whose love for you has brought his life to an end!"

He flung the words at me. They burned like vitriol.

"Don't say 'an end!'" I implored. "You may get well. An operation—"

Breakneck laughed. "For heaven's sake, don't try to comfort me. That's past the limit. Life's over for me. I'm not a man to put up with an invalid's existence. I'll welcome death. The sooner the better. That's why I was in a hurry to see you. I waited only till I could be got out of my beastly bed to receive you here. I have a special reason for that. I'll explain later. But there are some other things to be said first, to make you understand what will follow. You had better sit down."

He motioned to a chair opposite his. Seated in it, I faced the full light from a window behind him and realized that the chair had been placed precisely as it was by his orders.

Breakneck's hard, haggard eyes studied my features and watched the coming and going of my color.

"YOU don't look as happy now you are Hardinge's 'sweet-heart' as you used to look when you were mine," he said.

"If I'm not happy, it's because of you," I said.

"Sorry for me I suppose?"

"Yes. I can't help but think—"

"And seventy-five per cent for yourself!"

I was silent for a minute. Then, when he didn't speak, I said, "Please tell me why you sent for me. I can't stay very long."

His voice was arrogant as he answered:

"When I've finished with what I have to say, you'll understand that you will stay as long as I choose. You'll like to get over the worst things first, so I'll begin by explaining how much you are in my power, even now, little ex-sweetheart. When you have got that in your beautiful, silly head, we'll come to the real point of this visit.

"Let's go back to the night when you failed to keep your appointment with me, the night you showed your yellow streak. Oh, don't interrupt! What's the use? I've a right to my opinion of what you did and nothing will change it, even if I go to burn in hell. I loved you. Really loved you! That was my only crime and you made me suffer for it. No hell could be hotter than the one I went through when I entered my sweetheart's nest to find the letter she'd left for me there. What a letter to strike a man down with, to blast the happiness he'd believed in! You'd give back his jewels when you could! Well, it was through those

jewels I traced you. Did you really think for a minute that you could get away from me? You should have known me better!

"You are pale as a midnight moon, little Midnight Sweetheart! Will you drink a glass of wine? See, I had some put ready."

I shook my head. My lips were so dry I could scarcely



My eyes went to the red cabinet near which Breakneck sat. "Oh, if you could only have pity!" I cried. "I'd pray for you every night"



Broken and dying Breakneck glared at me. "I don't want your prayers," he snapped. Then after a moment he added, "Now good-by, an eternal good-by, to my Midnight Sweetheart!"

speaking but I got out one question. "Why did you work that Midnight Sweetheart scheme on me? Was it a plot from the beginning?"

"In a way, yes," he answered. "I had to have you in my power if you failed me. But to go on to tell how I traced you to your hiding place," Breakneck said:

"Something died in my soul when I read your farewell words. Whatever it was that perished was the best thing in me; I know that. I made inquiries and learned how you had come into the house with a bag, from the description,

one I'd given you, and hurried out again. I went to your place and picked up a little information from the janitress. A man had paid you a visit that evening while your friend, Julie, was out, a young man, dark, good-looking. Of course my thoughts went back to the little episode of the newspaper with Hardinge's picture in it. There are plenty of dark young men in New York, but I had to make sure who this one was. I waited for Julie to come back. She had nothing to tell me. Whether she knew or suspected nothing, or whether, after seeing you had let me down for good, she concluded to stand by you, I couldn't be sure. But I'll do her the justice to say, I think she was sorry. She thought you were foolish to throw me over. I hadn't bothered to keep in touch with her since for I was dead certain you'd lie low where Julie was concerned, for fear she'd give you away to me.

"MY NEXT step was to engage the best private detective in New York but that had to wait till business hours in the morning. I shall never forget what I suffered the rest of the night when I could do nothing. I went back to the deserted flat and stayed there till morning.

"It wasn't many hours before my detective got hold of the chauffeur who'd driven you from one hotel to another in his taxi. Yes, my girl, he let you down, in spite of your pretty smiles and your two dollar tip! Why be surprised at human nature? You let me down, didn't you, for what you thought better worth having?

"The first souvenir of you I got to keep, and have now in my possession, is a page torn out of the register at the Hotel Monte Carlo. It's especially valuable, because, under a name slightly altered from yours, but in your handwriting, is my name."

At that I cried out. "Oh,

how horrible; how wicked of you to do a thing like that!"

"Why?" asked Breakneck. "Wasn't I as free as you to take a room at that hotel and write my name in the book? Very nice, accommodating reception clerk at the Hotel Monte Carlo! If I signed beneath the name of Miss Roberta Minto of Brooklyn it was because there was a blank space there.

"After the Monte Carlo I lost trace of you for awhile. You had the cleverness of the cat tribe to which women belong; even my smart detective couldn't track you at first. Then it was that your allusion to [Continued on page 78]

What Every Father Should Know

By JOHN S. SUMNER

UP ALONG the gay white way, otherwise known as Broadway, they call me, Sumner, the joy-killer.

In one or two publishing houses they tenderly refer to me as, "a narrow-minded busybody, puffed up with a little brief authority and ignorant of what is art and what is not."

The movie crowd openly accuses me of stirring things up every so often in order to hold my job.

What the readers of this magazine think of me, I can only guess, but this much I know: People everywhere have come to think of John S. Sumner and the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice as synonymous. Especially, I imagine, do the young people dislike me, and yet I am intensely interested in and fond of young people. I believe I understand them, and I wish the understanding were mutual. I hope to prove in this article that I am not the stern and uncompromising Puritan I am supposed to be, but instead, just a plain, ordinary, everyday, hard-working American daddy.

Formerly we owned a modest home over on Long Island, my wife and I. We enjoy good books, plays, movies, our radio, each other in particular and life in general. Our chief interest in life is, of course, our daughter, Eloise. It is she who has made me understand you young people and although I admit she is prejudiced, she insists that I am "the kindest, most generous, the sincerest, the best daddy in the whole world." Also, that I am "more fun than a circus." I give it to you in her own words and I might add that Eloise has been our greatest worry and responsibility as well as our greatest joy.

No, Eloise isn't the prim and prissy little miss you expect the daughter of a reformer to be. She's the typical bobbed-haired, joyous, jazzy, hipless, modern girl. She likes dancing and theaters and auto riding and all the rest of it. She's got convictions, plenty of them, and she's got the courage of most

of them. What I mean is, if she liked cocktails, she'd drink them. If she enjoyed a cigarette, I suppose she'd smoke it.

She happens to be particularly fond of swimming, so she wears a snug-fitting jersey swimming suit, and I like to see her in it. She's not exactly what you'd call a movie fan, but when there's a picture she wants to see, she goes to see it, and

I don't recall that she has always asked my permission.

I suppose in the last four or five years, my wife and I have spent as many sleepless nights and resorted to as many tearful prayers as most parents, in spite of the fact that we had every reason to believe that she was behaving herself as she should, those nights she was out with a "date."

FOR fifteen years I deluded myself with the idea that Eloise was different from other little girls. Other men's daughters told fibs, were deceitful, made eyes at the boys in grammar school and cut study periods in high school, wrote and received ridiculous mash notes and sighed over movie stars. With my own eyes I had observed them smoking in restaurants when they should have been at home playing with dolls. The young girls on their way to school flipped their short skirts and exposed their bare knees and seemed actually to enjoy their daring. Once, in the summer, I had even seen an amazing young thing absolutely stockingless in

an ice cream parlor down our street! Yes. Other men's daughters were certainly going the pace. But not Eloise!

"If you're not going to be busy this evening, Dad, I'd like to talk to you after dinner."

Eloise had just returned from a visit to a girl chum who lived in Brooklyn and this request was made at the dinner table. From the significance that lay behind the words I thought she was going to pull the [Continued on page 114]

A Brief Guide For Fathers

Q. Get close to your daughter.

Q. Don't act as though you were perfect. That will only make her laugh at you. **Q.** Remember that you were once young and giddy and foolish. **Q.** Don't jaw. You can't make your girl go straight just by continual jawing.

Q. Be honest with yourself. Call your own bluff. **Q.** Be brutally honest with your girl. Tell her the truth about sex matters



*He
Has
Written
the
Story
Every
Father
Would
Like
to
Tell*

JOHN S. SUMNER

Secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice

Have you a flapper daughter in your home? Is she a problem? Read this honest record by a successful man who believes his greatest achievement was in successfully raising for womanhood and marriage the charming modern girl you see at the right





JAC uncoiled herself from the hammock as I walked up to the porch. She was wearing that flaming yellow and red kimono of hers and against the brown logs of the cabin her lithe, willowy, sunburned limbs gleamed like the legs of an Oriental enchantress.

I glanced at my watch. Then I reread Hubert's telegram. It was three o'clock then and his train would be due in Tenderville at five-fifteen. There was nothing for me to do except drive down to get him.

"What is it, Billy?" Jac demanded and danced to my side. "Good news! Are we to move out of this hot wilderness

at last? Oh, do say we can go away from this place!"

"It isn't good news," I answered, "and you know I can't leave Pinetops till the dam's finished."

Her face fell. Jacqueline was always wanting to get away from the construction camp I had built in the forest. I had begged her a dozen times to divorce me and go away so that I could finish my work in peace. But she persisted in staying. If we ever had cared for one another, our love died two years before, but Jac continued to hang on at my side. She made my life miserable by playing with every eligible man who came within ten miles of the camp or our cabin.



The Devil's Gift

If the beautiful creature you married had ruined more than one man's life would you warn the man who had been your boyhood chum against her? Then if he threatened to kill you would you fight to save him from her?

"I suppose it must be that bill we owe Manquise," she laughed. "I hate to make you pay so much for gowns, Billy, but I must have clothes. Manquise should not have telegraphed about his old money though!"

"No, I've paid up all of your outstanding debts, unless you have made new ones since the tenth of the month."

"Then what was the telegram, Billy? Aren't you going to show it to me?"

"It's from Hubert Fitzsimmons," I said. "He's coming to visit me here at the camp."

"Hubert Fitzsimmons? Not the Hubert Fitzsimmons who

did that gorgeous sunset that hangs over the fireplace?"

"Hubert is an artist," I said. "He's coming here to spend a month, sketching and searching for new color."

"You are so clever, Billy!" Jac threw her arms about my neck in a gesture of careless affection. "To think I am to have Hub Fitzsimmons out here with me for a solid month."

I pushed her roughly into the hammock.

"That's just what I want to talk with you about, Jac! Fitz is an old chum of mine and I'm giving you warning that he is not to be considered your game. Do you understand? You've played about with two or three men already



Perfectly gowned Jac was so beautiful I hardly recognized her. "Has our guest arrived?" she asked sweetly

and I've not opened my mouth. I know you don't love me, never did love me. You didn't love Frank Hill and when you tired of dangling him around you sent him off. He was the best draftsman I had in the camp too. Neither did you love that Gallagher boy and now he's lying around drunk and we haven't a soul to run the steam crane on the upper dike! You don't love anything on the face of the earth except yourself! You're pretty and you know it! And you know men fall for you like the fools they are!"

"YOU fell for me, Billy," she said. "And you married me!"

"Yes, and I haven't had a minute's rest since!"

She laughed and gave no sign of resentment as I went on: "Now listen, Jac, I want to introduce you as my wife when Fitz gets here and since you are still my wife legally, I am not going to put up with any of your pranks with him while he stays here. That's final. If you can't behave yourself, I'm giving you time right now to pack your trunks and be ready to ride down when I go to Tenderville."

The train thundered out of Tenderville while I was still a mile up on the mountain. The first person I saw when I sped into the main street was tall Hub Fitzsimmons standing atop a steamer trunk with a half-dozen natives peering askance at his flashy, loud tweeds and his foreign-marked baggage.

"Hi, Bill," he shouted and leaped to the ground as my roadster skidded into the group around him. "I didn't know whether you got my wire or not."

I sprang from the car and grabbed for his hand. Here was the same old Fitz who had shared my room, my pocket change

and nearly every thing else I owned in the days at college!

When we had finished our bear hug and almost wrung our hands off, Fitz turned and motioned to a man who had been grinning at us from the shade of the waiting-room.

"Bill, I've got to apologize for straining your hospitality this way," Fitz said as the stranger hobbled to join us. "This chap has been working with me a year and I couldn't help adding him to my baggage and bringing him along. He's a good sport and I know you will like him."

I turned to face the man with the stick who came up to us.

"Billy, this is Captain Richards," said Fitz.

I found myself shaking hands with a pleasant-faced little square-shouldered man who wore a D.S.C. ribbon on the breast of his semimilitary coat.

"I think I've painted old Bill black enough for you, Captain," laughed Fitz. "And I'm sure Bill will know what a rascal you are at cards before many moons!"

ALL the way up the mountain Fitz kept us roaring with his jokes. Captain Richards appealed to me instantly and as we talked together, I knew I was going to like the gray-faced little campaigner a whole lot before the month ahead of us passed. We planned poker games and a fishing party. We laughed and joked away the twenty rough miles between Tenderville and Pinetops. Not until my headlights came to rest upon the steps leading from the Dam road to the bungalow, did I think of the woman waiting for us there.

"Fitz, I'm a married man," I said hurriedly as we started up the gravel walk. "I didn't want to surprise you until you could meet my wife."

"Well I'll be hanged!"

"Who'd have thought an old hermit like you would ever have fallen into wedlock? Congrat's, old boy! Lead us to the lady. I'll bet she's a stunner!"

My heart almost stopped beating. I had forgotten to tell Jac to put on some clothes!

I led them across the porch towards the lighted living room. On the threshold I held back and entered the house first alone. Jac was not there. After all, I had something to be thankful for. I had been dreading to introduce them to her in that disgraceful Chinese wrapper she insisted upon wearing from bed to bedtime.

"Gosh! You've got a swell place here," Fitz cried as he gazed around at the furniture I had carted across those mountains because Jacqueline had demanded it. "Nobody'd think you were twenty miles from civilization. I suppose you get your electricity from the dam?"

I TOLD them to make themselves at home. As I passed through the door, Fitz's eyes followed me, and I knew the old chap was bubbling over with curiosity to see the woman I had chosen for my wife.

At least Jac wasn't going to be thrust upon them in that brazen kimono. I opened her bedroom door without knocking.

What I saw inside set me staring. Jac was turning from her mirror, clothed in one of the most beautifully matched outfits I ever have seen. Her dress, her stockings, her shoes, were of a warm shade of tan and her short curls were brushed carefully back. I hardly recognized her as my wife.

"Has your guest arrived, William?" she asked sweetly.

"Thank heaven for this, Jac!" I cried. "I was afraid you were going to face them in that infernal kimono!"

"Whom do you mean by 'them'? Didn't Mr. Fitzsimmons come alone?"

"An old friend of his, a retired army captain, is along."

I saw her cunning little smile and my blood flamed.

"He won't be game for you!" I said. "The captain is too old."

It was at dinner that the first card in the game was played.

Fitz, who had been keeping up his usual rapid-fire conversation, turned suddenly to Jacqueline and suggested that she sit for him some day.

"I should like so much to paint you,

With Drawings from Life

By

HUBERT JEAN MATHIEU



*I heard my wife's light laughter and a moment later I saw
Jac and Captain Richards in the grove near the spring*

Mrs. Fuller," he cried. "I would like to put you on canvas as you are tonight in that wonderful frock with the shaded lights gleaming in your hair!"

Jac laughed and turned to me with an infernal wink.

"He would rather paint me in my daytime dress, wouldn't he, Billy? The one you have commented upon so many times!"

"As you like, Mrs. Fuller," cried Fitz. "I'd love to paint you any way!"

"If you are more lovely in anything than you are tonight," put in Captain Richards, "I shouldn't want to see you! I am enough of an artist to know that a perfect picture could not be made more nearly perfect than you are." [Continued on page 117]



Do you agree with Homer Croy that these are the qualities that attract men most?

1. Sex
2. Differentness
3. Mystery
4. Beauty
5. Motherliness
6. Vivacity
7. Accomplishments
8. Intelligence

8 Ways to Win A Husband

I HAVE written two novels with women as leading characters. In other words, I am just a beginner. The women in my novels were widely different. One was a girl who won a beauty contest as the prettiest girl in the state and who wanted to go into the movies. The other, as the leading character in "Fancy Lady," is a mother who has a son old enough to go to college and herself is a woman revivalist. One of the women was all beauty; the other, all brains. The two could hardly be farther apart and yet how close they were.

In studying these two characters for fiction purposes and trying to get down to their fundamental appeals, I tried to analyze, for purposes of my own, just what makes women attractive. In this article I will put down the conclusions that I have come to.

An interesting experiment is to ask a man just why he married his wife. Of course, usually the man will not tell you. Often he doesn't know. He is married, he thinks Heaven had a hand in it, and prefers to let it go at that, but if you will go around behind Heaven and peek over the wall you will find out some fascinating things.

Nine times out of ten the man does not really know. Other times the answer will be:

"Because I loved her."

"But what made you love her?" you persist. "What made you love her more than Jane Jenkins, who lived on the same street and who was possibly a more popular girl than your Mary?"

"Well, I don't know." Business of wrinkling up his brows

in intensive thought. "Because she appealed to me, I suppose." "What about her, more than about Jane Jenkins, appealed to you?"

Here the man usually has to smoke. More intense thought.

"Of course, I thought she was pretty. I still do," he adds gallantly.

"Was she the prettiest girl you knew?"

She was not. Not one man in ninety-nine marries the prettiest girl he knows.

"Well, I liked to be with her," he says.

If you are Clarence Darrow you keep boring.

"Why did you like to be with her better than with some other girl? Did she keep you on tiptoes every minute?"

WELL, no she hadn't. But he just liked to talk to her better than with any other girl he knew and so he led her down the aisle at high noon. That is about as much reason as the average man can give. Truth to tell, he doesn't know. He is married, he is happy as a king, let us hope, and that is all he knows about it.

Suppose a business were run on such lines. Suppose a lawyer got up his case with the same amount of logic, or a hardware man sought a new location with the same vague ideas, where would the men land? It would be over the hills to the poorhouse.

The business of matrimony is the most haphazard business in the world. If an ordinary business man put such principles into business the sheriff would sell him out before Christmas.

Of course, there is one thing that [Continued on page 98]

By
**HOMER
CROY**

Who wrote those searching
novels, "West of the Water
Tower" and "Fancy Lady"

With Drawing by
RUSSELL PATTERSON



*Man finds mysterious and fascinating every-
thing that belongs to woman. If she can
keep him guessing the appeal is tremendous. Indeed
one of the very greatest attractions in woman is the
subtle air of mystery she is able to inspire*

*Another Exciting Chapter
from the Self-Told Story
of a Spanish Girl
Caught in a Whirlpool
of War and Love*

What I Told You Last Month:

SOMETIME ago, I, Laurita Vallez, found myself alone on the Plantation of Piedrecitas in Central America in the midst of a revolution.

I felt that the place was a trust to me from my father and that I must stay there whatever happened to make the great mill go round. I was warned by my friends to leave, but I would not go. Then I learned that General Felix Mora, whom I had refused to marry, was the leader of the rebels.

A month passed and one day the rebels came upon us. My helpers deserted me and one of them opened the door of our barricade. An officer rushed across the threshold. He stood and stared at me a moment and then deliberately came over to me and kissed me.

I was furious but he was indifferent to threats and pleas and insisted he loved me and would take me with him. He told me he was an American and his name was Captain Dan Ryder.

A little later General Mora arrived. The only way I could save myself from the rebel captain was to promise to marry Mora at once. Before this happened, I managed to escape. My only thought was to get to the coast. A friend loaned me a pony on which I set out under cover of night. As I was resting the next day, I looked up to see Captain Ryder peering at me through the bushes. A moment later we heard the sound of horses' hoofs out on the road and on impulse I rushed out to meet the soldiers who were pursuing him.

"Seen a rebel here?" asked an officer.

For a moment I could not answer him. Here was my chance to punish Captain Ryder for his treatment of me—and I could not take it.

In that desperate moment I knew I did not really hate Captain Ryder at all. I did not want to see him hurt in any way and yet—

But the officer was staring at me tensely, while a strange dizziness came over me and my tongue clung to the roof of my mouth.



In the light of the rising sun I looked at the Rebel Captain who drawn and haggard and I realized he had gone on doggedly, driven green things and I knew in another hour the heat would

With Drawings from Life
By GARRETT PRICE

Rebel Romance

Now Read What I Decided:

I COULD even hear my own heart beating, and over and over my brain said, "What have I done?"

I had wanted to punish this Captain Ryder; I had wanted to humble him, but not like this. Not the horrible bandage across his eyes, a volley of rifles, and a body pitching forward into the leaves!

Then somehow in that flying moment my eyes were opened. I knew the truth. He might be good or bad, he might be anything he chose, but he was the one man I had seen in my life whom I could never forget. Yet I had betrayed him and had flung aside his earnest declaration of love.

I looked up to see the officer studying my face.

"I do not know what I've said," I stammered. "There was no one whom any soldiers pursued. Only a plantation worker passed by this way. I have not seen anyone else."

The officer scowled at me. "Listen, Señorita," he said. "I know you. You own Piedrecitas. I saw you last year at the capital. You saw the man we hunt and there is no use in lying. Tell me which way he went."

I shook my head but the officer persisted:

"Naturally, Señorita, I appreciate your delicacy. To send a man to his death is not pleasant but this man is a thorn in the side of the republic. He is more dangerous than Mora himself. We must capture him before dark has fallen or he may escape altogether. Come. Tell me which way he went."

I did not speak and he commanded his men to explore the glade. Then my nerves leaped to startled attention.

"Wait!" I cried. "You need not waste your time. You are right. As a patriot I must not hesitate. The man you seek doubled back through here and took to the road again. He is making towards Espiritu."

The officer's face broke into smiles. He lifted my fingers to his lips and then issued a sharp command to his men. In less time than I can tell it, the troop was clattering down the road like mad in the direction from which they had come.

I felt weak and faint. My head swam. It seemed a long time before the bushes parted and Captain Ryder came into sight. Our eyes met. It was difficult to read his.

"WHY did you do that?" he asked as he looked at me. "I don't know. I had to."

"You saved me. They'd have shot me down at sight."

"Yes."

"And yet, with what I said still in your ears, you saved my life!"

I had looked away. The sun was low on the horizon. Soon, very soon, the tropic night would fall around us. It seemed to me as if I were living in a kind of dream. Not even his voice seemed real, not even the fact that he was

had tramped all night at my side. His face was by his will. Around us were the poisonous swelter this world of fungus and blossom

This Beautiful Señorita Lived Through All the Thrills

standing there beside me, staring down at me.

"See here," he said. "Won't you believe me? Won't you try at least? You don't know anything about me and perhaps that's just as well, because most of it's bad. I love you, I know that, more than anything in the world and I'll be anything or do anything you like. Please try to be patient with me. You don't know anything about the kind of man I am but even that doesn't matter. The bottle's been back of it all, only because I'd nothing to live for. I'll drop that and everything that went with it. Give me my chance!"

OH, HOW can I describe to you that voice that touched me like a caress? There is no way, perhaps, unless you can recall moonlit nights when all the world was at peace and you were with a lover who adored you.

It was music to me, a tender, half-sad music, touched with sorrow and mystery. Alone there in the brooding depths of that tropic forest I stood with this stranger. My pulses rose and fell.

I was caught and held. The world, as I had known it, seemed of small importance. There were no words by which I could show him, no means by which I could explain my troubling thoughts.

He did not understand my silence. He said again:

"I tell you I'm different. Just seeing you has made me different. Help me. Why, if you'd only love me, there isn't anything I couldn't do!"

"But I know nothing about you," I said. "I know only that you threatened me and were willing to make me suffer."

"That's gone," he said. "I'm only anxious now to make you happy. Won't you believe me? I never could lie to you. You say you know nothing about me. Well, there isn't so much to know. Before I got mixed up in this tin-pot revolution, I lived in New York. I got into trouble there with a woman."

"Oh, with a woman!" I said.

"Yes. Just that. You see my father had left me a bit of money. I spent it on her and she 'educated' me. I came down here to get rid of the things I'd done and I was bitter. I hated women on account of her until I saw you."

I knew it was the truth he told me, but even that did not weigh with me. I was hurt and angry. I pictured his making love to someone else as he was making love to me.

Tooth and nail I would have fought anyone who declared me jealous and yet I know now it was only the anguish of jealousy and humiliation that I felt. Dios, how the thing moved in me! I had the blood of a Vallez and this was something I could not brook. The women of our family had no rivals!

I thought, in that moment, that I hated him, little knowing that I was hurt only because a far different emotion struggled in me. I fought against my surrender. Once I did that, my power would be gone forever. A kind of madness moved in me and tinged my voice.

"I told you I hated you. I hate you still. Do you think because I saved your life, I like you? Why, it is a matter of the utmost indifference to me what becomes of you. If



Suddenly a light flared on the scene and around my shoulders, the gleaming blade of a rifle at Dan's heart. Then, acting

you were the last man in the world and I were the last woman, I would go to the opposite ends of the earth to escape you!"

There was a long silence. He was not looking at me but there was a bitter smile on his face. Finally he spoke.

That Every Real American Girl Longs to Experience



showed us crouched together, Captain Ryder's arm machete in his hand. A man at the window aimed a on impulse, I fired our last cartridge

"Then I won't bother you again," he said. "Since you really mean that, I'll let things go. Meanwhile I'm in your debt. There must be some way I can clear that."

"I want nothing from you," I said. I hoped to hurt him yet I only hurt myself. "Since your forces have been routed, I

shall return to the plantation immediately."

He puckered up his brows, frowned and stood thoughtful.

"You ran away because I planned to make you take back your promise to Mora," he said at last. "You don't need to fear that now, but listen, you can't go back to the plantation!"

"Why not? There's no danger now."

"Because our people mean to attack. There'll be a battle and you've got to be out of it."

"Very well, then," I said, "I shall go on to the coast and to my friends there just as I first planned. I will wait until this revolution is over before I return to my home."

HE WAS smiling. "Then I'll take you to the coast. I can do that at least. I'll see you there in safety."

"I can take care of myself. I don't need your help."

"Don't be a fool," he said. "Why, the chances of your reaching the coast in safety aren't worth considering. Have you any idea of the kind of country you have to cross, the kind of people you're likely to meet? Remember it's one thing to ride to La Guayras and board a train in times of peace; it's something else to follow this road across the mountains to the sea. I'm going along. I shan't bother you or tell you again what I feel, not unless you yourself ask me, but I'm going to take care of you just the same."

I did not speak. I turned away and went to my pony. Captain Ryder followed me, caught the bridle, helped me into the saddle and led the way. The pony moved at a walk. So together we pushed through the glade into the roadway: I, the girl who has lost her home; he, a hunted soldier with a cut across on his forehead.

Soon we were on the road to the sea. The Captain walked at my pony's head, while I, deep in reflection, was content to move at that leisurely pace.

There were many thoughts in my mind but I could not formulate any of them. I looked at the line of the horizon, saw the sun sinking there and knew that blackness would be upon us in another moment.

We moved through a darkness without stars, making slow progress. Again and again in my mind there burned the words this man had said to me, words I had never heard before and would never forget.

He had told me he loved me. He had poured out with tragic frankness the tale of his own recklessness and I had been small enough and mean enough to turn against him. Bitterly I reproached myself. He loved me. The slow, sharp thud of the pony's hoofs beat out only that refrain.

I glanced down at him, scarcely able to make out his silhouette. He must be footsore and impossibly fatigued, yet here he was walking while I rode. Only pride kept me from getting down and asking him to ignore what I had said and done. In my mood of self-accusation it seemed to me that my cruelty equalled all he had done to me since I had first seen his face on that awful night. [Continued on page 123]

*This Pretty Broadway Hooper
Puts You Wise to What Happened
When She Went In For
The Home and Mother Stuff*



*With Drawings
from Life
By J. E. SODERBERG*

L
pick
liste
toss
I
usu
Leo
I. f
at t
from
mee
B
you
take
him
bur
apa



Alabama~ Here I Come!

LARGE-hearted Laura would be a good name for me. Honestly—or Generous Jessie. Instead of Marise Mul-laine, which is my actual cognomen and could have been picked out at one time from among the “girls in this number” listed in the programs of the Gotham Theater, a mere pebble’s toss from the big town’s Broadway, in case you were curious.

I mean any time anything wonderful happens to me it usually isn’t wonderful, if you know what I do mean. With Leona Long, my girl friend, it’s exactly the opposite. It was I, for instance, who originally met Ferdinand, but because at the moment I was toying around with a stunning gentleman from the South, I passed Ferdy along to Leona, and he immediately gave her a diamond bracelet! Imagine!

But, you can’t always judge a man by the things he gives you, can you? Having known Ferdinand for awhile it would take more than a diamond bracelet to soften me towards him. He has the heavy-handed jesting habit that positively burns me up. One night in June when I get around to the apartment on Seventy-fifth Street that Leona and I share—

kindly provided for us by our own terpsichorean exertions, thank you—I find him waiting while Leona, in the other room, is slipping into our best evening dress to go out with him.

“Hello, sweetie,” he booms. “How’s the cute little hooper and hipper this evening?”

“Simply poisonous,” I retort, “and very apt to scratch.”

“Is that nice?” he chides. “What’s the matter? Has your young Southern friend gone back on you?”

“Gone back on me!” is my answering cry. “I should say not!”

“Oh, what a European he turned out to be,” goes on the humorist.

“What do you mean, ‘European’?” says I, suspiciously.

“He never came across,” Ferdinand guffaws and nearly falls under the table.

“That’s all you know about it,” I reply. “I guess Mr. Crenshaw could produce better than a lot of other people I know. Now, I guess that’ll hold you for a while.”

"Could and does is two different words, cutie," announces the jester. "If that bozo ever deposited any jewelry, Rolls-Royces or Pomeranians around here you certainly keep them well concealed," chides the charming Mr. Ferdinand once more.

"I COULDN'T have accepted them, I want you to know," says I. "Mr. Crenshawe is a gentleman."

Ferdinand snickers. "I'm a gentleman myself," he says, "even if I don't talk like Old Black Joe."

"And I'm Queen Marie," I chirp. "Here, since you are so concerned with Mr. Crenshawe and what he comes across with, read this!" And I hand him a letter received that very morning from my handsome admirer.

Leona comes to the doorway to listen as Ferdinand reads the following aloud:

"Andover, Ala., June 15. Marise my one and only darling,

How I have missed you since I've been back here at home. The old plantation seems mournful and desolate, and all I can think about is how wonderful it would be to have your gay figure moving through the big house and across the spacious lawns. I showed your picture to my mother and she fell in love with it immediately. She said you were a sweet-looking girl and she wished you could come down and visit us. I am heartbroken to think that you are forced to stay away up there in New York while I, alas, must remain here for months, as dear old dad is no longer able to undertake the arduous duties of managing the plantation. Yours only and forever, Richard."

"Oh, what a lovely letter," warbles Leona. "Read it again, Ferdy. It thrills me."

"Haw, haw, haw," bellows Ferdinand and lays it down. "You girls are easy! The big house! The lawns! I bet he lives under a box car."

"I saw a picture of that house," I reply as I take back the epistle, "and of his mother and father, too, I want you to know. It is one of those kind of places that you dream about, except that an oaf like you can't dream. They have what they call 'open house,' Richard says, which means that anybody who comes along gets a welcome for as long as they want to stay. That's the old Southern hospitality. Then they have fifteen negro servants in the mansion alone and I don't know how many more in the rest of the place. Giggle yourself into a casket on that."

"THE lad should have been a press agent," comments Ferdinand mockingly. "Listen, Marise, why don't you take him up on a visit? You, it seems, would stand to lose nothing. You could just be a daughter to dear old ma. You've been crying so much lately about the black bottom giving you water on the hip that I should think you'd be glad to take a rest."

"And how!" I snap. "Leona, you'd better lead this attaché of yours some other place if you don't want me to damage him."

"Haw, haw, haw," snorts Ferdinand again as he gets up to depart.

"Find yourself a rattlesnake and embrace it with my compliments, please." I wither him but the last thing that

catches my eye as they leave is the sparkle of Leona's bracelet.

The next day the "Carolina Nash Girls" with whom I and Leona have been tossing the light fantastic torso in this revue are supposed to break down and cry with delight when the management slips us the killing information that the show is closing one week later. There'll be something for us in August, the notice says, and if we'll come around the theater then, we can all have the privilege of rehearsing for six weeks before the fall edition opens.

"What are you going to do?" I asked Leona after the blow.

"JUST what you are," she grumbles. "Try to land something in some summer revue that every other cutie out of work is attempting to crash. Which means I prob'ly won't make it. Then I'll have to take on the night club racket, or model clothes, or do anything else I can get. What a prospect!"

The very idea is poison. It is so different from the picture that keeps revolving through my head: Richard's plantation, with his cute-looking gray-haired mother and his dad, who is the image of a Southern colonel or judge, that there's no laugh to it.

Marise, I think, are you going to be foolish and pass that up? There was that lad following you with every sign of complete enthrallment when he was up here, or you don't know the sex. Are you going to hand him over to some local damsel in Andover, Alabama, or are you going to go down there just on a visit, of course, to finish your duty to yourself and to him?

Were there two answers to that query?

"Leona," says I, "I'll certainly be thinking of you, you poor child, when you're doing all those things."

"Oh, will you!" she snaps. "I suppose you'll be summering at Bar Harbor! Come out of it, dearie."

"Better than that," I warble. "I'm going down home to the plantation!" Honestly, she is simply stricken.

With soaring hopes and a head full of plans I dash around and ascertain the price of a ticket to Andover, and deducting that from my capital by simple arithmetic I find the balance to be four hundred and sixty-three dollars. I'll save the sixty-three, thinks I, and put the four hundred into Marise as an investment. For once Leona is green-eyed with envy, and even Ferdinand's raucous voice is stilled.

So early the following week finds me climbing aboard the choo-choo with two hand-bags literally crowded with stunning

clothes that I got at a little place around Forty-fifth Street where they sell slightly-used wardrobes garnered from musical comedy flops. I mean the clothes are wonderful. The ones I got belonged to a star! I have an off-white sports, a pastel lavender organdie, a silk three-piece in pistachio, a chartreuse dance, one of those new shawl-scarves, hats, hose, shoes and everything. I feel like the pet of Hollywood as the grinning porter carries my fortune in frocks down the aisle to lower seven and leaves me actually en route [Continued on page 131]

What Do You Like Best and Why?

PRIZE CONTEST

SMART SET wants to know what you like in each number and why.

Editors are always anxious to please you; the more they give you what pleases you, the better they like it. SMART SET is published to please you. So it wants to know, from you, exactly what you like best and why.

SMART SET will give you a chance to tell what you like best in this—and each of the next three issues of this magazine.

You are asked to select the one BEST feature, article or story, that appears in EACH of four issues—May, June, July and August.

Do not send in your opinion until after you have read the August issue.

After you have made your selections, one from each of the four numbers, write a letter of not more than 1,000 words, less if possible, telling what you liked best in each issue and WHY you liked it. This contest will close on August 20, 1928. The Editors will act as judges and no letters will be returned. All or part of the prize letters will be published. For the best letter entered in this contest SMART SET will give a prize of \$50.00; for the second best \$30.00; for the third best \$25.00; for the fourth best \$15.00; and \$5.00 for each of the ten next best

In the Spring A Young Man's Fancy



No! Too much beef.

And I don't like them thin, either!



Too young! I'm no cradle snatcher!

A dancing mother! Not for me!



Ah! There's my girl!

My mistake! She's his girl!

Hen. J. Fournier

A PARISIAN FLIRTATION, Drawn by the famous French humorous artist, Henry Fournier



Certainly Betty Boyd knows enough to come in out of the rain but she wants to see if her new bathing suit shrinks before she jumps in

Educational Pictures



ANN: Please don't throw me in. I'm afraid of water
WHITEWINGS: Sorry. Orders was to clean up everything about the place

Ann Cornwall. Paramount

AMBITIOUS:
If the audience likes my number I'll be sure to get a raise

Bille Dove and Mildred Harris. First National



FUN from



CHARLIE: Say Jocko, what are you doing on my head?
JOCKO: Picking up some new ideas for our monkey business

Charlie Chaplin. United Artists



MAN WITH THE WATER WAGON: Shall I sprinkle the grass for you?

W. C. Fields and Leilani Deas. Paramount



JEALOUS: If the director gets your number you'll be likely to get your walking-papers



PESTIFEROUS: Why are you trailing that thing under my feet?
BORED: I was hoping you'd take a tumble to yourself

Marion Morgan
and Charlie Rogers
Paramount



FLUFFY: What do you suppose father rang off for?
STUFFY: Can't tell! He's full of those phoney tricks

Muriel Buck
and Charley Chase
Hal Roach Comedies



HULA-HULA: Perhaps you'd better! This little skirt is not as green as it used to be and it's more inflammable!



Wm. Fox

Of course Sally Phipps is a little girl—she's just two feet in her stockings!

m the FILMS

JOAN: Don't
you just love toe
dancing?

MARIA: I do
not! I had a
partner last night
who was a toe
dancer but it
was my toes he
danced on and
not his own



JOAN: Isn't
learning to play
the guitar tick-
lish business?

NATALIE: Yes.
It will tickle
Pedro when I
play the Leap
Year Serenade
under his win-
dow tonight



Joan Crawford
M.—G.—M.
Ruth Harriet Louise



Maria Casajua
and Natalie Joyce
Wm. Fox
Autrey

E
a
I

N
O
M
Y
D

"Pri
gives
eternal
joy
back

I

In
dien
thro
say,
oush
this
lust
ser
pain
T
chan
deep
stan
of
era
not
the
you
har

I
find
find
all
fash
pos
tha

P
Pri
ove
You
ena

Red....Orange...Purple...

and what Rouge is Right?

NOW THERE'S ROUGE
OF WHICH ALL SHADES
MATCH THE SKIN AND
YOUR COSTUME ALONE
DICTATES CHOICE!



"Princess Pat 'Nite' gives the rarest, exotic effect worn with this jewelled gown," says lovely Marion Nixon.

INTRIGUING — fascinating . . . to now choose shades of rouge to match your costume, instead of your skin. Never again to be pale in red, sallow in blue, ghostly in purple. For by utterly changing the whole theory of rouge making, Princess Pat gives you perfect complexion beauty with any color you choose to wear.

How This Seeming Miracle Is After All Very Simple

In Princess Pat Rouge, the color ingredients are *exclusively* the precious *tint* colors, through which *light* will show. That is to say, *all* shades of Princess Pat are mysteriously luminous—and transparent. You see this same marvelously beautiful effect in the lustre of pearls, the living fire of opals. The secret is this: Nature never uses dead, painty colors; nor does Princess Pat.

Think! A pearl laid on red silk does not change its tone, but it does glow with new, deeper beauty. Now do you begin to understand? The magic of the pearl, is the magic of Princess Pat. The old idea of rouge is *exactly* reversed. Now skin tone means nothing. The skin *automatically* assumes the *tone* of whatever shade you select. Thus you choose for *beauty* alone, for glorious harmony with your *costume*.

The Most Remarkable Vogue Any Rouge Ever Had

Unknown not so very long ago, one now finds Princess Pat Rouge *everywhere*—and finds it *leading* in popularity. For alone of all rouges Princess Pat created a new fashion, gave to makeup entirely new possibilities. It is the first rouge in history that has been *really* different.

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Princess Pat Lip Rouge a new sensation—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. You'll love this new beauty. Keeps lips soft and free of chap and dryness. Permanent. Dainty enameled metal box.



"Princess Pat Rouge—how exquisite, how satisfying to my artistic soul is this new, rare harmony of cheek and gown! Now I see the full meaning of *quality*, as well as color in Rouge." (Bewitching Marion Nixon, Universal film star of "Jazz Mad" talks to her mirror.)

Certainly no woman likes the off color effects inseparable from using *just one* rouge shade with all her costumes. Rouge that goes well with soft pastel shades—medium rouge, for instance—*cannot* give the brilliant complexion note absolutely demanded by a costume of strong red. Nor is it thinkable that the rouge shade so perfect with an orange frock can harmonize with royal purple.

And so it goes, through the whole kaleidoscopic range of colors. Countless women have had the experience of an evening spoiled because rouge color and dress color simply could not be brought to *harmony*. But they have not usually thought to blame rouge—so long has the idea of "one shade to match the skin" been entrenched.

Ask—Now—To See the Six Princess Pat Rouge Shades

If you read the "beauty columns" (and who does not) you have lately seen much about the famous "color palette of six rouge shades." For your information, these six shades are Princess Pat Vivid, Squaw, Theatre, English Tint, Medium, and Nite. Now remember this: Having in mind the color dress you will wear, select rouge to match and *forget* skin tone.

If you are in the mood to determine to just what lengths you can carry this marvelous new beauty of variety in makeup, select several Princess Pat rouge

shades and *experiment*. It is no end fascinating. Dress colors you thought *impossible* become stunning; your "best" colors become entrancingly more beautiful.

And With All This There Is Still Another Advantage

Princess Pat Rouge is made with a base of *precious almond*. Such a base—absolutely exclusive with Princess Pat—has just the advantage that almond always gives. It is good for your skin. Countless women find that minor imperfections of the skin vanish when Princess Pat rouge is used. This is especially true of blackheads, coarse pores and dry or oily conditions of the skin.

Last, but not least, it is *almond* that helps make Princess Pat Rouge so permanent that it withstands even a swim in salt water.

Get
This
Week
End
Set—



SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for **THIS COUPON** and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

PRINCESS PAT LTD.,
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. No. A-35, Chicago
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name [print].....
Street.....
City and State.....



The Funny World

AS SEEN BY ALECK SMART



How Times Change

In days of old when men were bold
They picked their girl by might;
And being mean they'd crack her head
And drag her home at night.
Then when they were fed up with her
They'd slam her in the

door
And throw her out and
blow about
Their jungle and their
law.

Now every lady happens
to be the man's girl
And she's not a bit
fraid of him.
She'll tell him all her
secrets and "honey"
and "darling" and
all the rest of it.
Then, when he's had
enough of her
she'll

It's the same old law
but it fits the other
law.
And the women now are the same as the men.
Though the girls seem very happy, still the
boys are not so snappy.
And they'd like a touch of jungle now and then.



Want to Know a Secret?

THIS is just between you and us. The Boss of this magazine has a big surprise for you and he told us not to tell you a word about it. But it's too good to keep. He never reads this stuff, anyway. So if none of you tell him he'll never know the difference. Fact is he has a card for you, starting next month, that you'll see drive. "You, My Beloved,"—that's the note. Bob Carr is back with you again and you'll be glad when you read "Bluffers." Also, cheer up. He'll be with you often in the months to come. If you have tears to shed, read "The Quality of Mercy." But if you don't enjoy a word of it, keep away from it.

Shoot Folly as She Flies

You can leave all about the folly of folly by shooting to any day your old drama and tell her where you're at. And after you know her story by heart what do you do? You go right out and try to shoot at wind a time as she says she used to have.

Make Us a Third

The Funny World and I are great friends.
Milly Braman, Devon, Conn.

Short But Fulsome

Your page is a wow.—May Joyce Gray,
Milwaukee, Wis.

My, College Boys Work Hard

ALL blind dates are not necessarily hot. Some of them are unnecessarily hot.—Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern. In parts of Africa where women carry great loads on their heads men choose their wives by the strength of their necks. This custom is followed to some extent in this country.—Missouri Outlaw. The honeymoon is over when she wants a heater in the coupe to keep her warm.—Wabash Caveman. In the days when Adam patrolled the Garden of Eden woman was considered man's rib; now she's his neck.—C. C. N. Y. Mercury. When you see a plain-looking girl who is not a good dancer and who is yet popular . . . don't ask.—Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern. My sweetie knows that she's too gross. "Reduce," said she, "I must." She goes to gym to keep in trim, and lose some fat or bust.—Reserve Red Cat. Edison would have a great many more friends among the younger set if he hadn't invented the electric light.—Ollapod. "Bill, you used to have something about you that I liked—but you spent it."—Orange Peel.

Pays to Advertise

She's only a newspaper woman but
the boys report 'er great!
Can you match this? SMART SET will
pay a dollar for each one so good Aleck
Smart has to use it on this page.

Where's That Last Line

Prize Contest

A dapper who came from Mille Lac
Said, "Watch me go after the jack."
But she married a plumber
Who was poorer and dumber

Now poets get busy. Give us that last line and be sure the last word of your line rhymes with jack. For the best line SMART SET will pay \$5 and \$1 for each of the next five best. Aleck Smart is judge and the contest closes April 30, 1928.

Just a Red Light



No, Helen, if they call you a siren it
doesn't mean you are loud. It only
means you're a danger signal at a bad
crossing.

Blanket Praise

I thoroughly enjoy your page, as I do every
page in SMART SET. It is my favorite magazine
and I don't mean perhaps. And how!—Mrs. G.
E. Bryant, San Diego, Calif.

What's Her Other Name?

Oh, to be in England,
now that April's
there.
But who the deuce is
April and what's
she doing there?

Well, Maybe It Could

I enjoy SMART SET very much, indeed. And
This Funny World in particular. It couldn't
be better.—Mary J. Burns, Buffalo, N. Y.

They Get Along Nicely



JOE says he
doesn't like
the taste of Fanny's
lip-stick.
And Fanny says,
"That's all right.
I don't like the
way his lips
stick."

Notice

The prize winners
in the "Why Smart
Set Is Different"
Contest will be found
on page 88.

John Held Prize Winners

John Held's drawing, "It's good to get you alone," must have been funny. Any way the letters you wrote in made us laugh—which is quite some stunt. L. C. Hubbard, Davidson, N. C., cops the five bucks with this letter: "Just behold Blondie, the sheik, and his girl friend, ditto, if you want a laugh. Dear old Santa brought him a nice fag-igniter. Proud of it?—You bet! But why the deuce does that baby have to stop in the middle of a dance to light up, he thinks. He wishes the thing would blow up and singe her eyebrows, if any. No doubt she'll let a spark fly down his neck and burn him. Women are so careless when playing with fire." The five one-dollar victors were: Grace D. Thompson, Ottumville, Minn.; C. W. Chase, Shreveport, La.; Sarah Given, Ripley, Tenn.; Charles Churchill, Carson City, Nev.; Shirley Levin, Chelsea, Mass. Sorry there aren't prizes enough to go around but you all have our thanks as every letter was clever.

Limerick Prize Winners

So you liked to try your wits on the "young lady from Tampa" limerick in March. What? Not so easy? Hundreds of you didn't seem to hesitate and as a result poor old Aleck had "lamper" and "tamper" and "scamper" all over the office. That's fine. We like to be swamped by your ready answers. Send as many as you like. The sky's the limit. By the way our address is on the table of contents page. Mrs. W. G. Myers, Los Angeles, Calif., gets the five spot this month for "Lots of girls are all wet, but she's damper." The five one-dollar winners were: Mrs. Frank Hahle, Bushton, Kan.; Marion Van der Veer, Newport, R. I.; Viola Mace, Clinton, Iowa; Mrs. Elizabeth Seigel, Roxbury, Mass.; J. S. Mackenzie, Harlinger, Texas. There's another limerick on this page. Go to it. And don't miss the contest on page 68.

My Most Precious Beauty Secret

by Patsy Ruth Miller

HERE indeed is an opportunity that few women will care to miss. A frank, intimate revelation of the things which contribute most to the beauty and attractiveness of this charming and lovely screen star. Practical methods and aids which you, too, can employ without fuss or bother and with gratifying success.

Enjoy this fascinating "behind the scenes" chat with Miss Miller. Let her disclose to you the things she believes add most to the beauty of not only herself—but all women. Let her tell you how she cares for her hands, for example. How she keeps them beautiful. How she achieves the most exquisite manicure, and many other fascinating secrets.

Hitherto never before available—never before published—this priceless information is now yours for practically *nothing*—merely the cost of packing and mailing to you an amazing new book called "Precious Beauty Secrets", which the coupon below will bring.

Written by 20 of the most beautiful, most famous of moving picture actresses, this unique book is a veritable treasure chest of practical easy-to-apply beauty hints—hints which these stars have discovered in their

Biarritz—a thrilling new Chermamy fragrance with all the gay colorful loveliness of Biarritz—garden spot of France. In smartly distinctive flacons—\$2, \$3 and \$5.

Prices quoted apply to U. S. A. only.



free
for the cost
of mailing

professional experience—and which you can use every day.

In addition to this attractively bound, profusely illustrated book you will be sent a generous sized box of Biarritz Face Powder—creation of Chermamy, Paris—which is a new, exquisitely fine and wonderfully effective powder. Imperceptible in texture, it comes in five amazingly natural shades and clings beautifully.

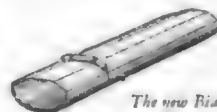
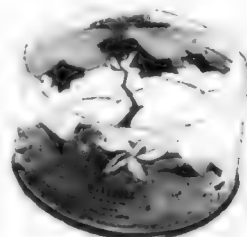
Simply mail the coupon below enclosing 25c to pay for mailing and both the book and the Face Powder will be sent you at once.

CHERAMY
PARIS - NEW YORK



PATSY RUTH MILLER, whose beauty, talent and charm were important contributions to the success of "The Tragedy of Youth", "A Hero for a Night" and her newest starring vehicle, "Hot Heels".

Biarritz Face Powder—delicately fine, fragrant with lovely Biarritz, clings tenaciously and comes in 5 most natural shades. Light and dark flesh, light and dark brunettes and white—\$1.00.



The new Biarritz Lipstick in a clever octagonal case that opens, is used and closes with one hand. In three smart shades—carmine, orange and dark cherry—50c.

CHERAMY, Ltd., 46 St. Alexander St., Montreal

CHERAMY, Inc., Dept. SC
539 West 45th Street, New York

Gentlemen! Please send me for the cost of mailing, a copy of Precious Beauty Secrets by 20 famous film stars, and a generous sized box of Biarritz Face Powder. I enclose 25c to cover postage, packing, etc.

Name

Address

City

(Check Shade desired)

Light Brunette ☐ Light Flesh ☐ White ☐

Brains Or Beauty?



*Again I Am Asked the Age-Old,
Ever-New Question, By a Reader
Who Wants to Know if the Girl
With Real Intelligence Stands a
Chance In the Marriage Market
With the Girl Whose Sole
Recommendation is a Pretty Face*

By MARTHA MADISON

MARTHA dear," writes Elizabeth of Ann Arbor, Michigan, "why is it that the fellows all flop for the dumb-bells—the Dotty Dimples—who simper and giggle their way through life, while the really fine girls, no, I don't mean myself, remain single and unloved?"

"Among my friends I can think right off quickly of half a dozen girls who answer this description. For instance, there's Velma who is twenty-eight: pretty, witty, holding down a responsible job, and yet Velma has told me herself that no man has ever asked her to marry him.

"Then there's Rachel, who can write B.A. and Ph.D. after her name and is making eight thousand a year selling insurance. Alberta is just twenty-five and if I were a man I should certainly grab her off quick, because she has looks and brains and personality and everything that should make an ideal companion. There's—but what's the use of naming the others? They are all intelligent and sweet-natured and clever and single. Splendid girls!

"I can name you just as easily dozens of other girls I know who have wonderful husbands, beautiful homes, children, cars, maids, but all of them put together don't know as much and aren't as genuine as Rachel. It can't be that all the men want is a pretty face and a nifty shape; they'd tire soon of that. So there must be something after all to the Dotty Dimples that they can win and hold their men so easily. If you know what it is, I wish you'd tell me. Elizabeth."

"You're not the first one to ask me that question, Elizabeth. In fact, in the very same mail as your letter came an exasperated appeal from another girl whose brother has up and got himself married to "a fluffy blonde with less brains than the kewpie doll that sits on her dresser." Oliver, is the brother's name, and the sun rises and sets and rises again in his blue-eyed Vivian.

"Vivian," wrote Jessie, "is a shiftless, lazy lump of good looks. Her mother never let her lift a hand around the

house and she hasn't taken any responsibility since she married Oliver. Poor Oliver! He gets up at six-thirty and gets his own breakfast, and hers. He even washes the dishes before he leaves for work. At nine o'clock the maid comes and hands Vivian the morning paper and at eleven gives her a second cup of coffee and then my lady rises for the day.

"Her day consists of shopping and lunches and matinees and teas—spending poor Oliver's money as if he were a millionaire. She doesn't even take an interest in his meals but leaves the shopping and ordering to the maid. On the maid's day out, Oliver won't hear of Vivian cooking a meal. Oh no! They come to our house or else go to a restaurant and the less Vivian acts like a real wife, the more he seems to think of her. He actually quotes her ideas and opinions, as if she ever had any. Now he's all upset because she's going to have a baby. As if there was anything unusual in that!

"IT FAIRLY sickens us, Mrs. Madison, because Oliver should have a more responsible and maternal girl, one who would look after him. As a boy, he was sweet and good natured but shy. The boys couldn't get him into a scrap and I guess that's why he was unpopular with them. Many a time he has come home and cried because the boys taunted him for being a coward.

"But now he's one of the most brilliant men I know and he's fast making good in business. Until a year ago, when he married Vivian, we had high hopes for him. Now . . . Well, what's done is done and Oliver wouldn't have it any other way. I just can't understand it. Can you? Jessie."

Well, there you are, girls. Elizabeth up and makes a bitter indictment against her sex and Jessie comes along and corroborates it. And I guess we all know a Velma or a Rachel or an Alberta who "ought to be married." And we all know the Vivians.

Why do the men fall for the dumb-bells? No, you can't blame this on the war or prohibition [Continued on page 129]

TRE-JUR'S NEW ODEUR



charvai is the name of Tre-Jur's new odeur. Promptly preferred by smart women who assume the leadership in perfumes as in gowns. And no wonder! For there never was so thrilling a fragrance—subtle as a fleeting mood—with an exotic lure that stresses Charm.

Like Tre-Jur's popular odeur, Joli Memoire, *Charvai* is obtainable in the latest series of Tre-Jur Compacts, from the famous "Little One" to the modern size "Thindest". And may we add that the new "Thindest" is a revelation. It comes in "single" and "double", in gun metal and exquisite lacquered finish, variously colored to blend with every costume.

Did you know that Tre-Jur's Face Powder is *Pre-blended*? A carefully developed process of blending brings you the smooth delight of a light powder and the adhering loyalty of a heavy one. The result . . . an even, satinizing powder that remains flatteringly steadfast for hours—that veils sallowness, blemishes and coarse pores.

Tre-Jur Toiletries are sold at all leading stores! The House of Tre-Jur, Inc., Paris and New York!



TRE-JUR

CHARVAI AND JOLI-MEMOIRE FRAGRANCES



The "Thindest" is priced at \$1. The "Little One" Compact is 50c. "Joli Memoire" Face Powder, 50c

Bring the Touch of Springtime Beauty to Your Complexion

WINTER'S drab harshness disappears with the enchanting touch of Spring. The rebirth of life and beauty is nature's reminder that your appearance should also enjoy a similar transformation.



Now is the time to bring to your complexion the youthful freshness so effectively obtained thru the use of

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

It renders to your complexion a subtle, fascinating charm that cannot be secured thru powders. Your skin assumes a soft, silky, even appearance, that will not streak, spot, rub off or show signs of moisture. A beauty that "stays on" without constantly "touching up." Every moment Gouraud's Oriental Cream remains on your skin it is protecting your appearance. The effective, antiseptic and astringent action it always exerts helps correct and prevent blemishes, skin trouble, wrinkles, freckles, flabbiness, muddy or discolored skins, oiliness, etc. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel.

Send 10c. for Trial Size

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON
430 Lafayette Street New York City

Check shade desired: White ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

Uneasy Love

[Continued from page 53]

my small presents helped us. We had all the pawnbrokers in New York instructed to let us know if certain bits of jewelry came into their hands. By and by we got the news we expected but there again you had showed your intelligence. You'd been careful not to give a right name or address. However, detectives have their ways of jumping from one conclusion to another until finally they fasten on the right one. And my deductions about Hardinge helped. We got after you as far as Pelham and the boarding-house where an old maid cousin of his lives. I was starting out to make a surprise call on you there, when I drove out of this house six weeks ago today and saw you with Hardinge in his car. You know what happened. And I know how little you cared!"

"I cared terribly!" I cried. "I haven't had one happy minute since."

"Yet I'd stake my life as it used to be that you wished me dead! Oh, don't deny it, child! I wouldn't believe you if you swore by your immortal soul, or the soul of the man you left me for! I possess other souvenirs of you besides the page out of that hotel register. I have some snap-shots of you in our flat taken by flash-light. Do you remember? I have the dress, 'Rose of Love', which you stole from my stepdaughter to wear at a ball where you hadn't been invited. You gave the dress to me at my request. I told you I wanted it to keep. A matter of sentiment, even more than mere sentiment! I have besides receipts from the jewelers where I bought your gifts and a statement from the pawnbroker where you pledged them. Last, I hold all the letters I made you write to me, one each day for many days, and signed, 'Your Midnight Sweetheart'."

FOR a moment we looked at each other in deadly silence. Then I said, "I always felt that you were cruel at heart as a tiger. Now I know."

"A tiger is a fine animal," he answered. "But tell me why I am like a tiger. Because I have kept these souvenirs of happier times? I thought tigers were destructive creatures. I, on the contrary, destroy nothing."

"Except all my hopes for the future!" I cried. "I couldn't help not loving you. I couldn't help loving Hugh Hardinge. Honestly, I didn't know I loved him till he came and asked me to be his wife. How could I know? I'd seen him only once. I was just leaving to meet you and keep my appointment when I met Hugh in the hall. How could I tell him about you? If I'd confessed the story of the Midnight Sweetheart, it would have seemed a thousand times worse confession than it really was. I'd rather die than have him hear it, because no man, even Hugh, could have faith enough in a girl, to understand. You know that very well and you've sharpened this terrible weapon to strike me through the heart."

Breakneck Lawrence laughed. "Not at all, my dear child, not at all," he said in a cool, drawling way. "You do me a great injustice. Didn't I inform you in my letter that you need not be afraid of me? What if I say I've treasured these things so carefully, in order to give them all to you?"

"Do you mean that?" I gasped.

"Surely I mean it. I summoned you here to tell you so. I knew you would never be easy in your mind until you had that dress and your letters back."

"If I could only believe that!" I said. "You may believe it if you like."

"If I like!" I repeated. "I know there's some frightful condition you're going to spring on me!"

NONE you haven't brought upon yourself," he said. "Jilt Hugh Hardinge. Tell him you can't marry him after all. I loved you. You have done me to death. I have lost life and you together. But I'll die happy enough if I know you won't belong to that man who robbed me of you. Give me that promise and I give you your letters and the rest. I shall consider that you have atoned."

"I won't. I can't make such a promise," I said. "I'd rather die."

"Are you sure you'll be happy with Hardinge if you cling to him under the circumstances?" Breakneck asked.

"No," I answered. "You know I'm not sure. That's your revenge!"

"There you go again accusing me of cruelty and being cruel yourself," he said. "My 'revenge', as you call it, is very different from what you seem to think. I gave you this chance to get what you want from me today but I scarcely expected you to accept. You're too young, too optimistic about the future, to judge what is best for you to do. Now I have your decision. I suppose it is a decision?"

"Yes!" I cried. "Whatever may happen!"

"Very well then. That is that! I shall give you the things in any case."

"You will?" I breathed.

"Yes, but not at once. Later."

"When?"

"As to that, I haven't quite made up my mind but very soon. It is a promise. Letters, dress, everything else are in this room, safely put away in a certain piece of furniture. This piece of furniture, since you are determined to marry, shall be my wedding present."

My eyes turned to the Chinese cabinet near which he sat. Its golden dragons seemed to mock at me as his eyes mocked.

"If you could only have pity," I begged. "I'd be so grateful. I'd pray for you every night. I—"

"I don't want your prayers," he said. "Unless you change your decision, I won't change mine."

As he spoke a clock struck. My hour was up! I sprang to my feet.

"Oh, I might have known you'd have no mercy!" I said. "I'm sorry for the pain I've caused you but it was done against my will. You hurt me on purpose! There's no use pleading, I know, so I'll go now. Good-by!"

"Good-by!" he echoed. "An eternal good-by to my Midnight Sweetheart!"

He knew how he could lash me with those words! I turned from him and actually ran from the beautiful, hateful room photographed forever in my memory. I was thankful for one thing only, that I had escaped. I was out of the house, yet I feared he might snatch me back again.

NEXT day the news of Breckenridge Lawrence's death was in the late edition of the morning papers. He had died from an overdose of veronal. Whether he had taken it on purpose or by accident, will never be known, as he had used the drug since his accident, by doctor's orders.

I was neither horrified nor surprised. Yesterday's experience had numbed me. I wondered, dully at first, how Breakneck's death would affect his promise to me. Had

Kotex Prices Reduced

A few months ago, as a means of winning a million new users for Kotex, so as to expedite nation-wide distribution of the new Improved Kotex, we made a special offer of one box of Kotex free with every two boxes purchased for 98c. This sale is now ended.

So overwhelming was the response to this offer that we doubled our output and are thereby now able to announce a permanent 30% reduction in the regular price of Kotex when sold by the box.

These two exclusive new features have doubled Kotex sales:

- 1** *A new, form-fitting shape*—non-detectable under the most clinging gowns, because corners are scientifically rounded and tapered to fit.
 - 2** *Softer wrapping, fluffier filler* eliminate the discomforts of chafing and binding.
- & ALL THE FEATURES AND PROTECTION YOU HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN IN KOTEX ARE RETAINED.**

SELDOM is a manufacturer able to present a greatly improved product at a striking reduction in price. Only doubled manufacturing facilities make such a step possible.

Improved Kotex has been two years in the making; two years of research, of test, of investigation and experiment in our laboratories, and in the laboratories of women doctors.

Our enthusiasm for the perfected product has decided a new production program: because of the tremendous demand we have doubled our output. This makes possible a permanent 30% reduction in the regular price of Kotex when sold by the box.

New, form-fitting Kotex

And, at the new price, you obtain a product exclusive in design—the most radical development in intimate feminine hygiene since the invention of Kotex itself.

A specially perfected process now turns and tapers the corners so that the pad fits

snugly, securely . . . without affecting the lines of modish gowns. Appearance is considered, for the first time in the history of sanitary devices! Now, with the assurance of exquisite grooming, comes a sense of well-being and composure never before possible.

And the gauze wrapping is softer, the downy filler even fluffier than before. Chafing and similar irritation is ended.

Doctors, nurses cooperated

During the past two years, 27 women doctors, 83 nurses and six specialists in feminine hygiene suggested and approved ideas not only professionally but also from a woman's point of view. Their endorsement carries special significance.

Features exclusive to Kotex

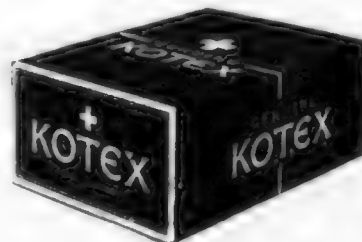
Kotex and Kotex only offers these exclusive new features. In no other sanitary device do you get these improvements. And all the former exclusive advantages of Kotex are retained. The remarkably absorbent

powers of Kotex remain; the same protective area is there. Cellucotton wadding which is exclusive to Kotex has all the advantages of any waterproofed absorbent, plus its own unique qualities—5 times more absorbent than cotton—discards like tissue—you simply follow directions; it deodorizes thoroughly while being worn.

Ask for Kotex or Kotex-Super

You buy Kotex by name, without embarrassment, without delay . . . in two sizes, Regular and Kotex-Super.

Remember, nothing else is remotely like the new improved Kotex. Buy a box today to learn our latest and greatest contribution to woman's hygienic comfort at all drug, dry goods and department stores. Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.



Kotex Company, 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MAGNETISME



Stays on... and modestly priced.
The compact \$1.50—the lipstick 50c.

NEW! this Djer-Kiss Vanity and Lipstick

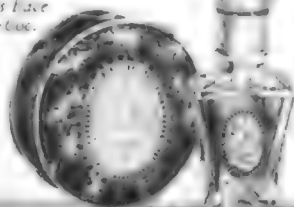
Divinely smart are these exquisite new Djer-Kiss creations in the chic octagonal design now so favored in Paris! A double compact that is slim, yet capacious! A lipstick that glorifies! Both come in flattering tones—that stay on... and pervading both is the same alluring fragrance that has made Djer-Kiss face poudre a reigning favorite—the fragrance that adds "magnétisme" to beauty!

Djer-Kiss

Kerkoff ~ Paris

Djer-Kiss Face
Poudre—50c.

Parfum Djer-
Kiss—\$2.00



ALFRED H. SMITH CO
Sole Importers, New York City

he left me the "piece of furniture" in his will or had he given instructions about it to the confidential servant I had seen at The Grooms? Somehow I did believe that he had meant me to have what he so grimly called the "souvenirs," though I felt the cold conviction that under that promise lay something more sinister than I was able to guess.

After his death for the next few days the papers were filled with news items concerning Breckenridge, alias "Breakneck" Lawrence, the millionaire athlete-sportsman, and his family affairs. His wife, separated from him though not divorced, came on at once from Washington, and established herself with her daughter by a former husband, at The Grooms. The two women were mourners in deep black at the funeral, and, with several more distant relatives were present at the reading of the dead man's will.

It seemed that the will was an old will; this news was the knell of hope for me. The butler believed that his master had had the intention of making a new one, but if so, had not carried out his design. Legacies were left to relatives and friends. Rachel Blake was mentioned, and needless to say I was not, as the document was dated years ago. In a way, I was thankful that my name was not flaunted in Breakneck Lawrence's will, yet I had hoped that he would keep his word to me in some fashion. The worst tidings were that Mrs. Lawrence claimed most of the valuable furniture at The Grooms as her own.

AMONG the things to which Mrs. Lawrence laid claim, were several pieces of Chinese stuff, which it seemed were famous. I hardly needed to go on reading the interview to make sure that the cabinet, Breakneck's favorite piece, headed this list!

He had not told me in words that the cabinet held my "souvenirs" but he had let his eyes betray the fact that they were there. As Mrs. Lawrence's claim was legal and not disputed, there would be no delay in the settlement of the will. The furniture was hers and she could remove it from The Grooms when she chose.

To do so at once was not in good taste, to say the least. But Mrs. Graham, who had known Breakneck's wife in the past, said openly that the lady was not celebrated for her good taste. The interviews she gave to the newspapers were proof enough of that. Breakneck Lawrence had not been in his grave a week when the furniture was advertised in an auction sale.

I trembled lest the "souvenirs" should be found, and for all I could tell, perhaps they had been. I had never signed the daily letters to Breakneck with my name but my handwriting was undisguised. And there might be memoranda, or a diary of Breakneck's with them, which would give the secret away. Besides, there was the page from the hotel register, the jewelers' receipts, and the pawnbroker's statement, material enough for a divorce had Mrs. Lawrence wanted a divorce and discovered the things before her husband's death. She had probably heard the name of Roberta Mayo mentioned lately in connection with Hugh Hardinge's. If she were spiteful she could ruin me in a day.

There came no message from her, however, or from her lawyers to Casa del Mare but this silence gave me no peace of mind. The Chinese cabinet and all the other best pieces of furniture from The Grooms were going to be sold at public auction. If my "souvenirs" still remained hidden, it meant that they were in a secret receptacle which hadn't yet come to light. It would soon be found by the person who bought it in the sale. Desperately I decided that at any cost I must be that person.

I learned where and when the sale was to

take place. That was easy for there was a good deal about it in the papers. How could I get to the sale without being recognized and what would I do if I got there? I'd never been to an auction and I had no definite idea about the price at which the bidding for the cabinet would start.

I still had a little money left from what I had been lent on the jewels but that little wouldn't be enough. How to obtain more was the most pressing question.

I LAY awake at night asking myself what to do when suddenly it occurred to me that I could now consult Julie. Since Breakneck Lawrence was dead there was no one to whom she could give me away. And in her own fashion, Julie was very wise. Three days before the one fixed for the sale, I went into New York with Hugh in his car. I thought I should be sure to find Julie at home and asleep in bed about eleven o'clock. And I was not disappointed. The second time I pressed the bell at the door of the flat, Julie's sleepy voice called out "Who is that trying to wake me up in the middle of the night?"

"It's Bobby," I answered.

I heard an exclamation more surprised than joyful and in a few seconds the door was unlocked.

"Well, you've got some nerve blowing in here, calm as a summer breeze like this after the way you've behaved to me," was my greeting. But I knew Julie. Under her hard-boiled manner she had a soft heart at least for me.

"Do forgive me," I begged. "I couldn't help it. Let me tell you!" I saw that she listened with interest and at last with sympathy so I told her everything.

"You are in a heck of a scrape, you poor kid. I'll tell the world," she conceded. "Seems to me the best thing to do is to get yourself married to this gink you've been playing fast and loose with. At first he's in no wild rush to marry you. Then he is and you put him off. Tell him you've had a bad nightmare about losing each other if you wait, and go tomorrow, or better, tonight, to a minister. You say he's got the license. You better grab him off while the grabbing is good and if anything nasty comes out of this business for you, why he'll have to stand by his wife."

"I did try to make sure of him in the beginning," I said. "But after he wanted me to marry him at once, the minute his uncle was better and I made excuses, I can't change round again."

"Excuses be hanged!" said Julie. "A beautiful vamp like you doesn't need excuses."

"Well, I can't do it," I insisted. "Help me do what I can do. How can I get more money? There's some in the bank I could draw out, but not much. Then how can I go to that auction sale without having everybody who may have seen me at the Grahams, recognize me and wonder what I'm up to?"

JULIE thought for a moment. "The jewels are yours for keeps, since Breakneck is off the map," she said. "I've got a bit saved up, enough to stand by a pal in a pinch, though I couldn't afford to lose it in the end."

She explained a plan that had come into her mind. Breakneck's "watch-dogs" were out of a job now. I could safely go to the bank, also to the pawnbroker and redeem the pledges, if I had the money to do it. Beyond what the bank yielded, she would supply. When I had got back the pearls and other jewels, I could sell them to some reputable jeweler for more than twice the sum loaned at the pawnshop. Having done that, I could repay her, Julie, and still have a sufficient amount to buy a silly old Chinese cabinet which few peo-

The Popular Comedian, Harry Richman, Praises the Flavor of Lucky Strikes

"Mine is a strenuous life—many hours in the theatre, and at my night club, call for almost constant use of my voice. My throat must be kept free from irritation. In smoking, I have found that Lucky Strikes give me two things I seek—throat protection and rare flavor. I advise all my friends to adopt them."

Harry Richman



The Cream of the Tobacco Crop

"The first thought that strikes me when looking at high grade, mellow cigarette tobacco is 'LUCKY STRIKES.' There is where it goes—I know because I buy the 'Cream of the Crop' for Lucky Strikes."

J. Medley

Tobacco Buyer

"It's toasted"

© 1928
The American Tobacco Co., Inc.

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.



RENIE ADOREE
Metro-
Goldwyn-
Mayer
Screen Beauty

Finesse

Used by lead-
ing screen stars for
every-day smartness

FREE!a sample kit of
Finesse and complete instructions on
"How to apply cosmetics properly"

TAKE advantage of this delightful intro-
duction to Finesse, by sending us your
name and address for the free kit and
booklet, "How to apply cosmetics prop-
erly". You will learn secrets in the art of
make-up which have been known only to
screen stars and cosmeticians. We guar-
antee to keep powder on your face all day
long, regardless of the temperature. We
tell you how to keep your face, arms
and neck smooth and white; how to guard
against wind-burn, sun-burn, freckles and
tan; how to apply cosmetics properly
—something very few women know.

Fill out the coupon and you will receive:

- 1 The Finesse sample kit consisting of a founda-
tion cream that is sun and moisture proof. It
keeps powder on your face all day.
- 2 A rouge that is a lovely blush.
- 3 A powder that is especially planned to go
with the cream. It has a complexion cream base.
- 4 A tissue building and cleansing cream that
nourishes your skin exactly as food nourishes
your body.
- 5 An easy-to-follow set of instructions written
by Mac Davies, famous cosmetician, entitled
"How to apply cosmetics properly".

BETTS & MUMPETON, INC.
651 Broadway New York, N. Y.



Betts & Mumpeton, Inc., 651 Broadway, New York

Enclosed is 10c to cover postage. Send me sample kit
of Finesse, and instruction booklet. [Check type].

Medium Blonde [] Brunette [] Titian []
Light Blonde [] Olivette []

Dept. S

Name

Address

City

State

ple were likely to want at an extravagant price.

"As for going incog' to the sale," Julie went on, "ask me something harder. I'll take you to a costumer who's great on make-up. He's fitted me out more than once so I could attend a costume ball without a mask and my best friend wouldn't have known me from Eve."

"Oh, I'm glad I thought of coming to you!" I said. "I believe you've saved me."

Julie laughed. "No banana oil! Thank me when you've succeeded. Maybe you'll buy the cabinet and then find out your things are somewhere else."

"I must risk that," I said. "I'm perfectly certain they were in the cabinet the day I was with Breakneck. I feel they're there still."

I GOT nearly two thousand dollars for the pearls and other jewels Breakneck had given me in addition to what I had in the bank. I paid Julie for her advance and had a thousand with which to secure the Chinese cabinet. I didn't doubt that this would be ample for me to outbid any dealer or amateur who fancied the cabinet as a mere piece of furniture, and it struck me as a queer kind of poetical justice that I should use Breakneck Lawrence's gifts to thwart his scheme of vengeance upon me.

On the morning of the sale I came into town again in Hugh's car. After he dropped me at a milliner's, I hurried on foot to the costumer's not far from the hateful Hotel Monte Carlo where I would be met by Julie. I hated deceiving Hugh but I persuaded myself that there was no other way if I were to keep his love and make him happy. Nobody who hasn't had to hide some secret from a loved one can know just how miserable and remorseful and nervously anxious I was.

"Mrs. Fitzjames, this is my friend, Bobby Mayo, who wants you to help her look different, so she can play off a joke on a pal," Julie said as she introduced me to the well known mistress of make-up who had once been a character actress on the stage.

She was a fat, good-natured looking woman with shrewd, bright eyes. For a few minutes she studied my features and figure while she whistled softly under her breath.

"How would you like to be a middle-aged dame from the suburbs?" she enquired. "The kind that to see once is to forget twice."

"That's exactly what I want," I answered.

When Mrs. Fitzjames had "finished me," I was a white-faced creature with colorless lips, heavy black eyebrows, hair to match with patches of gray here and there and a last year's cloche hat of black straw, shabby but neat, fitted with a thickly dotted veil.

"Splendid!" said Julie. "Your own mother, if you had one, wouldn't know you, if you sat next to her in the subway!"

I stared at myself in a long mirror and saw that she was right.

"Now we'll give each other a miss," she went on. "I'd queer the show if I were seen with you."

I arranged to come back after the sale to return the hired clothes. Julie wished me luck and I drove away in a taxi. It was the first time in my life that even a chauffeur gazed through me with no sign of interest on his bored face.

I was early for the sale but when my taxi stopped before the door, people were already going in, smart people of Breakneck's set and the Graham's and Miss Gold's set, also people not as smart but who would be if they could and others, of a type unknown to me, whom I imagined might be dealers.

There were a number of benches and chairs arranged around two sides and one end of the room. The other end, and the

middle space as well, were taken up with the "Chinese Chippendale" furniture from Breakneck Lawrence's dining room, and the gorgeous pieces which had given its name to the "lacquer room." There were so many that they left none too much space behind the auctioneer's table.

I slipped around at the side and annexed a chair close to the front almost opposite the object of my quest, the Chinese cabinet.

The thing fascinated me and I stared eagerly at it from behind my frumpish dotted veil. It was as if an influence unseen, yet as powerful as the Geni of Aladdin's lamp reached out to me from behind the elaborate closed drawers and doors saying, "I hold the secret. I hold it still." Yet I kept thinking that a hidden receptacle would have to be of rather unusual size to contain the "Rose of Love" gown as well as the letters and other papers.

The auctioneer, a well-dressed person with the most varnished looking hair I ever saw, stood talking with two or three men. As the room filled he glanced round, bowed to people here and there and shot out his wrist every once in a while for a peep at his watch.

At last he took his place officially. The sale began with the dining room furniture. If I had not had so much at stake, I should have been interested in the proceedings. But as it was, I kept my attention focussed only because I wished to learn what I must do when the right time came.

ONE man bought the magnificent dinner table and ten chairs. Another, a side-board and two armchairs; a third, the remaining chairs and a curious stand for wines. A handsome Chinese rug was sold, and that finished the dining room "lot." The prices fetched were so high that I became uneasy.

"Now for the lacquer room," I thought. "What will come first? Can I bid without my voice trembling?"

As I questioned myself, a man who must have entered the room a moment before passed along the row of chairs in front of me and took the only vacant seat. It was Hugh.

I clenched my hands in my lap, behind the big, shiny bag and bit my lip to keep from crying out my terror and surprise. Could Hugh know about the "souvenirs"?

More than once those baffling, almost wistful looks of his had made me shiver with fear lest he had somehow got upon the track of my secret. Especially since my talk with Breakneck I remembered those looks and wondered if Breakneck himself had betrayed me to him. And now Hugh had come to this sale!

Not that, on the face of it, there was anything astonishing in his presence. Mrs. Graham might have asked him to try and pick up something for her. Or, he might wish to buy a piece of lacquer for our new home, though I had never heard him speak of admiring Chinese lacquer.

Bidding began with the very chair I had sat in during my interview with Breakneck. I wished that Hugh would compete to ease my mind but he sat silent and uninterested. I could see his profile and never had the dear face seemed to me so handsome, so adorable. Once he turned his head suddenly as if my eyes had called his but they passed over my veiled features, and he smiled and nodded rather absent-mindedly to an acquaintance close beside me. I sat as if frozen and didn't breathe till he had looked away again.

Oh, it was frightening to hear how the prices ran up! Five hundred dollars for a chair, a thousand for a table! My heart thumped like the auctioneer's hammer!

"Now we come to the gem of the collection," the strident voice announced.

New Mello-Phonic

was \$85.00
Now \$49.95

Perfected Tone Quality

Console Phonograph

PLAY as you PAY

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Only \$4.00 Monthly A YEAR TO PAY

Spear's Latest—Greatest Triumph

Now! perfected tonal quality—the last word in scientific phonograph construction! An exquisite Console Phonograph—radio adaptable—with new perfected tone reproduction. The very same tonal quality that sells for \$125 in other instruments! You can have this master machine for only \$49.95—and a year to pay! A new style tone arm, and a tone chamber of specially selected woods, combine to give the full, clear, marvelously distinct tones necessary for proper enjoyment of modern music. Tones clear as a chime, full throated as a thrush, resonant as a mighty organ! Any volume you desire, simply by opening or closing the doors!

Radio Adaptable Too! A world of storage space in the left-hand compartment to keep your batteries out of sight and in perfect condition. Everybody desires radio-adaptable Console Phonographs now—they eliminate the unsightly clutter of batteries in the living room—give battery protection, too.

FREE This Big Book



Ready for you—Spear's new Happy Home Bargain Book. Brings BARGAIN STREET to your door. 1278 of the greatest home furnishing values ever known—furniture, rugs,

lamps, chairs, davenports, beds, curtains, dishes, silverware, stoves, linoleum—everything for the home—all on EASY, DIGNIFIED CREDIT. YEAR-TO-PAY. You save 25 to 40 per cent. 30 days FREE home trial. Don't miss this big book—the talk of the year! A million customers are saving money from this book—you will, too. Sent FREE to you—no obligation to buy—mail the coupon today.



Radio Adaptable



FREE 10 Selections 5 DOUBLE FACE RECORDS

© 1923 Spear & Co.

Handsome Mahogany or Walnut Finish

An object of rare beauty—an ornament to any room. Your choice of Walnut or Mahogany finish, each in the new velvet lacquer effect. [Please specify finish when ordering.] Cabinet is constructed of genuine 6-ply Walnut or Mahogany veneers on top and doors, selected hardwood throughout. The two-tone panel doors are decorated with classical urn medallions in lively colors of rose, blue and gold. The Tudor Period design of the cabinet is in high favor everywhere. This instrument is ideal size—33 inches high, 32 inches wide and 19 inches deep. The lids, when raised, are held securely in place. The noiseless motor plays 6 selections with only one winding. Two removable trays and a generous supply of needles are included. And best of all, we send you, FREE, 10 splendid selections [5 double face records]! You can test its tone immediately.

30 Days' FREE Trial

Prove what we say to your own satisfaction. Order this console now. Send only \$1 with your order. Use it as your own for a whole month. If it does not delight you, send it back. We will refund your \$1 and all transportation charges. If you keep it, take a whole year to pay.

1 \$ DOWN

Only \$1 with Order

Here's an offer which enables you to give your family or yourself a wonderful gift that means years of entertainment! You have a whole year to pay for it and you save \$35 as well!

What a Marvelous Offer

We have to buy in tremendous quantities to sell at this low price. Now's your chance to save money and enjoy all the world's music as well! Let us ship this beautiful new Mello-Phonic to you, with 10 selections FREE. Take 30 days to make up your mind. You must be satisfied or you don't have to keep it—that's the Spear Policy.

Order No. B A 5, Console Phonograph, American Walnut or Mahogany Finish, with 5 FREE Records, Price \$49.95. Terms \$1 down, \$4 Monthly.

→ **Spear & Co.** ←

PITTSBURGH, PA. Dept. S 805

Home Furnishers to the People of America for 35 Years

SPEAR & CO., Dept. S 805, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me at once the Console Phonograph and 5 FREE Records, described above. Enclosed is \$1 first payment. It is understood that, after 30 days trial, if I am satisfied, I will send you \$4.00 monthly. Order No. B A 5. Sale Price \$49.95.

If you want Mahogany finish put an X here ☐
If you want Walnut finish put an X here ☐

Name _____
R.F.D. _____
Box No. or _____
Street and No. _____

Post Office _____ State _____
FREE If you want FREE catalog only, send no money, put an X in the square and write your name and address plainly on the above lines. ☐
CATALOG

EYES

couldn't be lovelier!



IN A TWINKLING... wonderful Winx makes eyes enchanting pools of loveliness by framing them in a soft, shadowy fringe of luxuriant lashes. If you want beautiful eyes that can never be denied a whim or wish, apply Winx to the lashes.

Fashion Decrees This Cream



In this dainty compact is the bewitching lash dressing, Cream Winx, which gives to lashes and brows smart beauty. It also aids their lustrous growth. So easy to carry. 75c complete.

Some Prefer This Cake

Safe and harmless and simple to apply, this wonderful Cake Winx, preferred by many fastidious women, makes eyes seem larger, more expressive. A flick of the brush, and it's done! 75c complete.



The Originator of the Smartest Mode



Everywhere you'll see eyes made lovelier by Winx Water-proof, the liquid lash dressing which neither runs nor fades. It is safe, easy to apply and remove. 75c complete.

Insist Upon Winx

To be sure of the loveliest lashes and brows, insist upon Cream Winx, Cake Winx or Winx Water-proof - whichever you prefer. For Winx is now the mode. Obtained where you purchase your aids to beauty.

WINX

ROSS COMPANY
243 West 17th Street, New York City

"This splendid, genuine antique, red Chinese lacquer cabinet, which was made for the house of a millionaire mandarin in Peking, a hundred years ago. It is perhaps unique in the United States. What's that? Two hundred dollars bid? Why, two hundred dollars wouldn't buy a modern copy made in San Francisco!"

I was on the point of chirping "three hundred." But I was afraid of the sound of my own voice. Hugh would recognize it, unless I could disguise it as my face and body were disguised and I wasn't sure I could. I bent towards my right hand neighbor, a little man with long hair, who looked like an artist.

"Are you going to bid?" I asked.

"No, not for this," he answered in surprise. "It's sure beyond my purse."

"Then will you please bid for me?" I asked. "Up to a thousand dollars. I'll begin with four hundred." Already three hundred and fifty had been reached.

THE little man piped out the offer and I could have screamed when Hugh, speaking for the first time, raised it.

"Four hundred and twenty-five!" he bid.

"Four hundred and fifty!" said my man.

"Five hundred," a woman's voice broke in.

"Five hundred and twenty-five," Hugh took up the running. My man followed; then the woman sprang from five hundred to six. Others were fired to enter the lists.

At last the bidding remained between him, my man and the first woman who had spoken.

"Nine hundred and twenty-five dollars!" Hugh offered calmly.

"Nine hundred and fifty!" shrilled the woman.

"Nine seventy-five," came from Hugh.

"Oh, bid a thousand, quick!" I whispered to my neighbor.

He obeyed. I had shot my bolt and for a moment I thought that I had won. Hugh glanced over his shoulder again. His eyes passed over my veil once more and rested on the face of my neighbor, who had grown quite excited and "jumpy".

"One thousand, one hundred dollars!" Hugh called out in a louder tone than he had used yet.

My neighbor looked at me; I shook my head sadly, then bowed it. The tears were wetting my tight-drawn veil.

The Chinese cabinet was knocked down to Hugh.

This couldn't be a coincidence. He must know!

I WAS one of the first to leave the auction room. I was stunned, and unable to make decisions. All I knew clearly was that I would have to go back to the costumer's, and get out of my make-up and hired clothes.

I went away from the costumer's on foot. I walked and walked. I did not know what to do. It didn't seem that I could go back to the Casa del Mare and face Hugh and see in his eyes a look I had sacrificed truth and peace of mind, not to see there. But at last, when I was so tired and worn that I could walk no more, I suddenly became courageous. It was as if my body had come to the end of its strength and I had nothing but my soul left. I, who had hardly known I possessed a soul until I fell in love with Hugh Hardinge and tried to keep him at any price.

I would go home to the Grahams' house and I would say to Hugh, "Find the secret place in the Chinese cabinet you bought, look at what is there, and if you want me to live and not die of grief, let me explain them all. You won't believe me, because no man could. You wouldn't have believed even at first, so I'm glad I didn't tell you then because at least I shall have all these

weeks of your love to remember. But I want to show you that I'm not the coward Breakneck Lawrence called me."

It was late afternoon when I arrived and Molly with her father and mother were on the loggia, where the tea things hadn't yet been taken away.

"Uncle Hughson drank tea with us out here for the first time," said Molly. "Hugh came back early, and has just gone in with Uncle. He seemed to have expected you to be home before him. Oh, do you know about the gorgeous present he's bought you? But of course you do! Well, he had it sent down by 'special' motor van. I suppose that's why he was so early; he wanted to see it safely into the house."

"Molly, dear, perhaps you have spoiled a surprise!" Mrs. Graham said. "You're a very indiscreet girl."

"Well, I haven't told her what it is, have I?" Molly said. "And she can go to her sitting room and be surprised! It's there already. I know, among the rest of her wedding presents which have been slowly collecting, this is the king of them all."

"I'll go up," I said and tried to speak lightly.

"Molly, would you knock at Uncle Hughson's door and tell Hugh I'm back? I'd like him to come to my sitting room."

Facing me between two windows, I saw the red cabinet as I entered the room. It seemed to mock as it stood among the delicately painted Italian furnishings. I should have liked to find an axe and chop it to pieces. But instead, I had to carry out the program I had made for myself in the train.

I felt very weak and flung myself on a sofa where Hugh and I had often sat together talking about our future. I looked at the horrible cabinet and wondered where the secret hiding place was.

SUDDENLY I was conscious that someone had entered the room but I didn't move. Hugh came to the sofa and took his place there beside me as usual. He found my hand and pressed it closely.

"Bob," he said. "I have a confession to make to you."

I turned and looked up at him, my lips apart but I didn't speak.

"You see, I didn't know how to tell you or how to explain," he went on. "Some things are so difficult to explain to a person you love! One mistake, one wrong word, and out goes the beautiful light! I was afraid you might misjudge me at the beginning and not give me a fair chance to go on."

"Nothing could ever make me misjudge you, Hugh," I said. "I adore you. I'd believe in you through anything!"

"That's exactly the way I feel about you, darling," he said.

Then a sob broke in my throat. Tears streamed. He tried to take me in his arms and let me cry but I held myself back. "You won't feel so, when I've told you the things I've made up my mind to tell," I said.

"Oh, yes I will," he assured me. "But maybe I can save you from telling them. Maybe that's part of my confession. Will you listen to me first?"

"What do you mean?" I gasped.

"Well, it's like this. Very soon after I'd found you again, and you'd promised to marry me, I got a queer letter."

"Oh!" I broke in but he pressed my hand more tightly. "Don't be frightened," he said. "There's nothing to be frightened about. Keep quiet and judge whether you can forgive me."

"Forgive you!"

"Yes. Just that. Let me go on. This queer letter purported to be from a house agent or whatever those people call themselves. It said that, understanding I con-

templated marriage, the writer ventured to send me particulars about a very desirable apartment, just right for a young couple, and to let cheap, as the tenant had vacated it unexpectedly. The flat, this letter stated, had been engaged and decorated by a gentleman for a young lady who no longer required it. Photographs of the salon were enclosed. They were snap-shots, evidently done by flash-light and when I saw that the figure of a girl in evening dress was your figure, Bobby, I knew that the letter had been sent me by some malicious brute bent on making devilish mischief between us."

"Oh, Hugh!" I whispered, blind with tears.

"I TOOK no notice of the letter, of course, and I burned the photographs. But I began to see that you were troubled about something. I thought maybe you would like to confide in me. I didn't wish you to do it unless you wanted to. I hadn't the courage to speak out myself, for the reasons I've told you, but I tried to open the way for you several times. Once, when I got a second letter from the 'house agent'. Maybe you'll remember an awkward hint or two I threw out. You didn't understand. And that would have been all right, if I hadn't felt you were worried for nothing. Oh, yes, I was a coward! Two or three small things happened and I might have saved you pain by speaking, but I didn't. Then came that day when you asked me to read the letter with the typed envelope at breakfast. I couldn't help seeing the name in big black letters at the bottom of the page. He'd hoped that would happen, of course. But already I'd more than suspected he might be the man who persecuted you, because of the way you looked and spoke when we raced his car. I was so sorry for you, my poor little child. I guessed that he'd loved you and offered to get a divorce if you'd marry him, and you'd thrown him over for me, or else you'd thrown him over before, when he tried to get you into some beastly scrape at that flat.

"He was a man for plots, a man that a babe like you would have a pretty poor chance against. The morning on which the news of his death was published, I got a letter from him, no doubt posted the evening before. He said in it that my fiancée, Miss Mayo, had been a friend of his, that he wished to make her a wedding present. He wasn't quite sure, however, if I would be pleased with this idea. So he'd decided to give me the present, which would amount to the same thing in the end. The principal thing was, that you should possess it. The present was a Chinese cabinet which you had admired at The Glooms.

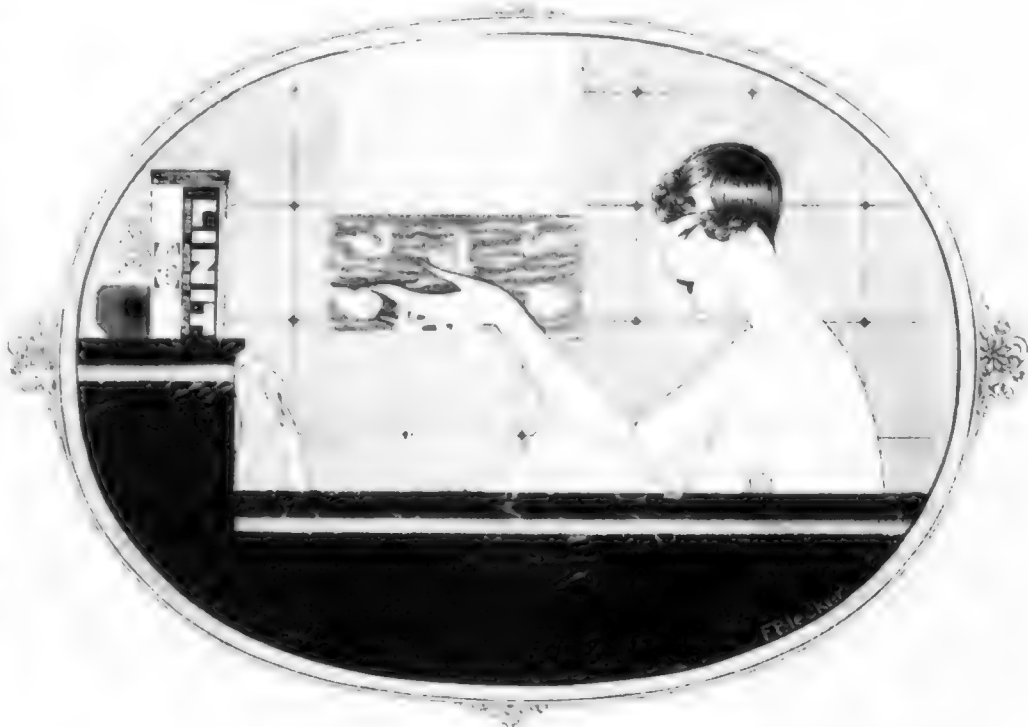
"If he hadn't been dead already, I should have wanted to finish him off! I was wild to tell you about the cabinet but I went right on being as bad a coward as ever. Then came those newspaper interviews with Mrs. Lawrence and all that stuff about some furniture which was to go to her, regardless of the will. As soon as I heard about the sale, I determined to go and bid in that cabinet if it cost me all I had. I had just wit enough in my head to guess that Lawrence had hidden something in it that no one but you and I ought to get hold of. I don't believe for a moment that you ever saw the thing in your life or ever went inside the door of The Glooms."

"I did go. And I did see the cabinet." I broke in at last. "And, oh, Hugh, I was at the sale, bidding for the cabinet. You didn't see me there?"

"Good Lord, no! My dear, do you think I'd have tortured you by bidding against you?"

"I wasn't quite sure. A thousand dollars was all I had. A little man sitting by my side bid for me. Oh, what if someone

The Most Charming BEAUTY BATH You Ever Enjoyed! Amazing Results are Immediate ~



EVERY woman will be fascinated by this new beauty bath—it is so luxurious, so easily prepared—so economical—and results are immediate.

After this marvelous beauty bath your skin instantly feels soft, smooth, supple—a delightful sensation.

Merely dissolve a half package of LINIT (the remarkable starch discovery sold by grocers) in a half tubful of moderately warm water—bathe as usual, using your favorite soap and then, feel your skin—

The rarest velvet couldn't be smoother and the down on the most delicate flower couldn't be softer!

This soft, satiny "feel" comes from an extremely thin "layer" of LINIT—invisible to the eye—left on the skin after the bath. This thin

porous coating of powder is evenly spread—not in spots that it may clog the pores—but *thinly* and *evenly* distributed over all parts of the body.

And the most astonishing thing about this new LINIT Beauty Bath is that the cost is negligible.

If you cannot believe that a fine laundry starch like LINIT also makes a marvelous beauty bath, we suggest that you make this simple test:

After dissolving a handful or so of LINIT in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream—and after you dry your hands your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced—INSTANTLY!

Corn Products Refining Co., Department S. S., 17 Battery Place, New York City.

The Way You Remove COLD CREAM

is the important thing, say beauty experts . . . this new method is both dainty and inexpensive.



7-Day Test Free

SKIN specialists find that careless removal of cold cream is often responsible for fallow skin, clogged pores, unsightly blemishes.

Cold cream cloths, old linen and other unsanitary makeshifts are giving way to a new method—fresh, dainty and economical, too.

Kleenex 'Kerchiefs are delicate tissues, thin as gossamer and soft as cotton, made just for the purpose of removing make-up thoroughly, effectively. They absorb all surface oils, leaving the skin radiant, glowing. You use them once, then discard. Laundry bills are lowered, towels are saved (for cold cream ruins towels, you know).

Because this method is both delightfully convenient and economical, stars of stage and screen have adopted it in amazing numbers. You, too, will find it best. Buy a package of Kleenex now and see.

FOR COLDS

For colds, Kleenex 'Kerchiefs eliminate damp handkerchiefs, possible reinfection and irritation. You use them once, then discard them. Absorbent, non-irritating, economical.

KLEENEX

ABSORBENT

'KERCHIEFS

At all drug and toilet goods counters

In 2 size packages (sheets 90 sq. in.) Introductory size (generous supply) 25c. Regular size (230 sheets) 50c

7-Day Supply — FREE

KLEENEX CO. S-5

Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Please send sample of Kleenex 'Kerchiefs.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

else had gone higher than you?" I said.

"I was there to prevent that. I had to get the cabinet. But now do you forgive me for being a coward?"

"You are saying all the things I wanted to say to you," I told him, "but I shouldn't have dared ask you to forgive me."

"Shall we be married tomorrow?" Hugh asked.

"If you want me after you've seen everything that cabinet hides."

"Then it's settled for tomorrow. Do you know, my mechanical mind makes me a 'nailer' at finding secret drawers and panels and things? I've been invited in my early, boastful youth to old houses for that purpose. It occurs to me that the long strip at the bottom of the cabinet, with a procession of gold dragons on it, may be an extra drawer. Shall you try to find a spring or shall I?"

"You," I said.

In five minutes Hugh had proved his

theory. A long, narrow drawer was there, and in it, all the "souvenirs" that Breakneck Lawrence had kept. On top of the rain-stained "Rose of Love" lay the letters, labelled in strong, black writing, "From my Midnight Sweetheart."

"I want to tell you why he called me by that name, and all about the flat where those snap-shots were taken," I said. I trembled at sight of these things.

"Tell me later," said Hugh. "We've found everything safe, so that's all right. Now let's go down to Uncle Hughson and joyously announce that tomorrow's our wedding day. Kiss me, my sweetheart of now and all time to come."

I kissed him and I think it was then I realized fully for the first time what true love is. It must be love underneath, faith and trust in the middle and love again on top. Nothing can break such love. It is built to last forever. In that kind of love I found happiness.

HAVE you heard the sweetest story ever told? You haven't unless you have heard on the lips of the one woman in all the world the words of faith that make a god out of a man! Do you know how great your own love is? You don't unless there has come into your life a man whom you can admit to that holy of holies—the hidden altar of dreams where every woman guards the sacred flame of love. If you would catch a glimpse of the glory of life don't miss "You, My Beloved," in which Sheila Donisthorpe reveals the secret places of a woman's heart. It begins in June SMART SET

Must We Pay for Your Courting?

(Continued from page 31)

Why pay for their dates, they will ask?

Not only the boys but nearly all you men have become penurious in the matter of dates. There may be some excuse for the boys, but I don't think there is ever any excuse for a man sponging on a date or asking the girl to go dutch. I will admit that wealthy girls, who suffer from unpopularity, and married women who suffer from boredom, have a great deal to do with fostering this attitude on your part, but, after all, you needed a pitifully small amount of encouragement.

I know two young business men whose dates have cost them nothing for the last two years.

The tragic thing to my mind is that we girls are fools enough to stand for such treatment. The men complain that they are "saps". It is a dreadful confession to have to make, but it is we girls who are the "saps".

Some of you never even refuse to go dutch. I recall one boy in particular. He holds the record, so far as I know. When I knew him he was a fat youth of twenty-two, bearing the picturesque name of "Bubbles". He was a senior at the university. The summers he spent as a beach lizard lolling around in a brilliant blazer! He had a good line and was always surrounded by girls, but the peculiar thing was that although every evening he strolled the boardwalk with a girl, he was never seen twice with the same one. I took my turn at going out with him one night—and learned the reason.

Soon after we started out, Bubbles turned to me and said, "I guess there isn't anything for us to do tonight but go up to 'Lovers' Lane' and look at the ocean. I left my wallet at home tonight and didn't remember it until I was on the way up for you. I hurried back, but the house was locked and I had no key."

"Did you really forget your wallet?" I asked him.

He grinned. "No, I always leave it

home," he said. "I think it's silly to spend money for dates. You know," he confided, "I haven't spent a cent on a girl this summer." It was then the middle of August.

Bubbles' attitude is that of many of you men. You want your dates for nothing. Instead of us being the gold-diggers, you men are. We're being taken over all the time by you. More than once I have gone out with a man in his car and been "touched" for the price of the gas. More than once I have paid the dinner check, because a man has suddenly discovered he left his money in his other suit.

Yes, you have all kinds of tricks and the worst of it is, you get away with them! You are determined we should pay. I marvel sometimes that we girls can afford to live. Don't you ever stop to consider the heavy expense we are under to dress to meet the approval of your masculine eyes so we will be asked for dates?

Take for instance the cost to me when I go out with the one man I know who spends fifty dollars in an evening without having a stroke of apoplexy. Without going into the initial cost of my clothes, which would range from two hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars, just consider the extras incidental to the occasion. I must look as smart and as attractive as possible to do justice to the date. In the afternoon I go to a beauty shop for a shampoo, which costs a dollar; a marcel, a dollar and a half; a manicure, seventy-five cents; an eyebrow arch, seventy-five cents; a facial massage, a dollar and a half; tips, another dollar. Before I leave the shop I have spent six dollars and a half.

When I go to dinner the chances are that something will be spilled on my evening dress. The result is a cleaner's bill of five dollars. After the theater we go to a night club. That means another three dollars for a pair of sheer stockings, for no chiffon stockings can long withstand the strain of dancing. Rhinestone buckles have a habit of coming loose in strenuous dancing and

are usually damaged beyond repair by the time they have been retrieved. There goes another fifteen dollars or so for a new pair of buckles! That is pretty steep you must admit, but it is the actual cost.

I don't mind so much, for, after all, the man is contributing his share. He is paying for the evening's entertainment. It is not his fault that I must be well-dressed, that my chiffon stockings run, that something is spilled on my dress, and that I must visit a beauty shop. That is a natural cost that girls allow for and for which they must spend the major part of their salaries, however small they may be.

It is the "rug polishers" I object to, the spongers, who want everything for nothing, who call up at nine o'clock when it is too late to plan anything and announce that they are "coming over". They drink all one's liquor, smoke all one's cigarettes, burn holes in the rug and in the cushions and wind up with a petting party as payment for the pleasure of their society.

YES, you're certainly a fine lot—you boys of 1928! And you have the nerve to go out and talk about our expensive tastes! We may have them, but a lot of good it does us where you are concerned. You say you are afraid to marry any of us because we would drive you to the poorhouse. Why not be honest and admit you're afraid of responsibility? Even if we'd have you, what fine husbands you would make! When you sponge on your dates heaven knows what you would do if you were married!

We girls are afraid to try marriage with you. You are so weak and namby-pamby. Just imagine having a "rug polisher" for a husband. If we married you, we'd probably have to support you. You certainly could never support yourselves. You know very well you haven't the moral character to assume the responsibility of marriage, so you fix up an alibi for yourselves by saying that we girls are too extravagant, that we want too much and that we wouldn't make good wives.

It is no wonder more and more girls are refusing to marry. A girl has a hard enough time supporting herself without taking on one of you spineless men to support.

We don't want you to be extravagant. We don't want you to take us on a round of gaiety every time we have a date, nor do we want you to spend more than you can afford on our entertainment. We are the first to remonstrate against unnecessary expense when we know a man's means are limited, but we're tired of being imposed upon and made to provide all your entertainment.

Many times I have sat with a man in the balcony of a theater, because I knew he couldn't afford orchestra seats. Many times I have deliberately expressed a preference for a cheap restaurant, because I knew it was all the man could afford. I didn't mind a bit. The man was doing all he could.

No decent girl wants to take a man over but she doesn't want to be taken over herself and that is what you men are doing today. Yet, you have the nerve to whine about the high cost of dates while we pay for them!

DID a girl ever say, "Love me, love my dog," to you and mean it? Does that sound silly? It did to me until my girl said it—seriously. I tried to make friends with the pup but the cannibal turned and bit me. That was the beginning of an adventure more thrilling than anything you ever saw in the movies. I'll share it with you in June SMART SET



Cutex has made an entirely New Liquid Polish!

CRYSTAL bright . . . Natural . . .
Light and thin on the nails as a
ray of sunlight.

Have you longed for the lure of
flashing nails? Their glancing sheen
with every slightest move-
ment of your hands?

Cutex has captured the
very sheen itself of such
nails! . . . Transformed it
into a liquid thin as air . . .
Transparent as sunlight . . .

It is an entirely new
formula! One look at it—
clear, crystal, fresh-tinted
—thin as water—tells you.

For long Northam War-
ren experimented to pro-
duce a polish crystal clear
. . . softly lustrous . . .
quicker drying . . . endur-
ing. Now this triumph
has been achieved in his
laboratories. It lasts more
than a week. The Polish
Remover, used first, cleans

and prepares the nail for the Polish.

The new formula is in smart little
twin bottles, bright as jewels—one for
the Polish, one for its Remover. The
two together 50c. The new Polish and
Remover in standard size
packages, are 35c each.

If you are frightfully im-
patient to try it—just tear
off the coupon and send
it with 6 cents for the
dearest, shining little
sample bottles!

Northam Warren, New
York, Paris, London



Natural Tint—or
the new Colorless
with separate Tint

The New CUTEX LIQUID POLISH CRYSTAL BRIGHT . . . NATURAL . . . ENDURING

Mail coupon today

I enclose 6c for samples
of new Cutex Liquid Polish
and Remover. (If you live
in Canada, address Dept.
X-5 1101 St. Alexander
Street, Montreal.)

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. X-5
114 West 17th Street, New York

Why Smart Set Is Different

Prize Winning Letter Writers

IT'S a real pleasure to know that you readers like SMART SET. Naturally, we like that and we hope to deserve and keep your friendship. But the biggest thrill given us by your letters in answer to the question on This Funny World Page in March, "Why Is SMART SET Different?" did not come from your words of praise. No. That was good and made us feel all warm and pleasant. But the big thing was that your hundreds of letters proved that SMART SET readers are thoughtful, intelligent and keen. You have studied your magazine. You have studied the magazine field. You have analyzed magazine contents. As a result you have clear and logical ideas as to why SMART SET is different. The editors knew the magazine was different—they had been working to make it different, but they could not be sure you realized and appreciated this difference. Your letters, well written and well phrased, showed that you knew and valued what the editors had done to the magazine. They showed more than that. They showed a deep, sincere feeling of friendship for SMART SET. For this the editors thank you and they believe that the letters written in this contest will go far toward drawing closer to each other the members of the big, big family of SMART SET readers.

Practically everyone who wrote in this contest deserved a prize. Obviously it is impossible to make thirteen prizes reach each of many, many hundreds of writers. But to each one of you, go the sincerest thanks and best wishes of the editors.

"SMART SET is changing and sparkling. It possesses personality, that subtle something everything must have to 'get by'." That is what E. A. Squire, Tacoma, Wash., winner of the first prize says of your magazine. "It does not insult the intelligence," she adds. And that, probably is true because SMART SET editors look upon the readers as intelligent human beings. The first prize letter follows:

SMART SET appeals to me because it is "variety" personified and variety is the spice of life. Like the first part of its name it is "Smart", but unlike the last part, there is nothing "Set" about it. It is changing and sparkling, in other words, it possesses personality, that subtle something that almost everything in life must possess to "get by."

I am young enough to like its gay short stories, its John Held Cartoons, "pretty lady" pictures and sophisticated features.

I am mother enough thoroughly to appreciate the views of Judge Charles A. Oberwager and modern enough to appreciate Fannie Hurst's, "Thou Shalt Not."

I am woman enough to profit by the inside information so cleverly handed out by Mr. T. Howard Kelly and, I must admit, more cleverly, by Helen Rowland.

And above all I like it because, being a married woman, it does not firmly but kindly relegate me to the ash heap of "has-beens"; it does not insult my intelligence by printing stories fit only for the adolescent mind. It does not give me that inevitable domestic slap in the face by print-

ing the usual recipes and household hints. In other words, SMART SET treats me as though I am a thoroughly modern and up to date human being. That is why I like it.

Chas. Stevenson, Palo Alto, Calif., won the second prize. It's too bad his contribution can't be reproduced exactly as he submitted it. You'd be surprised and delighted—as the editors were. It was a beautiful folder, illustrated with drawings and photograph cut from SMART SET. Unfortunately all that can be done here is to run the notes he made on each page of his folder, praise him for his ingenuity and thank him for the care he took in preparing his letter. The notes from his folder follow:

SMART SET is different because it expresses Youth. Is of Youth, for Youth, by Youth!

Covers? Smart, colorful, with verve and style and Youth. Girls, sophisticated but not blasé, who know they charm and why

Latest glimpses of stars, both newsy and beautiful! Movie fun thoroughly mirth provoking.

"SMART SET is young, not in age, but in spirit," writes Frances M. Frost, Burlington, Vt., winner of the third prize. We hope that's true for who is there in the world so old that he is no longer interested in youth? Her letter says:

SMART SET is different from other magazines. And here's how!

It's young, not in age, but in spirit. It's dedicated to youth and the joys and sorrows and problems of youth. In fact, it's the youngest young thing on the newsstand and I don't mean maybe.

It's snappy. It has up-to-the-minute authors and having the authors, it has the stories and articles.

It's human, it's true, it's adventurous, romantic, glamorous, serious, witty, or "what have you". Anybody can read it and get a whale of a kick, whether he's a king or a lumberjack, whether she's a queen or a salesgirl, she may be both!

Lastly but not leastly, it's itself the best going, the best yesterday, today, tomorrow and forever. Let 'em dance if they want to, Matilda. I've got SMART SET. Let's hie us to the conservatory and—er—a—read it!

Now here follows a one dollar prize letter written by Mrs. Dorothy Mason, Toronto, Ontario. It's too bad there isn't room to publish a lot more of these excellent letters. But take this one as a fair sample of how good all the letters were:

IS SMART SET Different? Can a fish swim? Why I wouldn't give any other magazine house room.

I only heard of SMART SET about a year ago. My sister brought it home one day. I read a story and thought to myself, this certainly is different from other magazines. The stories are so full of pep and start off with a bang. There is nothing I dislike more than to begin a story and have to wade through columns of description of the green fields and the sunset. The story is what we want, so let's have it at the start.

Needless to say one copy of SMART SET wasn't enough for the two of us. Mine is beside me right now. I haven't had time to read "Unforbidden Fruit" as yet, but it looks mighty good. Let's have some more like "Uneasy Love".

SMART SET has utterly ruined me for reading anything else. I wouldn't waste my money on other magazines. Books bore me to tears; they are so long and drawn out. I'd sooner spend an evening with SMART SET than go to the movies; you so often don't get your money's worth. Believe me you do if you read SMART SET.

On page 68 there is a contest in which you will be interested. It gives you another chance to write, at greater length, about SMART SET. Be sure you don't miss this opportunity. This Funny World also offers further chance to sharpen your wits and win a prize.

Prize Winners

WHY SMART SET IS DIFFERENT

First Prize, \$10—E. A. Squire, Tacoma, Washington.

Second Prize, \$7—Chas. Stevenson, Palo Alto, Calif.

Third Prize, \$5—Frances M. Frost, Burlington, Vt.

Ten \$1 Prize Winners

Frances Contaldi, New Britain, Conn.

E. C. Baird, St. Joseph, Mo.

Dorothy Mason, Toronto, Ontario, Can.

Lucile Sharp Green, Ft. Smith, Ark.

R. W. Carr, Parkersburg, W. Va.

Beryl C. Yocum, Philadelphia, Pa.

Margaret Morison, Livingston, Ala.

Jessamine Cooke, Roxbury, Mass.

Almora H. Bursaw, Lansing, Mich.

Mrs. Emma C. Bellis, Hightown, N. J.

they charm but whose charm knowledge hasn't spoiled.

And Aleck Smart! Was ever another like him? Spicy!—like salt on meat—nourishing food without, but how much tastier with it!

Illustrations, varied and excellent.

Stories? Robert Carr's are typical. As he aptly puts it, "Only Youth can express Youth; old folks can't." He's a better interpreter of the Jazz Age than Fitzgerald. "I'll Show Her" (Oct.), "Tyranny of Tears" (Feb.), "Enchanted Kiss" (March), all priceless! Entertaining, well-constructed stories are will-o'-the-wisps editors long to capture. SMART SET is particularly fortunate.

But when Youth seeks advice it goes to authorities. SMART SET provides them in the finest array of well-known names in any magazine of its class.

Do We Think Too Much About Sex?

[Continued from page 23]

Two people who permit themselves to become so enmeshed in the intimacy of marriage that they cannot endure the thought of even a brief separation are in danger of thwarting their own individual progress and killing the beauty of the relationship. No matter how much two persons may be in love with each other, they still remain individuals. As such, they should endeavor, not to become one, but to develop as two, well-rounded individuals, united in a mutual destiny.

After a marital vacation, two individuals, if they are well mated, will come together, not loving one another less, but through the strengthening of their own souls, loving and valuing one another more. They will be better able not only to understand and aid one another in the problems of life, but to develop the best and the finest that lies in marriage.

Marriages of the future will, I believe, recognize the necessity of reserve and the importance of marital vacations. Also, I think that marriages in America in the future will be less frequent, but more responsible. The present state is not so much immoral as it is one of moral laxity.

ALL this commotion you are making about marriage today is so futile! Companionate marriage is merely an expression of the revolt of the younger generation trying to find new methods. Revolt never lasts. I give companionate marriage about ten years to live. That is about as long as it takes any other more or less popular fad to die out. I predict that the next generation will be as conservative as its grandmothers were. The swing of the pendulum again.

In spite of all the fuss you are making, there is nothing the matter with the marriage institution. The trouble is with the people who go into it. The facts of marriage and of married life have not changed since the days of Adam and Eve. Marriage is an institution which will endure as long as the race, for the simple reason that it has its roots in the life of the race. Marriage will outlast all theories propounded about it. It will outlast all attempts to change it. When those who are trying to establish companionate marriage are no longer remembered, conventional marriage will still flourish.

People would not invent conventions unless they needed them. Thus the fact that the convention of marriage has been an institution of such timelessness is a promise that it will endure, essentially unchanged.

The present so-called crisis in the marriage institution is simply a sign of the times. People today are questioning everything. Especially in America is this true. You want to understand everything and see it stated in simple terms, in black and white, in action and reaction. If there is anything too complex for this kind of understanding, you reject it. That is one of the troubles with the marriage institution in America today.

Certain human necessities put marriage as a fact and a reality into the world. Marriage grew as a tree grows, because certain laws of nature worked toward its growth. Companionate marriage and all the other new ideas cannot survive, simply because they do not spring from these eternal time-tried laws and hence are not fundamentally



Your whole Appearance depends upon Your Hair

Without beautiful, well-kept hair, you can never be really attractive. Soft, silky hair radiates loveliness and is the most ALLURING CHARM any woman can possess. It makes the plainest features appear soft and sweet.

FORTUNATELY, beautiful hair is now easily obtained. You can have hair that is charming and attractive if you simply shampoo it properly.

Proper shampooing is what makes your hair soft, silky, and beautiful. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Just Notice the Difference

IF you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

First, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly

all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. Even while wet it will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, glossy, fresh-looking and easy to manage—and make it fairly sparkle with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter anywhere in the world.

A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

DO YOU WANT \$50.00?

\$170.00 in prizes will be given to Smart Set readers for the best answers to the question: What do you like best in Smart Set and why?

It's easy! All you have to do is select the one feature, article or story you like best that appears in EACH of four issues of Smart Set—the May, June, July and August numbers—and tell in a very short letter just why you like each one of them.

Smart Set is your magazine. The editors are anxious to publish articles and stories that you like. They want to know what you like in this and the next three issues of Smart Set. For the best letters, 14 prizes will be awarded. First prize, \$50.00; second, \$30.00; third, \$25.00; fourth, \$15.00; and \$5.00 each for the ten next best.

Here's how you may win: jot down right now the name of the story or article in this issue of Smart Set that you like best and tell why you like it. Then, when you get the June number, do the same thing and follow a similar plan with the July and August issues. You stand a better chance of winning if you follow this plan. If you wait until you have read all four issues of the magazine, you will probably forget just what it is about a story or article that makes you like it. *Do not send in your opinion until after you have read the August issue.*

Your letter should not have more than 1000 words, less if possible. The Editors will act as Judges and no letters will be returned. All or part of the prize letters will, however, be published after the contest closes August 20th, 1928.

Start now! You may easily be one of the winners!

rooted in the racial stock of America. We need later marriages. When I say this I mean that people need to know more about life before they go into marriage. A man and a woman should not marry until they have tested out their souls alone. Unless a man can live well alone, he cannot grow in marriage.

The tendency in America is to rush into marriage long before character is formed. The result is the great unhappiness you see around you. Yet, companionate marriage would encourage still earlier marriages. The argument is advanced that earlier marriages would make for better health, but health is not everything. We are not animals. Health and happiness are not the end and aim of an individual's existence. The end of existence is inner growth.

We need fewer early, chance marriages instead of more. Consider the facts of marriage. They are bound to change the individual. Until the individual realizes this and has some conception of how they will change him, he cannot make an intelligent choice of a partner. This is certainly an argument for late instead of early marriage. He must ask himself if it is desirable and wise that this change in life should take place, if marriage affects the inner life of man as well as the outer. He must know what he is doing when he marries. In America you ask yourselves too few questions before you marry. You know yourselves too little, and perhaps, you know the world about you even less.

Speed is your motto. Material success your goal in life. You pay so little attention to the things of the spirit. You heed so little the necessity for inner growth. You think so little. You rush everywhere, even into marriage!

THE whole emphasis of life in America is on the material or surface thing of temporary value, rather than on the spiritual or inner thing of true and enduring value. You are a fact-loving nation but facts are not important. It is the meaning underlying them that you forget. Your emphasis is on doing and not on being. In America you know many facts, but you do not know their true meaning, and, therefore, having little understanding, you do not make proper use of them. You should seek understanding, rather than acquisition. This applies to knowledge as well as to material possessions. Knowledge without understanding is useless.

Even your women, with their intellectual development and their entrance into business, rubbing shoulders with and competing with men, are facts to you, instead of creatures of charm, inspiration and mystery.

Women in America are losing their feminine charm. It is the logical result of their entrance into business and of their assuming the dominant rôle in American life. They are becoming so masculine, so capable, so strong-minded, so cynical and so disillusioned!

American women are becoming the Amazon type. Eventually they will even lose their capacity for love. The Amazon is physiologically deficient in love. The dominating woman necessarily lacks feeling and the marriage crisis in those countries where emotion. This is the principal reason for the Amazon type predominates. This crisis has arisen particularly in America. The Amazon lacks the qualities which man instinctively seeks first in woman. She is unable to satisfy his deepest longings, but much as the man loses, the woman loses even more. It is not too much to say that in the modern world love is dying and so are a great many of the more complex feelings and emotions.

As the women in America become more masculine and more dominant, the men are becoming weaker. The women are the real

rulers. The idea in America should be to emancipate men and not women. I have rarely seen an American man who did not feel himself somewhat inferior to his women, when he is with them, but away from them, among men, he may bluster and brag and swell with importance to his heart's content.

Yes, men should be emancipated in America. Life might be happier there if the men had more of a chance. As it is, they seem rather to be tolerated by the women as convenient accessories, wage slaves and bread-winners. Perhaps they like their slavery. I do not know. At any rate, they seem to be used to it.

But, meanwhile, you all continue to run wild with sex. The first emancipation that will come in America will be your emancipation from sex obsession. And that will carry you back into your strict, frowning Puritanism, but with all the many changes you must go through, you will develop.

Swinging away from your present over-stressing of sex in marriage, I believe the time will come in America when the marriage that means no more than a casual dance, will be prohibited.

But that time has not yet come. Meanwhile you must continue learning by experience and by experiment, even if it means that you must be caught up temporarily in the throes of sex obsession.

COULD you bear to have the woman you adored stand before you day after day with words of love on her lips and know that she was only playing a part? That was what I—an actor—had to do for I was in love with the girl who played opposite me. Off-stage my attitude merely amused her. Could you blame me for running away from the torture her indifference caused me? Away from her I was still miserable so I came back—to what I shall tell you in June SMART SET

Youth Is Still Glorious

[Continued from page 41]

written about youth. It has its faults, but most of us were not angels in our day.

I recall that even though we had gentle ladies who had fainting fits we had girls who took a big swig from half-pint flasks on hayrides. And while most of the ladies who smoked lived in shuttered houses across the railroad tracks, we had a few in our own puritanical set who smoked.

And boys and girls "spooned" in hammocks. The difference is that today they call it "necking" and do not hide away in the shadows. I am not going to say our morals have not undergone a change; they have. After all that was inevitable.

But I do insist that youth is not as bad as it is painted. It is simply more in the open. It is frank and it is honest. All of us know we used to lie to our parents. Youngsters as a rule do not do that much any more. They have less modesty but I am not so willing to agree any more that they have less chastity.

Youth is making many mistakes for which it must pay. But it is finding itself and despite the experimental murders, the companionate marriages and such awful things I find myself believing that youth is still rather glorious.

And will rise to new heights!

Now Comes the New Shorthand!

MISS Emma Dearborn, originator of Speedwriting, taught practically all systems of shorthand in such leading educational institutions as Columbia University, Simmons College, Boston and the University of California.



AT LAST! The answer to the urgent need of modern business for a really scientific system of shorthand is met by Speedwriting, written in the ordinary letters of the alphabet.

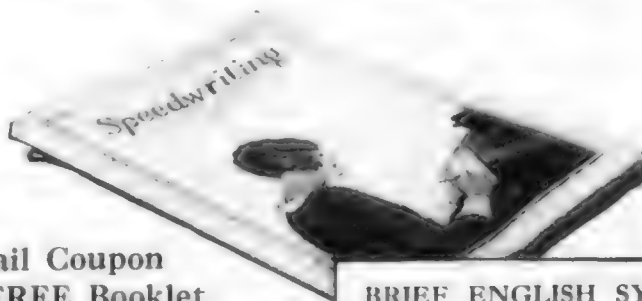
Shorthand is now made the time-saving device of everyone! The months of tedious study required to master a "foreign language" of arbitrary signs and symbols are eliminated. Now you can write shorthand in the familiar A-B-C's you have been using all your life!

Everywhere this new shorthand is hailed with enthusiasm. It is saving time and increasing efficiency in busy offices. Executives are finding it invaluable for personal use. So are professional men and women, lawyers, writers, clergymen, public speakers, engineers, doctors, reporters, students. Experienced stenographers are adopting it in place of the old conventional systems. Beginners

welcome it as the short-cut to a successful business career. It is used in the U. S. Army.

Speedwriting was given to the world by Miss Emma Dearborn, eminent authority on shorthand, who, for eighteen years, had taught practically all systems in such leading educational institutions as Columbia University, Rochester Business Institute, Simmons College, and the University of California.

Speedwriting is simply a scientific condensation of the English language, based upon natural habits of speech. It is the quickest known method of recording thought. It can be written either in pencil or on the typewriter. You can begin using Speedwriting almost at once. Amazing speed is quickly developed.



Mail Coupon for FREE Booklet

An interesting, illustrated booklet will tell you all about Speedwriting and demonstrates the practical usefulness of Speedwriting to you, whether you are an executive, a professional man or woman, an experienced stenographer or a beginner. Mail the coupon NOW.

Speedwriting

**EASIEST TO LEARN
FASTEST TO USE**

BRIEF ENGLISH SYSTEMS, Inc.
Dept. E, 115, 200 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
In Canada: 115 Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto, Ont.
Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me your new illustrated booklet on Speedwriting, the Natural Shorthand. My present work is:

☐ Stenographic ☐ Secretarial
☐ Student ☐ Executive
☐ Professional

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____



Triple the Whiteness of Your skin in 3 days

I beg to present one of the great beauty discoveries of all time . . . a three-fold skin-whitener. Expect results that will amaze you. For now in just 3 to 6 days, you can triple the whiteness of your skin . . . smooth it to soft creamy texture . . . and clear it of every blemish!

Entirely Natural Method

Your skin is far whiter than you imagine, but its whiteness is masked beneath years of exposure to sun, wind, dust, etc. My new-type lotion unveils it and multiplies it. In six days this lotion undoes the havoc of years of exposure. In a perfectly natural way, amazing whiteness and smoothness are brought up from underneath the darkened weather-roughened surface.

Freckles and Blackheads Vanish

Blemishes, roughness and tiny imperfections are erased from the skin surface. All trace of freckles, tan, blackheads and roughness disappear almost as if you had wished them away. You actually see your skin grow clear, fresh, ivory-white . . . and this beauty is in the skin itself—smooth, delicate, flawless beauty that powder can never give!

Now Used in 28 Countries

Never before have women had such a cosmetic. In a few short months its fame has spread to three continents and 28 countries. Now, in just three to six days, you can have the glory of a clear, milk-white skin.

Positive Guarantee

Will you try this amazing treatment? Test it to white hands, face or neck. Apply in three minutes at a time. See what a remarkable improvement in three days make.

Send no money—simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only \$1.50 for the regular large-size bottle. Use this wonderful cosmetic six days. Then, if not simply delighted, return it, and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to (Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

GERVAISE GRAHAM
Lotion FACE BLEACH

MAIL NOW

(Mrs.) Gervaise Graham,
Dept. S-5, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

Send me, postage paid, one Lotion Face Bleach. On arrival, I will pay postman only \$1.50. If not delighted after six days' use I will return it and you will at once refund my money.

Name

Address

Unforbidden Fruit

[Continued from page 29]

softly to the young man, "Good-by, boatman."

His arms were strong and close about her. At first she thought he was going to lift her back into the boat and, dizzily, she knew that she would make no struggle against it. Then terror and delight struck through her in mingled fires as her lips met his.

He released her. "I give you warning," he said. "Keep off the public thoroughfares when I come to your town."

"Why?"

"If you don't I'm liable to catch you and run away with you."

"Fair enough," she said. "But you don't know my town."

"I've got a clue." He pushed the boat off. The oars dipped and swirled; the waters whispered as they parted before the prow.

"Boatman!"

The oars poised. "Yes?"

"I think you're absolutely perfect except for one thing."

"Tell me the fatal discount."

"Seven doesn't seem to mean anything in your young life."

"Fraid not."

She heard the craft surge forward to the impulse of his powerful back half a dozen times, then drop.

"Oh, trouper!"

"What?"

"I've just thought. Seven is a big number in my life."

"Is it? How?"

"This is the twenty-seventh of the month," he said.

"That isn't it at all," said Verity in disgust as she turned away. Nevertheless she threw a kiss after him into the night.

CLAD in skating togs, Sara La Lond climbed the stairs of Trumbull, her hockey stick trailing and bumping after her, and dragged herself along the hall, limping on her right leg. From time to time she thrust a bluish finger into her mouth. She was livid. Sylvia, emerging from Twenty, asked with concern:

"What's the matter with you?"

"The freshmen beat us."

"Don't you care. You'll make Varsity all right." Varsity is a selection on paper of the best players from the four class teams, having no more actual existence than an All-American football eleven.

"Hang Varsity! I wanted to beat 'em. We dubbed around like a lot of sissies."

"Well, it's nothing to blubber over."

"I know it. I guess I'm shot." Sara was by nature a Spartan.

"Come over and have some chocolate."

"Got to study."

"You'll crack if you don't look out."

To this Sara responded only with a careless shake of the head. Sylvia thought of what Patterson Gifford had said of her. "An eager, hungry mind—and a vital body. Where the two conflict there is likely to be trouble." Could he be right? How did he know so much about her?

In the morning Sylvia woke up rather "shot," herself. The familiar room was hateful to her; the prospect of classes, nauseous. Every stroke of the chapel bell jangled on her nerves. She announced to her chum in local and inelegant style:

"Girl, I've got the itch."

Starr was interested. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Something or bust. I'd go hitch-hiking if I could get someone to go with me."

"Not me," said the other. "I've got a written in Art to do for Old Switches. Take Verity."

"Too young and inexperienced for rough diplomacy."

"Let's see, then. Roxy Ann is rehearsing Gwen's on the R. L. (meaning the Registrar's list for some dereliction, involving confinement within the town limits). Helen Quigg? No. I guess Helen isn't doing any pedestrian stunts. Maybe you could get—"

"I'm going to ask Sara La Lond."

"Try and get her! She won't quit work long enough."

"Betcha the lunches I do."

TO STARR'S astonishment, on returning at ten o'clock she beheld the La Lond girl, a faint pink of excitement in her usually sallow cheeks and her big dark eyes crinkling with excitement, in full regalia, seated on the couch while Sylvia dressed hastily.

"Where are you headed for?"

"How do we know?"

"When'll you be back?"

"At the end of a perfect day, maybe."

Total uncertainty is the informing spirit of a proper hitch-hike, a form of outlawry which consists in delivering oneself over to the chance of gratuitous wheeled travel. The qualities demanded are initiative, tact, nerve, enough attractiveness to enlist the co-operation of the motoring public and self-reliance enough to prevent adventure from degenerating into license. The costume, carefully systematized by previous experimenters with a view to the best results, is practically the same as for a trip to the Big City.

The two girls set out for the main road. Distinctly an attractive pair: Sylvia with her defiant, mobile young face and her boyish gait; Sara with her athletic vigor and grace and her questing, avid eyes. For half an hour they tramped briskly, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Then Sylvia, who had learned her technic from the most experienced hitch-hikers of her time, began to lag a bit, casting exploratory glances over her shoulder. Almost at once her artifice was rewarded. With a shrinkage of brakes a small, closed car pulled up, and a puffy and self-satisfied male head protruded with the query as to whether they wouldn't like a lift. They would.

As it is a convention of the game to be a good mixer and pay your way with fellowship, Sylvia sat in front with him and made talk. Guessing that he would be impressed, she told him the truth about herself and her companion. He was impressed, and to impress her in turn exhibited the extra fittings of his car, including a nude lady motometer, deemed very "classy," a special cut-out, and a fancy cigar lighter. His business, he proudly explained, was selling accessories.

They sat in the car and smoked while he solicited business in country town garages and village groceries, and when he regretfully dropped them with a date for a later meeting, which they had not the slightest intention of keeping, they were twenty-five miles on their undetermined way.

Sara bethought her of a nice tea-room at Bergentown, somewhere in the vicinity, at least it ought to be. They decided upon that as an objective, subject to change.

Their next pick-up was a Socony monster whose driver won their good opinion by giving always more than half of the roadway to lighter and speedier vehicles instead of presuming upon his bulk to hog the middle. This was good for six miles, to which a loquacious plumber in a limousine added three more.

Following this they had their first misadventure. They were fairly in the car be-

fore Sylvia perceived that they had to deal with two specimens of a most difficult and troublesome genus, the youthful small-town sport. By adroit management she succeeded in quelling the immediate advances of the driver beside whom she sat, without getting him so sore that it would be necessary to get out and walk. A hitch-hiker who can do this is no longer in the novice class. All might have gone well had not Sara committed a cardinal error of inexperience by producing a cigarette, symbol of feminine depravity to the bucolic mind.

"I guess these kids know their onions," said the rear-seat Don Juan and slipped his arm about the girl.

"What say we take 'em to Sid's place for a few drinks?" said the driver. "What about it, girlies?"

Their objections and protests were overborne with boisterous laughter and playful mauplings. Sylvia, cool-headed and resolute, saw that this case called for action.

"Where's Sid's?" she asked.

"Atta girl!" said her companion. He was gratified by this apparent acceptance of the situation. "Atta sport! Just up across Brundage's Hill Road a coupla miles."

SHE moved nearer to him. He grabbed her, gleefully asserting that he could drive the old boat with one hand as well as two. Sylvia, still in his embrace waited until he had slowed down for the turn. Then she kicked his foot from the accelerator, jammed her own down on the brake, and with a snatch at the wheel swung the car off the roadway into a snow bank. While the frenzied driver was still struggling with the car she climbed out, followed by Sara. Another car was speeding down the road toward them. Seeing that something was wrong, it stopped.

It was a shining and costly glory of a car. The lone occupant, a furry, granite-faced, old-appearing young man, removed a cigar from his lips and silently looked his inquiry.

"These boys insulted us," Sylvia said.

The stranger took it under consideration, seemed to decide that it was nothing to get excited over, and spoke. "Did they? Get in."

The non-driver of the half-ditched auto came running up, followed by his companion. "Hey, you dude!" he said. "You can't get away with anything here."

The fur-bearing motorist reached into a side pocket and drew forth an automatic. "Can't I?" he said. "Get out."

The girls got in. The boys withdrew, jeering to show they were not afraid.

"We were going to Bergentown," stated Sylvia.

"Were you?" said the rescuer. "I wasn't."

"Don't let us inconvenience you," said Sylvia politely.

"I won't," he replied.

He turned about, drove them seven miles at an appalling speed and pulled up in front of a bleak town hall. "Anything else?"

"No. Thank you a thousand times. We enjoyed the ride very much."

"Did you? I didn't," the furred one said and vanished around a turn.

"That's the way life is," Sylvia said. "You run into something grand and exciting and it passes along and leaves you flat. We shall never see his like again."

They never did see him again but they read of him a fortnight later, under the newspaper caption, "Club Bootlegger Killed."

The Bergentown tea-room, it appeared, was closed for repairs.

"That's that," said Sylvia. "What next?"

"Who cares?" Sara said. She was by that time well inspired with the spirit of the venture. "Onward Christian Hikers. Strike for the open road."

They bought crackers, cheese and ginger-



"Could she be the Helen Brown I used to know?"

*"Hard to believe — but there's
the announcement in the paper!
... A millionaire — think of it! And
she used to be the drabest, plain-
est girl in our set..."*

IT happens so often these days! One day—plainness, drabness, obscurity — then suddenly — a discovery! Some little neglect — some slight unaccented feature! She corrects it. Then — *popularity — romance — happiness!* Just like a story in the magazines.

Take Dull Hair, for instance! Nothing so dims a pretty face — or spoils a woman's charm! Yet how easily it is corrected—just *one* shampooing will do it — *tonight!* — if you use Golden Glint.

Rich copious lather — faintly fragrant — removes the film that hides the natural color of your hair. *Two* lathers and your hair is *clean*, gloriously immaculate.

You rinse—remove all trace of soap and your hair will be shades lighter.

Then you apply the *extra touch* — a *special rinse* — the "plus" that makes this shampoo *different*. Your hair takes on new gloss—new finish. Its natural color, now revealed, is enhanced by sparkling lights! You are reminded faintly of your childhood's tresses—soft, silky — exquisitely fragrant and lustrous. *Now your hair is worthy of the face it frames!*

Millions today use this modern "shampoo-plus." It brings much of the skill of the master hairdresser to your own boudoir. No harsh chemicals to bleach or change the natural color of your hair. Just a wonderful shampoo—plus an extra touch that brings back youth! Your nearest toilet goods dealer can supply you. Money back if not delighted.

Golden Glint the SHAMPOO *plus*

MAGIC KEY TO YOUTHFUL "LOCKS"

* * * * *

If you have never before tried Golden Glint—and your dealer cannot supply it—send 25¢ to J. W. Kobi Co., Dept. E, 601 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash. Please mention dealer's name—and if you choose, mention also color and texture (or send sample) of your hair, and a letter of valuable advice will be sent you.

Claire Luce and "Youthful You"



"I prefer Marie Barlow Beauty Preparations because they are easy and delightful to use, and so satisfying in results."
Claire Luce
of the "Follies"

VALUED highly by those who must always be charming and young, the Marie Barlow line includes only preparations essential to the preservation and development of real Face Value. Send for Marie Barlow's Booklet "Youthful You," describing the simple methods of daily face care.

Send me free copy of "Youthful You"

Send me, postpaid, the dollar size jar of Foundation Cream. One dollar enclosed

NAME

ADDRESS

Marie Barlow
358 - 5th Ave
NEW YORK CITY

Fadeless Beauty

There's double charm power for every girl in this new lip red—the red that is phantom blue—but never fades. Men wonder at its 3 time alluring living color—fadeless beauty... limitless youth. Natural as nature, successful as art, just a touch and you're ready for the day... for the evening. Water resistant. Lasting. Regular size, \$1. Junior, 50¢. Phantom Bro. for lashes and brows. Phantom Red Rouge Compact—75¢. At your dealer.



CREATED FOR
MARY PHILBIN
UNIVERSAL STAR

Phantom Red LIPSTICK

Carlisle Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 117,
51 Day Street, New York

10¢ for beautiful Vanity Size Phantom Red Lipstick (I enclose another 10¢ for Phantom Model Phantom Red Rouge Compact.)

BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR



During the last year, 90% of our graduates have been offered positions as Traffic Inspectors at desirable wages. The minimum is five dollars after completing their course. Traffic Inspectors start at \$1200 per month, and rise rapidly to \$1750 per month.
As a Railway Traffic Inspector, you are paid well, your own boss, see new faces and places every minute, report only to high officials and receive advanced. It's healthful, enjoyable work, with regular hours.
Hundreds of Satisfied Graduates
Write today for free booklet, giving full details and contract agreeing to assist you to a position after graduation, or refund your money.
STANDARD BUSINESS TRAINING INST.
Box 5, Buffalo, N.Y.

EARN UP TO \$250 per month SALARY

ale at a grocery and ate it sitting on a rail fence. Before they had finished a hospitable looking milk truck came along, rattly-banging with empties and pulled up at Sylvia's food-muffled but still comprehensible signal. A gargoylish head protruded and estimated them from one level eye, the other being slanted at an involuntary but coquettish angle.

"Hop yourselves in," invited the proprietor of this singular countenance.

ON THE whole they would have preferred not to. The quarters would be close and the proximity possibly unsavory. But the unwritten law of the sport provides that a "call" is a commitment. In they got. The driver was young, robust and chatty. They gave themselves out as stenographers returning from a disabled car and desirous of getting to the next town, this being as far as they expected to be able to endure the association. To their self identification his prompt response was a foxy leer.

"Know any newer ones than that?" The situation called for a display of saving dignity. Sylvia said coldly:

"I don't know what you mean."

He was undismayed. "Sure, you do!" And he began to sing in a stentorian voice and wholly off the key, a ditty strange to them:

"You can fool any other silly owl in the tree

But you can't fool me!"

His next procedure was to reach over and give Sylvia a hearty thump on the shoulder. "I'm wise. College skirts. Which institution, ladies?"

"I think you're drunk," Sylvia said with a fine show of indignation. "Let us out."

He turned to grin in her face. "Sit tight, kids. No offense meant. Don't get sore."

"No girl likes to be called a liar," put in Sara.

"All right, all right! You could be Colleen Moore and Patsy Ruth Miller for all I care. You see, I got a sister in Vassar and I know something about these college cutie-cut-ups."

"You?" The exclamation was unanimous, which made it none the more flattering. He took it in good part.

"Don't look it, do I? It's straight, though. A chunk out of the middle of the old pay check goes to 'Pow-keps' every week. And if ever I caught my kid traipsin' around pickin' up rides, I'd just turn her over and spank her. Oh, it's all right for youse two," he added generously. "You can get away with it. But not my li'l sis. She's too darn pretty. Wotcha laffin' at?"

"I guess that makes us even," Sylvia said. "We're your passengers as far as you'll take us. Have a cigarette."

NEARLY eighteen miles this proved to be before he reluctantly informed them that he had to turn off or depend on them to think up a better lie for the boss than he had in stock. They left him with urgent invitations to come down to Sperry for one of the hockey or basket-ball games, really heartfelt and hopeful, for they were socially strong enough to put anything over, and could imagine nothing more enlivening than presenting so genuine a specimen as Mr. Stanley Bogash to the crowd. But he modestly declined.

"The Toot Ensemble Social Club is about my high speed. Hope I meet you again, girls." And he was off.

Luck went with him, but forsook the travellers. Their next pick-up was a soapy and corrupt auctioneer's assistant who followed them with a volley of abuse when they insisted on getting out. Three successive lifts at widening intervals thereafter netted them less than two miles, all told. Everything seemed to be full or going in the wrong direction or turning off at the

next cross-road or callous to their appealing glances and drooping figures. Moreover the sky was getting filmy and it was past the middle of the afternoon.

"Heaven helps those that help themselves," Sara said. "Let's hit the pike and keep going."

"For forty miles, I suppose!"

"We can make a start, anyway."

Sara was a changed person. The spirit of the adventure had taken hold on her. She was vivid and alert as a fox. Her unwearying stride which faltered only when a prospect hove in sight and that purely for purposes of deception, threatened to wear down the endurance of even Sylvia's strong, young body.

"You certainly have got rid of your blue devils," Sylvia said.

"Red," said Sara abruptly.

This was nearer to a confidence than the taciturn student had ever come before.

"Mine are blue, when I have 'em," Sylvia informed her.

"They're not so bad. I wish I had your temperament!"

"I don't believe I've got any," confessed Sylvia.

"That's what I mean," returned the other, gloomily envious.

Sylvia made a venture. "Is it so hard?"

"It's hell, sometimes. I wouldn't care as much if it didn't intrude when I'm working."

"Well, then, why don't you?" said Sylvia boldly.

"I'M AFRAID. Oh, not physically. It's a kind of superstition. I have a feeling that if I don't go straight, it will react on my work, and then I couldn't go on here. Maybe I can't anyway. I may have to drop out at the end of the year."

"What?"

"If I don't have the Alumnae Scholarship."

"Is it money?"

Sara nodded. "The man who was helping me through died. Oh, it was all right, my taking it. Not but what I'd probably have done it if it hadn't been. I'd do anything, anything to get my education."

"You've got a cinch on the Alumnae, from what I hear."

"I ought to come through if I don't crash first."

"Nerves?"

"You can call it that if you like. It is nerves, of a kind, a highly specialized kind as they would say in Hygiene if Hygiene dared to face a case like mine. Wouldn't they be horrified!" Her laugh was hard and mirthless.

"Maybe you ought to see a doctor," was Sylvia's suggestion.

"Last vacation I went to a neurologist, one of the best. What do you think he gave me for my ten-dollar fee? The best he could do for me was to tell me smugly that after marriage my symptoms would doubtless abate. 'What if I don't marry?' I said and he said, 'Well, my dear young lady! It would be advisable,' and handed me some in-the-meantime tosh about cold baths and exercise and mental control. Witchcraft to cast out red devils. Hartnett, I'm not bad!" she cried, her face a tragic bewilderment. "Why are some girls made that way?"

Secretly appalled, Sylvia with a feeble idea of presenting the bright side ventured: "Wouldn't you rather be that way than the other way, without anything of that at all, like Myrtle Dashiell?"

"No! I'd give anything to be as unfeeling as stone. Oh, well, I'll live through it, I expect. Anyway I've got it off my chest. Let's talk about your troubles."

They plodded along through the dwindling day six weary miles before Sylvia slumped down on a log. "I'm not going to walk

another step," she announced sulkily. "What's more you've got to engineer the next hitch, if any. I'm pepless."

CARS became scarcer and scarcer. In half an hour the watcher hailed seven, all of them vain hopes. By this time they would have gladly caught a ride on a garbage cart, had one offered. The vehicle that next hove in sight was not much more ornamental, being a queer wheeled hybrid operated by a lone male, the most promising species of prospect. But to Sara's seductive, "Hi!" the man turned a face as blank as a desert landscape.

"Get a 'Road Closed' sign. That's the only way you'll stop 'em," Sylvia said.

But Sara was looking hopefully toward the turn around which the unsympathetic car had vanished. "I think he's coming back."

The auto chugged into view, backing jerkily. Sara stood waiting, her lithe body straight as a flame in still air, a touch of flame in her cheeks. "Did somebody signal me?" asked the motorist.

"Yes. We did."

"I'm sorry. I'm rather absent-minded when I drive. What is it?"

"We wanted a ride."

"Where to?"

"The way you're going."

"Get in." He was perfectly cheerful, perfectly obliging, perfectly neutral. Sylvia tumbled into the rear seat, leaving the front to the new leader. She wanted to go to sleep and promptly did so.

Observation of the Sylvian technic had taught Sara that in successful hitch-hiking the whole duty of the hitcher toward the hitchee is to be conversationally interesting and interested. On what should she tackle this curious, composed and not unattractive specimen? Having noted that the car carried a commercial license she asked, as man to man, "What's your line?"

"Eh?" said the stranger, and he turned on her a pair of small, shrewd eyes in which a faint astonishment shone.

"I asked what line of business you're in," repeated the girl wondering whether she had committed a solecism of some sort.

"Oh! I beg your pardon. What would you think, now?"

This was her clue to become flippant. "Butter and eggs."

"And a pound of cheese," he added mildly.

Sara's brilliant eyes went wide. "What? Where did you get that?"

"Off the same fly-leaf as you got yours. My Calverley's a first edition."

"I—I thought you were some kind of farmer or grocer or something."

"Well, there are lots of kinds of farmers, and some of 'em even read poetry. I'm a farmer on my few leisure days. This is one of 'em."

The car chugged and jerked and made progress of a sort. In the rear seat Sylvia's troubled slumbers were penetrated by weird chantings and bursts of mirth. She struggled awake enough to speak. "What's all the fuss about?"

Sara turned upon her a strange face, bold with color and fervent with fun. "This is a soul-mate. He knows Calverley by heart and sings the most absurd songs in a still more absurd voice, and we're going to his house to cook ourselves some dinner—"

"I'm the rottenest cook in the world, and you're no better," objected Sylvia.

"I'm the best—almost," stated the cheery and confident stranger. "Also there is beer. Home-brew."

Said Sylvia serenely to her mate, "Did you ever hear of an institution called Sperry College?"

"Oh, that's all fixed. He'll drive us home afterward. It's only thirty miles. He's awfully nice and his name is—did you tell me your name?"

Lysol

Disinfectant

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Women turn to other women

SOMETIMES because of modesty, sometimes because she feels that another woman can better appreciate her intimate problems, a woman asks the advice of other women about feminine hygiene.

Therefore, the makers of "Lysol" Disinfectant asked a woman physician of high professional standing to write a little booklet on this vital side of your personal life. It is written from a woman's standpoint—for women—and will answer all

those questions you would like to ask her in person.

It is full of sound professional advice and simple rules, simply and understandingly written. Send the coupon now.

In the meantime do not take needless, dangerous chances. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant today at the nearest drugstore. Complete directions come with every bottle.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is sold at retail only in the brown bottle packed in the yellow carton.

Made by Lysol, Incorporated, a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. In Canada, Lysol (Canada) Limited. Distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.

© Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1928



LEHN & FINK, Inc., Sole Distributors
Department 143, Bloomfield, New Jersey
Please send me, free, your booklet,
"The Scientific Side of Health and Youth"

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....



WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
MINT LEAF FLAVOR

The flavor
of fresh mint
leaves adds to your
Springtime joys.

"After Every meal"

1-38

Subscribe to ~ SMART SET

through any authorized
representative of the

Preferred Publications, Inc.
56 West 45th Street
New York

This company is one of the foremost subscription agencies of the country. They have representatives throughout the United States who are authorized to accept subscriptions to SMART SET at the regular price and terms as printed on their order forms.

The Preferred Publications, Inc., salesmen are courteous, honest and reliable. They are selected with the greatest care and are trained to give you the best, most intelligent subscription service.

SMART SET :: 119 West 40th St. :: NEW YORK



"No. We've been too busy. I am known by the romantic and overpowering name of Marmaduke Rainger, Mark for short. The Chateau Rainger is at your service, gentles and nobles, if ever we reach it in this ark which is constructed exclusively out of spare parts left over from Noah's craft."

"Is there a Mrs. Rainger or anything?" Sylvia wanted to know.

"Nothing worth mention. It's a terrible risk you're taking. But you are two to my one," he pointed out gravely, "and have the advantage of me in youth and daring."

"Don't be an ass, Hartnett," added Sara.

"Oh, I only asked as a matter of form. I'm game for anything if I can get fed."

WITH a gasp, a snort and a gurgle the car perished on a side road two hundred yards short of a snug-built white cottage. Laden with bundles they made the rest of the trip on foot.

Rainger built fires, fetched water, set the table, put on potatoes, onions and corn, got out the promised beer and broiled a steak over hickory embers in an open fireplace, that justified fully his generous estimate of his culinary skill.

"But what is he?" whispered Sylvia, as the two girls retired to the one ground-floor bedroom to wash up.

"I don't know. Something to do with shipping in the city, I believe. This is his playhouse. I think he's grand."

"Very likely. But how is he going to get us back?"

"Leave it to him."

Accepting all responsibility, the host went to a neighboring house to telephone, after dinner, but returned with a dubious face and the bad news. Can't get a mechanic up here till tomorrow, and the garage won't promise a car before midnight and aren't sure then!

The truants looked at each other. "What'll we do?"

"Stay here," invited the proprietor of the "Chateau Rainger."

"I've got a philos class first thing in the morning," said Sara who majored in that subject.

"All right. Breakfast at five, served by my own fair hands. I'll undertake to land you on the campus—again my own fair hands—before sunrise. Is it a deal?"

"It's a deal."

BY AN irrefragable rule of Suite Twenty, if any one of the H. B. V.s failed to return on time from an absence, one of the others dropped in at eight o'clock at the local hotel and waited for a possible phone call, thus eliminating the danger of being listened in on by the constituted authorities. This time it was Verity who got Sylvia's message and undertook to fix things up for the absentees. Reassured, Sylvia turned in. Sara proclaimed herself never less tired in her life. She was going to sit up for a while and help the master of the house keep the fire awake and fed. Before she dropped asleep, Sylvia heard quick talk and low laughter outside. A saying of that wiseacre, Starr, came back to her, "If they can make me laugh, they can make me love 'em." Starr was facile of her affections. But Sara, she couldn't quite conceive of Sara in love. Yet it had been such a different Sara that day, a Sara to whom anything might be possible—She woke up. Sara, fully dressed, was standing over her. "Oh, Lordy!" groaned the sleeper. Then, "Haven't you been to bed at all?"

"Not that I can recall. But we had some swell coffee at half past two. Breakfast will be served in the dining car in ten minutes."

The first graying of the east had hardly begun when Rainger set them down at the campus edge. Both girls kissed him goodbye. They could hardly do less. Besides, they wanted to! As they crossed to Trum-

bull House Sylvia noticed a light in the office building.

"Whose room is that?"

"Looks like Giff's."

"I thought so. Let's walk around that way."

"And run the risk of being reported?"

Sylvia's smile was secret and confident. "He wouldn't ever report us."

Sylvia made a cautious approach to a spot that commanded a view into the room. Patterson Gifford was bent over a desk with papers on it. As if sensing something alien to his work he lifted and turned his face. It was tired and lined and thoughtful. The

girl was struck anew, was stricken by his austere beauty. She blew a kiss toward the figure and rejoined her comrade.

There was no difficulty over their entry. Starr, for whom servants and minor officials gladly perjured their souls and risked their jobs, had corrupted the old watchman with food and drink. Sara yawned.

"Too late for a nap. Got any coffee?"

"Yes."

"Let's brew a pot. Then I'll go to work."

They made the coffee in Twenty. Sara drank two cups and set to her books. But Sylvia stood staring out into the dawn. Her day of adventure was not yet ended.

HAVE you the heart for adventure that Sylvia had? Would you have the courage to do what you wanted to do whether it's safe or not? Or is yours the sterner courage like Gifford's that dares refuse to follow where adventure leads? To each of them as to Sara and Verity life was constantly offering new opportunities to taste its "Unforbidden Fruit!" Whether that taste was bitter or sweet you may discover in June SMART SET

Damon & Pythias

[Continued from page 11]

summer, the friends do as nearly everybody else in the town does—they take a nap. Beneath the shelter of a spicebush they nod, their shapes touching, and when four o'clock comes, resume their promenade. In the painted autumn, in the fickle winter of that climate, which now is warm and balmy and now for brief intervals, blizzardy, in the blossoming, bland spring, it is always with them the same, except that the daily siestas are shorter, the hours of foraging and campaigning are longer. Visitors to our town hear of this marvel and cluster on the sidewalk to enjoy a sight so notable. From time to time, in the home paper, the editor prints pieces about the Hughes' cat and the Hughes' rooster. In such beautiful harmony they grow older, staid and more sedate but still in their souls harmoniously attuned.

Only at sunset does a break come in their relations. As the shadows stretch themselves across the grass as though tired after a long spell of alternately expanding and contracting, Damon begins to grow restless, nervous, distraught. He knows it's getting on toward night time. He draws nearer and nearer to one particular low limb of one particular peach-tree where by custom he perches through the darkness.

Although the ceremony is repeated nightly, Pythias, as is plainly to be seen, never can understand it. He snuggles up to Damon; he entertains with him to be reasonable. I know what he is saying though unfamiliar with the subtler shadings of cat language. Merely by observing his behavior, anybody would know what he is saying. What, in effect, he is saying is this:

"For Heaven's sake, old man, don't go to bed now. Bed is for babies, for dotards, for the sick. Why, the shank of the evening is when the real fun starts. And after the moon comes up—wow! Just stay up with me this once, only this once and I'll show you a taste of high life such as you never dreamed of. Not any of this humdrum domestic stuff, mind you, but life, boy, life with a kick to it!"

Long after the twilight thickens I can hear through the dusk a medley of sounds and I know that Damon, huddled on his roost, is uttering drowsy noes and that Pythias is pacing to and fro directly beneath him and out of the goodness of his heart, still pleading. At length there is a despairing melancholy yowl from Pythias, growing fainter and fainter, and by that I gather that he is off, a debonair but lonely cat-about-town, to make his round of nocturnal social engagements, to enjoy high adventure on back fences and upon the slanted roofs of well-houses and smoke-houses.

Next morning, though, bright and early, they are reunited, Pythias looking perhaps a trifle sleepy and weather-beaten but Damon all refreshed and with every glistening, snowy feather in place. And so it goes year after year.

For romance's sake I almost wish that, when in the fullness of time, one of the comrades passed away, the other, thus left disconsolate and bereft and all forlorn, drooped and pined and died of a broken heart. But I can't say what happened. If ever I knew, I've forgotten. I think, but I'm not sure, that when I came East twenty-three years ago, the two of them yet abided in the Hughes' yard.

I was back home the other day. Where our house used to stand, an apartment house stood. Where the Hughes' mansion stood, the masons were putting the finishing touches on a lovely brand-new service station. I questioned some of the older residents of our old neighborhood but none, save I, remembered those scenes of other days.

Damon and Pythias were no longer a tradition in the town where once they lived; they were not even a myth.

So then and there, I resolved to rescue the story of their love from oblivion and to preserve it in printers' ink for the consideration of naturalists and lovers.

Having now done so, I shall conclude.

Why Smart Set Is Different

I feel sure SMART SET is doing more for the moral welfare of the young people of today than any other instrument. — Mrs. E. V. Paterson, MacGregor, Man. Can.

Let Your Friends Know

Grow, Yes Grow long, silken, curling eyelashes in 30 days



READ THESE Sworn to before a Notary Public

YES, you absolutely can grow

Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead.

Loretta Pinze, 1952 Cudaback Ave., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Dear Friend: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and eyelashes are beautiful now. I will praise you to all my friends and I do not need to speak that praise—my appearance tells the tale.

Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminister Ave., W. Phila., Pa.

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long, and luxurious.

Miss Flora J. Corriveau, 9 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.

My Dear Friend: Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous. The longer I use it the better the results.

Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jeanette, Penn.

Unconditional Guarantee
Take me at my word; which is that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no "strings" attached to my guarantee! No "ifs", "ands" or "maybes". New growth, or no pay. You are the sole judge. And money will be returned the very day it may be requested. So if you just reason, think things out, consider my reputation as the world's leading beauty specialist for fifteen years, you will not hesitate. You will let me prove what I can do.

Sent C. O. D. or for Cash

I am entirely willing to send you my Eyelash and Eyebrow Grower C.O.D. If I do that I charge you \$1.95 for the Grower, and you pay also the few cents postage. But if you will send me \$1.95 with your order, I will pay the postage. You choose whichever way you want. But I suggest—merely suggest—that it is to your advantage to send cash with order. You not only save the postage, but it is more convenient. You see if you order C.O.D. and are not home when package is delivered, the postman does not leave it. He leaves only a notice—and then you have to go to the post office for the package. You can avoid all trouble by sending \$1.95 with your order.

LUCILLE YOUNG, 835 Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not absolutely and entirely satisfied, I will return it within 30 days and you will return my money without question.

Price C.O.D. is \$1.95 plus few cents postage. If money sent with order, price \$1.95. Postage is prepaid. State whether money enclosed or you want order C.O.D.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....

State.....



Wash away those annoying hairs!

Just a touch with the liquid De Miracle, just a rinse with fresh, clear water—and your skin is smooth, hair-free, clean and charming. Literally, you wash away the annoying hairs of underarm, limb, neck and face! You actually see the hairs dissolve. How easy, how natural, how womanly!

De Miracle is a delicately perfumed liquid, pleasant to use and guaranteed to satisfy. Sold everywhere: 60c, \$1.00 and \$2.00.

If you have difficulty in obtaining it, order direct, enclosing \$1.00. De Miracle, Dept. 75, 138 West 14th Street, New York City.

DeMiracle
REMOVES HAIR

HAVE PRETTY ROUND FACE AND NECK

Instead of unsightly hollows

RESULTS GUARANTEED



SCIENCE now offers you a sure delightful way to put on flesh where you need it. No dieting or tiresome exercise. Simply apply Tiffany Tissue Builder. It is a secret compound of amazing tissue building oils. It has brought new attractive beauty to thousands. Hollow cheeks and temples, skinny necks, under developed busts round out almost at once—firm—dainty—beautiful. Crow's feet and wrinkles disappear as though by magic. The soothing tissue building oils will not irritate the most tender skin. Neither will they grow hair.

Results guaranteed and your money promptly refunded if you are not delighted after four weeks' use according to directions. Price \$1.00. Send check, money order or currency and we will send prepaid. If you prefer send no money but deposit \$1.00 plus few cents postage with postman when he delivers it.

TIFFANY LABORATORIES Inc.
1131 J Hanna Building, Cleveland, O.

BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER

Fascinating Work — BIG PAY — Learn Quickly

Earn \$50 to \$250 Weekly



Write for Free Fascinating Illustrated Book. Tells how you can become a successful Movie Photographer, Portrait, Commercial or News Photographer. Learn in your spare time at home or at our New York studios. Free Employment Service. **N.Y. INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY**
10 W. 33rd St., N. Y., Dept. 51

8 Ways to Win a Husband

[Continued from page 60]

makes a woman attractive to me. It is the old biological pull that no man can get away from. Sex. I will not stop to dwell on it.

And now to other considerations:

Suppose George Williams, twenty-five years old, moves to Junction City where he had never lived before and where he knows no one. Not a girl. He has just been transferred there by his company and now a good opportunity awaits him. The new job pays enough to permit him to get married; he is tired of eating off the arm of a chair and thinks, "Wouldn't it be nice to come home to a nice hot, well-cooked dinner with the most wonderful girl in the world presiding over it?"

And unconsciously he begins to look around for this miracle of perfection. He doesn't use the word "look"; oh, no, he just wants to go to a dance, get away from business. So he says, so he thinks, but in reality he is looking for somebody to sit on the other side of the breakfast table.

He meets a dozen girls and of course to him there is always the sex appeal. In some he finds it more than in others. Possibly among three or four of them, when he first meets them, there isn't, in that respect, a hand's shade of difference. They all look good to him, as George says in his own language. He takes one to a dance, another out in his car, he plays bridge with a third, and all the time the hopper is shaking. After he has been in town six months, of the dozen girls he has met, he is really interested in only four of them. And all four of them still look good to him.

The hopper shakes again. There are now only three. So far as he knows, any one of the three would present a mighty pleasing picture in a checked apron, grasping a skillet in one hand and an egg turner in the other.

The hopper shakes again and now there are two. A few more dances, a few more rides in the moonlight, a few more golf games—the hopper shakes again—and Ernestine Brown is the one who walks down the aisle as the great pipe organ thunders out Lohengrin. And, one chance out of three, Ernestine is not the one who was the most sexually attractive to him the first time he met her. And yet she is the one without whom he decides that life would be a dreary waste. Why? What factors entered into his selection? What were the things about her he found attractive? I see a hand go up.

"Beauty," says the owner of the hand.

Let us see. I place beauty fourth, not second, among the things that make a woman attractive.

I KNEW a girl once—Eva—who was the beauty of the little town in Missouri where I lived. She was the one whose picture the photographer always put at the foot of the stairs which led up to his studio. She was the measuring rod for all the other girls in town. She was tall, slender, graceful and was a pleasant and agreeable girl. Everybody thought that she would be the first matrimonial flower to be picked.

But Maud Craig was married first; this was something of a surprise, as Maud was far from pretty. She was "just a nice girl." One by one the other girls in the set began to get married, one this season, two the next and yet Eva, the belle of the ball, went along without being fitted to a wedding ring. Eva began to go out more, she got new clothes, entertained more, thought up wonderful parties and yet still another season went by without Eva being led down to the jewelry store. In fact, she was one of the last girls in the set to get married;

Eva, the girl everybody thought would be the first prize picked. The truth of it is, that beauty is a magnet, but, like a magnet when it is thrust into a box of nails, may slip off.

First, in what makes women attractive, I put sex. Second, I put differentness.

I am horrified, on looking it up, to find that there is no such word in the dictionary. I don't know what to do about it, as it is the only word that I can think of that gives just the meaning I want. Difference and differentiation won't do.

Differentness I rate as the second most powerful appeal in a woman that makes her attractive and all girls who try to make themselves like men, if they only knew it, are out on the limb sawing themselves off from the tree. The girl who affects a boy's hair cut and who puts herself into mannish attire, is in reality closing a door on herself.

IN OUR town was a girl whose father had a county office and was counted a substantial citizen. Edna was good-looking and had every chance to be the popular girl of the town. Edna went in for being very "pal-ish"; one thing I remember about her was that she wore waists with men's collars and ties, which was then daring. She liked to use boys' language, not always the last word in propriety, and liked to play the big sister. Other girls got married, Edna became a sort of professional bridesmaid, but the fairy prince didn't come along and whisk her away on his charger. She married late and then rather desperately. I didn't know it then but I realize now that in trying to make herself very much a boy she had lessened her attractiveness.

For a time the girl who plays up the pal part of her nature is attractive but soon a man begins to want something else. He is a cell seeking a mate and his mate is not something like himself. Take two girls: one is very much a pal, mannish clothes, mannish ways, mannish talk; the other is very feminine; she likes feminine frills and fripperies. Which do you think makes the greatest appeal to a man? The feminine girl, every time. The other makes a quicker appeal, she has more bizarre ways, but each man is silently seeking that quality which I have put down as differentness.

Next in womanly attractions I put mystery. There is nothing that so stirs a masculine imagination in regard to a woman so much as a sense of mystery. If he can read her at a glance, he begins to yawn, but if there is some quality that leads him on, which arouses his imagination, a passage which has a closed door, then he wants to know more about that girl. Once I asked a minister I knew, why he married his wife.

"Because she was so deep," he answered.

I found that it was an honest answer. His wife is a rather quiet woman; she is not one to talk from the top of her mind, and even now, though she has four children and is settled to a housekeeping routine, she still has something of a sphinx quality.

Men find mysterious and fascinating the articles of clothing that a woman wears, her toilet preparations, her perfumes. It to these is added a mystery of mind, if a woman can keep a man guessing, as we say, the appeal is tremendous. It has come down through the ages: Woman, the Mysterious, the Unknowable. It is the quality that inspired the Mona Lisa. What is she thinking? What is going on in her mind?

"What does she think of me?" a young man asks in regard to a girl. Indeed, one of the very greatest attractions in woman is the subtle air of mystery that she is able

to inspire and weave closely about her. Beauty I place fourth among the qualities that make women attractive. The woman who has beauty has the cards stacked in her favor, but life is a long game; it does not mean that she is going to carry off the big prize. Beauty is vinegar and honey, and men are flies, but they sip and fly away again. Especially if they find no other attraction there. It is the old story of Beautiful, but Dumb Dora. The pretty woman is the one who gets the attention at a party but it does not mean that she is the one who is going to get the solitaire.

No man in his right senses can fail to like beauty, but he wants more than beauty, as any one may see for himself by looking around at the number of homely wives in the world. At a party, sometime, run your eyes over a mixed lot of women and you will see that the ones who are married are not the beauties of the bunch. There may be more of a cluster around the pretty women than around the women the Lord made in a hurry, but when the time comes to carry them across the threshold of the most wonderful little house in the world, then just about as many plain faces go across it as pretty ones.

There is another quality in women that appeals to men and the appeal is so subtle that often men don't know what is plucking at their heart-strings and so deep and fundamental is it that the woman who is bestowing it, does not know that she is giving it. It is the quality of motherliness.

Motherliness is one of the principles on which psychoanalysis is founded. The first person that a boy knows in the world, the first person to impress him, is his mother. She takes care of him, gives him his creature comforts; she sympathizes with him when he falls down; she tells him how wonderful he is and when the crow of depression sits on his roof she comes and shoos him away. And so, unconsciously, all through his life the man is silently searching for this first good woman who came into his life and when he finds her she makes a tremendous appeal to him.

WHEN I first came to New York, I knew a young man who worked downtown in some kind of perfumery importing business. Avery is as good a name as any. He was the dandy of the boarding-house; he carried a cane; he wore spats when they were an uncommon thing to see; belonged to a dancing club and had social pleasures beyond the rest of us. Through some church connections, he had met some people who moved in a higher social scale than we did and he would tell us of the nice homes he was invited into, and of the girls he had met, girls socially far above those that the rest of us knew. Sometimes he would stop by my room, after he had spent an evening out, with his cane on his arm, his speckless spats shining, and tell where he had been and the wonderful people he had met. He had met the daughter of a well-to-do man at the church; he was invited into his home and more and more I began to hear about this miracle of feminine perfection. She was pretty; her father was rich.

I left the boarding-house and a year or two later I met him again, still the spic-and-span Avery.

"I'm married now," he said proudly. "Yes, settled down and everything. You must come around and see us."

I went but his wife wasn't the girl he had talked so much about. Instead, to my surprise, it was one of the girls at the boarding-house.

"I thought you were interested in the other," I said when opportunity offered. "Why did you marry this one?"

"Well, one thing Doris reminded me of my mother." Doris was the one he married.



*Smart Society Decrees
Dark, Long-appearing Lashes
the Vogue!*



Solid or Waterproof Liquid Maybelline, Black or Brown, 75c at All Toilet Goods Counters.

Expressive eyes are as unmistakable a mark of refinement as cultured speech. They complete the note of unaffected charm which brilliant society decrees conventional . . . Matronly dignity is enhanced by the added loveliness lent to the eyes by accentuating the darkness and length of their lashes, and debutante smartness is vivified . . . Fortunately, dark and long appearing lashes are very easy to acquire. A simple brush stroke of Solid or Waterproof Liquid Maybelline produces the effect instantly . . . Maybelline is the most delightful preparation of its kind to use, and it is perfectly harmless, as millions of fashionable women know.

MAYBELLINE CO., Chicago

Maybelline
Eyelash Beautifier

Subscribe to ~ SMART SET

through any authorized
representative of the

Union Circulation Co.
5 Columbus Circle
New York



This company is one of the foremost subscription agencies of the country. They have representatives throughout the United States who are authorized to accept subscriptions to SMART SET at the regular price and terms as printed on their order forms.

The Union Circulation Co. salesmen are courteous, honest and reliable. They are selected with the greatest care and are trained to give you the best, most intelligent subscription service.

SMART SET :: :: 119 West 40th St. :: :: NEW YORK



♦♦WONDERFUL DISC♦♦ *dainty as a powder puff* **ERASES NEEDLESS HAIR**

Imagine it! Here is an amazing aid to beauty—a round, pink disc that “erases” needless hair—from face, arms and legs. It is Wonderstoan, the size of a powder puff and just as easy to use. You merely hold Wonderstoan lightly in your fingers and rotate it over the skin. It whisks away needless hair with absolute pleasantness in a jiffy. And—more wonderful still—Wonderstoan is *dry, odorless, harmless*. No paste to mix, heat or spill. No blade or lather. Nothing to soil clothing. Always be assured that Wonderstoan will leave your skin velvety-smooth, lovely and free from any trace of fuzziness. So convenient, it can be used instantly, anywhere. At drug and department stores, \$1.25.

OFFER! Try Wonderstoan and be delighted. Remarkable as it is, it costs only \$1.35 by mail. To convince you, a coupon, with a money-back guarantee, is provided. Just mail it with \$1.35 and Wonderstoan will be promptly mailed to you! Free Booklet on request

Mail to **Wonderstoan**
DEPT. 85 500 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK
I enclose \$1.35, for which please send me a Bellin's Wonderstoan. If not satisfied, I can return it and my money will be refunded.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Art Corner Your Pictures—Album
where you can keep them safe and enjoy them always.

Engel
5 Styles “Art Corners” 5 Colors
are on sale at Photo Supply and Album counters everywhere. They are the only Quick, Easy, Artistic, No Paste, No Fold way to mount Kodak Prints. A dime brings 100 and samples to try. Write **ENGEL MFG. CO.** Dept. SE, 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago

10¢ Buys 100



BLONDE HAIR need never darken if you use the right shampoo

NO need now for blonde hair to grow dull and dark! Blondex, the special shampoo for blondes only, keeps hair beautifully light and lustrous—brings back the golden sheen of youth to faded, washed blonde hair. Not a dye. No harsh chemicals. Fine for scalp. Over a million users. At all good drug and department stores, or mail coupon below for generous **FREE** trial package

Swedish Shampoo Laboratories,
Dept. 35, 27 West 20th St., N. Y. C.

I would like to try Blondex, the special new shampoo for Blondes. Please send me a Free Trial Package.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

By the open way he said it, I knew he was honest and that he had probably not thought of it before in those terms. But as I could see later, as I came to know him better, it was true. He was an ambitious young man come to New York to make his way and New York is no bed of roses for a young person trying to get a start. Often he was discouraged but there was no person to discuss his problems with. Bit by bit he began to “talk things over” with the girl in the boarding-house; she sympathized with him, encouraged him. He found he could take his troubles to her—here was somebody in the great city of New York who was sympathetic, who always took his side—the deed was done. The girl wasn't good-looking, she had many shortcomings, but she had the appeal of motherliness.

And now to another consideration:

I know a very popular woman; she is one of my neighbors and is always “in” on things. She is not particularly good-looking; she hasn't the figure that makes people turn and stare, and yet she goes to more parties, sits in on more bridge games and has more partners in golf than any other woman in town. She hasn't got a good disposition; she is given to gossip and when her tongue gets on the subject it likes to wag, not mean and devastating gossip, but small and petty affairs. She is jealous; she has some qualities that women call “cattishness” and yet right at this minute I would like to talk to Mrs. Morehouse. If I am going to the theater and see her on the train, I am always pleased; if I go to a dinner party and she is there I feel that the evening will be a little brighter and still I know her many shortcomings. She is not the sort of woman I would think of marrying, but yet I am always glad to see her. The reason is simple. It is her vivacity.

A man likes a woman who can “do” something. It is a meeting ground; it is a mutuality of interest; it is what, I believe, salesmen call contact. But accomplishments are not necessarily limited to playing a piano, painting on china, or doing battik. A friend of mine told me that the first thing that interested him about his wife was that she was a good walker. He liked to take walks and most of the women he knew hobbled along with short, mincing steps. Then he met a girl who could take his stride. They now have three children.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS need not be of the artistic or of an athletic nature. I should like to see the statistics of the number of women who are now married due to their ability to “do” things. For instance, fudge making, in the day when that was the proper way to entertain a young gentleman caller. It's mighty nice, looking at it from the man's point of view, to sit of an evening consuming fudge that the girl in the hammock has made with her dainty fingers.

And now I come to the last of the major things that make women attractive, and it is intelligence. I mean by this something more than just the ordinary run of intelligence, as when I say beauty, I mean more than just the ordinary run of feminine looks. In an office or in a town the outstanding intellectual girl is rarely ever the popular one. Men like to talk to her, like to pass a few minutes with her, but when it comes to settling down for life with a

brain as the main attraction, then they want to think it over.

The reason, I am afraid, that men are not greatly attracted by brains is one that does not reflect any great credit on them. And it is that a man likes to think the girl he is interested in looks up to him as being a great and powerful creature but if the girl can make a monkey out of him intellectually, then he doesn't think so much of it. It doesn't tickle his ego.

I knew two sisters in New York and no two sisters could be more different. One was a home body, a jolly girl with a spirit of companionship and gaiety running through her, but her intellectual equipment was just about average. She got through high school but that was as much as books interested her. The other sister was a pronounced intellectual type. Although she was studious, she liked to go to dances; in fact, she was an unusually good dancer and at costume balls was often the spirit of the party. And so the two girls grew up side

by side, devoted to each other: one a pleasant, agreeable home girl; the other specializing—of all things—in international law. She went into a law office handling marine and international questions, made a name for herself and is now commanding a very nice salary in an office where only men are supposed to be able to look after such delicate and complicated matters.

And there she is today. She has never married, while the home-body sister has a husband and family. I don't mean to say that the girl in the law office is unhappy, or that the home girl has got more out of life, but the unintellectual sister is the one who has always had the most admirers and who now has the husband.

Less than a month ago the cables announced the Paris divorce of a very well-known man in the public life of America. When the American correspondents came to him, he told the truth instead of the soft soap so often handed out. In substance it was this:

“I am a tremendous admirer of my wife. She has the best brain of any woman I have ever known, but we find ourselves continually clashing over purely intellectual and abstract ideas.

And so those are what I consider the eight major attractions in women in order of their importance: sex, differentness, mystery, beauty, motherliness, vivacity, accomplishments, intelligence.

These are not all the traits that go to make women attractive. There are many lesser traits, but I do not consider them of enough importance to list among the eight major attractions. One, for instance, that I have not mentioned is wealth. No man who is a man will marry a girl for her money and yet it is often done.

There is another thing that makes women attractive. It is weakness. The girl who jumps on a chair at sight of a mouse, in the day when that was the recognized thing to do, is more attractive than the brave female who goes to Africa and is photographed with her foot on a lion.

And these, as I have discovered them, are the things that make women attractive.

And now any girl who has read this article ought to be able to know how to go about finding a husband.

Why Smart Set Is Different

Unlike the common garden variety of magazines on the newsstand, SMART SET contains nothing to offend the most refined.—*Jessamine Cooke, Roxbury, Mass.*

Tell Your Cultured Friends

Bluffers

[Continued from page 14]

and their glee quickly turned to irritation. "There goes the bell and me with no pants on."

"Hey, you dumb bunny, where's my other sock? Gimme it!"

Mack finished his dressing and ran out of the stuffy locker room to his Civics class, combing his hair and adjusting his clothing as he ran. After he had settled himself comfortably in his chair he began to think back over what he had said in the locker room.

"Was that party of Teedy's really so hot after all?" he asked himself. Piece by piece he reconstructed his recollection of it. Let's see. Well, first of all, Bab had been murred. No denying that. But the steering wheel joke—come to think of it, he didn't remember even kissing the girl. That didn't seem possible, though. Who was it he had kissed just after Fatty fell off the top of the piano?

HE WAS still puzzling over it when the period ended and he galloped across the street to the ice cream parlor for lunch. He stalked in, silent, alone, as grim a figure among his crowd as a pirate captain with his crew. He chose a seat in an empty booth and ordered a banana split. He had just finished the ball of pink ice cream and was starting in on the chocolate one when he heard a familiar voice in the next booth. The partition was thin and by laying his ear against the wood he could hear plainly.

"—and I feel rotten this morning," a girl's voice was saying, "but honest to goodness, Bab, you don't show the effects at all. What kind of nerve powders do you use to pull yourself together after a hot party?"

Mack heard Bab Allen's tinkly laugh. "I don't use powders, Lucy, just the nerves."

"What do you mean by that?"

There was a considerable interval of silence. Then Lucy was speaking again. "I came in last night about two-thirds murred. My mother smelled it on my breath and I had one dickens of a time lying out of it. You stagger home from every party about two jumps this side of the D. T.'s and yet you don't show it, and your folks never catch on. They must be dumber than mine, and if they are, Heaven help 'em!"

Bab laughed once more, a curious, short laugh. "You're a sorority sister of mine, aren't you, Lucy?" she asked slowly. "And you'll be due for a nervous breakdown in a couple of years, just like Waneta and Charlotte and the rest of the girls who went the pace. Well, for your sake I'm going to tell you something you won't believe. I didn't take one single drink last night!"

An astonished gasp from Lucy. Then, wearily, "Oh, don't try to kid me like that, Bab. You were the wildest one in the bunch. I suppose you want me to believe you were dead sober when you did that dance on top of the library table."

"Yes, I was. And I didn't smoke any cigarettes, either."

"Ha, ha, that's rich! Why, I hardly saw you that you didn't have one in your mouth."

"Sure, but I wasn't puffing. I'd simply light one, or, better yet, have a boy light it for me. I'd hold it between my lips until it went out, then throw it away and ask for another one."

"Why, Bab Allen! How do you get away with it?"

"Bluff, kiddo, nothing but pure bluff! It's even easier with the drinking. I grab the bottle as if I was crazy for it and pretend I'm swilling oceans. Actually I'm not

drinking a drop. Of course I have to act as murred as the rest of the gang, except that I don't get sick and I enjoy the party more. I had oodles of fun dancing on the library table last night."

A skeptical note crept into Lucy's voice. "Bab, do you mean to tell me that you're having the good times, running with the fast bunch, and yet you're not—well, I won't be bashful—you're doing it without giving anything in return?"

"I mean just that! A boy can't kiss you when you've got a cigarette in your mouth, so the thing to do is to keep a cigarette in your mouth all the time. And it's a cinch they can't start any of this necking business they're all so crazy about if you don't sit still long enough to give 'em a chance. Be the life of the party, circulate around, and they like you better than if you sat back on a davenport all evening."

Lucy grew bitter with the vitriolic spite of an envious girl. "Bab, dear, you forget the reputation you've got on heavy dates. I've heard the boys talk, you know."

"I can't help what they say. Boys are filthy-mouthed creatures, anyway. I've found that a few scummy remarks, a little mean dancing, and some unasked-for pats on the cheek send a fellow home feeling as if he'd— Well, they come back for more."

"You'll be telling me in a minute," Lucy said, "that you went home with Mack Moran and didn't—"

"Never mind. You forget I stayed at Teedy's last night."

"Well, the very fact that you came with him shows—"

"It doesn't show a thing. You seem to think I can't take care of myself well enough to date with him alone."

"You can't! Mack Moran is one bad egg and you're scared to death of him. He didn't act as wild last night as I was expecting him to, though. I guess he was holding in so as not to break up the party."

"Yes, he's a bad one, all right, but I could bluff through a date with him just the same."

"You're afraid to try it!"

"I am not!"

THE girls' conversation broke off short as a figure appeared in the entrance of their booth. It was Mack.

"Oh, hello," he said, "I didn't know you two were in here." He stepped inside and leaned on the end of the table. "You look pretty well recovered this morning, Bab."

"I'm not, though," she said. "I've got a rotten hang-over. That gin last night was awful stuff. Say, have you any idea what I could have done to get a cigarette burn?"

"Maybe someone else's cigarette burnt you," Lucy suggested.

"Yes, that's probably it," Bab said and smiled back at her affectionately.

Mack looked thoughtful. "Well, my memory's pretty much scrambled up, but it might have been when you were dancing on the library table."

"What? Was I dancing on a table? Oh dear, I don't remember a thing from ten o'clock on! There's no telling what else I might have done."

Mack cut short a loving remark from Lucy. "Why, say," he began, "that party last night was such a mixed-up mess that I really didn't have a chance to get acquainted with you, Bab. Now I've got two tickets for the Gaieties tonight, and I'll be around for you this evening about theater time. You'll go with me, won't you?"

For perhaps five seconds that particular booth was a little oasis of silence in the



TEST YOUR ABILITY TO DRAW

HERE is your opportunity to find out how much talent you have. A simple, scientifically prepared questionnaire tests your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc., indicating whether it will be worth while to develop your ability to draw, and showing how much training will be needed. You will be frankly informed as to what your score shows. This analysis may show you the way to a bigger future—a real career.

Federal Students Are Successful

Many Federal School students are making \$2,000, \$4,000, \$5,000, and \$6,000 yearly. The Federal School is recognized everywhere by employers of artists, and by buyers of art work. Big prices are paid for drawings and designs, for they are a necessity in modern business.

Learn Commercial Art at Home

If you like to draw, an almost sure indication of talent, the Federal Course will soon prepare you to earn a handsome income. Some students earn more than the cost of the course while studying. Many nationally known artists have contributed exclusive, illustrated lessons to the Federal Course, which has been prepared to train the student in the *quickest possible time*. No previous training is needed. You will receive personal, individual criticism on your work.

Send TODAY for Your Questionnaire!

Just fill out and mail the coupon, stating age and occupation. There is no cost or obligation to you.

Federal School
of Commercial Designing

1693 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Send me your analysis questionnaire without cost or obligation.

Name

Present

Age Occupation

(Write your address plainly in margin)

The School Famous for Successful Students

XIIIM

been trying to play the game of big lady. "Oh, Mack!" she wailed, "please, please don't tell the gang! They'd razz me to death, and I won't get invited to parties—" He sprang forward and stood over her fiercely. She cringed as his merciless voice layed her. "Do you admit you're nothing but a bluffer?" he snapped.

Bab nodded her head slowly, piteously. "And you're the biggest bluffer at Lakeview, or in the world, or anywhere?" "Y-yes," she sobbed, burying her face in her hands.

She felt him drop to the davenport by her side. His voice broke abruptly, and became soft.

"No, Bab," he whispered, "you're not the biggest bluffer—'cause I'm a bigger one."

She raised her tear-stained face. She saw Mack staring down at her with moist eyes. "Why, what do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean that I've been bluffing twice to you once ever since I started high school! You saw that flask?" He tapped his pocket. "Well, there's nothing in it but soda pop, some artificial whisky extract, and a little powdered ginger to make it bitey. It's fake!"

"And the reason I called your bluff tonight was because I wanted to see if you were really true blue, if you had bluffed all the way through without doing a single thing a girl shouldn't. I'm glad you are a bluffer instead of anything else! As for me—well, I guess I'm partly to blame for my rep as a rounder, but when somebody starts a rotten story about a fellow it doesn't do him any good to deny it, at least not with a gang of snake-brains like

our Lakeview High crowd. Bab, would you believe me if I said I'd never picked a girl up off the sidewalks in all my life?"

She looked at him incredulously but hopefully. "But what about those notches in the steering wheel?"

"They were there when I bought the old wreck. Fatty started that story."

"Then, Mack, if we're both bluffers, why, you won't tell the gang on me, will you?"

"I guess I won't, Bab. I'd be afraid you'd tell on me!"

The silence crept in and enveloped the boy and the girl. Mack's voice began again.

"I've been thinking that if I could only find a girl who would go out with me for the fun of having a boy friend to knock around with and not for anything else, I'd be the happiest fellow on earth. Somebody I wouldn't have to act a part with, somebody who'd just be a good pal. Somebody who could go a whole evening without saying one word about liquor or necking. Somebody a fellow could look at a sunset or a pretty picture with and talk about it and not have 'em call you a softy."

"Bab, you're the somebody I've been looking for, if you'll only act natural. Will you be my side-kick for a while, hon? Until I graduate next spring and go away to college? We'll take some ramby old picnic trips 'way out through the country this summer, won't we? And be good every minute, and like it better because we are. But of course the high school gang has got to think that you're a wild woman or they'll call you a flat tire, so at parties we sure can do some wonderful bluffing together, can't we?"

Freedom Is Love

[Continued from page 17]

This is called loving. But it is anæmic unless it is the transmutation of physical passion into less gross expression. The two together make perfect love and are found once in a hundred years. Alas! Even the greatest rogues and the most cynical of society folk, when under the dominion of love, are capable of the noblest of sacrifices.

Love is of God. It is at once the crucial test of endurance and the hall-mark of devotion. For unless, like that beautiful old hymn, it is "kind and suffers long", and is "than death itself more strong", it is only a make-believe and not love.

"What is happiness?"

Happiness is what we feel when our interests and emotions are fully satisfied.

But what interests us one year, or even one week, may not interest us the next and so our ideal of concrete happiness must obviously change, but if what interests us most could be fully satisfied all the time, and during every change, that obviously would mean happiness. But as this could never occur in this vale of tears, it naturally follows that happiness must be transient, being only possible when these conditions are being fulfilled.

TO GO back to vanity. It works in quite different ways with men and women. A husband should know every one of his wife's weaknesses and let her know that he knows them! Then the action of female vanity will force her to eliminate them herself for fear of losing him, if she loves him.

But just the opposite procedure must be followed by a wife, because the action of male vanity is quite different. She should know all her husband's weaknesses but should never let him have a suspicion that she knows them, and after analyzing them

all, she should deliberately shut her eyes to those her common sense tells her that she cannot make him overcome, and then only let his intelligence and subconscious mind comprehend, by inference, that he has the others. The result of this will be that for fear that she should find them out, his vanity will automatically work to eliminate them. Once a woman wounds a man's vanity by letting him see she knows his weaknesses, the game is up as far as her influence with him is concerned.

"What is discord?"

IT IS what a number of husbands and wives feel at the end of a few weeks, months or years! It is the jarring note, the flat or the sharp which grates and rasps the nerves. Discord is the beginning of the end of love, because love means perfect tuning, perfect adjustment. Women bring it into the home more often than men, for women love the dramatic and get some weird satisfaction out of making scenes. Men are happier with realities and feel discord when the woman is forcing them to go through drama. Discord should be combatted between two lovers by each determining to be frank and tender with the other. If you feel resentment towards a person, you cannot at the same time love that person. Love is in abeyance and being a sensitive spirit, while he is in abeyance, he may fly away! For resentment opens the door to anger's entrance—and also prompts love's escape. If you want to keep love, banish all and every emotion of jealousy, doubt, resentment, and fear. Just be yourself, tender and true. For life is short for achievement, long for suffering, dull for the half-hearted, wearisome for the egotists and only divinely good for those who have found their mates.



She Gives Women Amazing New Beauty

By specialists, by thousands of women, by plastic experts, the most astounding beauty results are being accredited to the work of Lucille Young. The magical thing is that she does not confine herself to some specialty—like most beauty experts. On the contrary Miss Young literally transforms women. Women without a vestige of beauty place themselves under Miss Young's guidance and become fascinating within the space of a few days. Women already favored by nature, are made more beautiful. Screen stars, notables of fashion's world, actresses, all are Miss Young's devoted followers. Nor does one have to doubt that seeming miracles of new beauty will actually happen. Miss Young's astounding success causes her to guarantee beauty, leaving the matter of delighted satisfaction solely to the say-so of each beauty seeker.

Her Fame Both National and International

Miss Young's work extends to France, England, India, the Philippines, everywhere. Yet Miss Young is modest in her success. "It is all very simple," she says. "I have been beautifying women for more than fifteen years. The thing that is surprising to me is the world-wide reputation I seem to have gained all of a sudden. But I like to feel that this delightful recognition just had to come. I try to merit it."

She Brings Out Hidden Beauty Every Woman Has

"My beauty methods are different. I see in every woman hidden beauty. For instance, I give a woman long, curling, silken eyelashes and sleek beautiful eyebrows. I do this by making eyelashes and eyebrows actually grow. And what a startling change, what marvelous new expression! The whole face is changed. I clear up a woman's skin, ending blackheads, pimples, oiliness, dryness, etc. At once there is wondrous revelation of hidden beauty. If there are wrinkles, I undertake to banish them. That helps unbelievably. If the hair is scant, dull, lifeless, I employ my secret methods to make it luxurious, to give it life, lustre and beauty. If the body is fat, I remove the fat. If it is thin, scrawny, I fill it out. And I work only with parts of the body needing attention. I take into account every requirement of each individual patron."

Scientific Methods Alone Could Give Results I Get

"Of course it does seem miraculous to see one of my patrons make a complete, beautiful, startling change in appearance. But in reality it is due to the tremendous idea underlying all my work—complete help for every defect, complete development of every hidden charm. It is the ensemble that counts."

"I get results because my beauty methods are every one the outcome of scientific research carried on for years. And I insist upon justifying utter and complete faith. So I always say to those whom I serve that I do not want a penny for my help unless I do everything I promise, unless the beauty seeker is utterly and completely delighted."

My Methods Can Be Used In One's Home, Privately

"I have scores of thousands of delighted patrons everywhere. My beauty methods can all be used by women in their own homes—with just the same success I obtain in my Chicago Salon. Everything is simple and easy. A child can follow my instructions. And all the methods are pleasant, too. Even reducing or developing is pleasant—and absolutely safe."

And Teaches You to Use Your New Beauty, Too

"Not content with making women beautiful, Miss Young gives startling secrets in use of beauty. Her famous book, "How to Fascinate Men," is a daring, sensational exposition of just what to do to make men helpless slaves to your every wish. Unlike other books, it is practical. It gives you step by step the secrets of winning love—of holding it—of recapturing it. This book is sent as a gift to every Lucille Young patron. There is a copy for you. And it may easily change the whole course of your life."

Any Woman Can Try Lucille Young Methods FREE

Miss Young cordially invites you to make use of the coupon below. There isn't even the slightest obligation in doing so. Free Trial of these amazing beauty methods is yours for the asking. Just fill in your name and address on the coupon and mail it. Miss Young's reputation for integrity and sincerity (of years' standing) and her tremendous, delighted clientele, fully justifies you in finding out what her beauty methods will do. No matter what your beauty need, there is a method for it, to fulfill your fondest hopes. Certainly nothing could be more liberal than this opportunity to try without risking a penny, to place upon Miss Young the full responsibility for your success. So accept this sincere invitation. No obligation upon you whatsoever. Just send in the coupon.

Free Trial Offer Coupon

LUCILLE YOUNG, 935 Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill. Send me, without obligation on my part, your wonderful Free Trial Offer and booklet.

Print Name.....
St. Address.....
City.....State.....

White Teeth are not enough BECAUSE...



Too many people, thinking they are safe when teeth are white, suddenly find themselves victims of Pyorrhea. This foe ignores the teeth and attacks the gums. It takes high toll in health from 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.

Don't fear these odds. See your dentist at least once every six months and start using Forhan's for the Gums today.

This dentifrice cleans teeth snowy white and protects them against acids which cause decay.

Also, if used regularly and in time, it helps to firm gums and keep them healthy. Pyorrhea seldom attacks healthy gums.

Make Forhan's the daily morning and night health habit. Get a tube from your druggist, today... 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.

Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

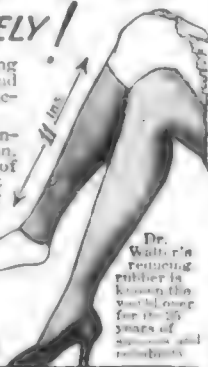
PRETTY ANKLES \$3.75 AND CALVES per pair ALMOST IMMEDIATELY!

DR. WALTER'S Special extra strong Ankle Bands, will support and brace the ankle and calf while reducing them.

They fit like a glove. Can be worn under any kind of hose without detection. You cannot tell the difference in shape of ankle at once. Can be worn at night and reduce while you sleep, or during the day deriving then extra benefit of the support.

Write for Dr. Walter's Special Ankle Bands for \$1.75. Pay by check or money order (no cash) or by postman.

Send Ankle and Calf measure to
DR. JEANNE S. S. WALTER
389 Fifth Avenue New York



Keep Your Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines, use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.

The Girl Who Didn't Care

[Continued from page 21]

I asked her who this Bimbo was anyway.

She said he was, for the moment, Avril's favored one. He was very rich, had been a famous football player, and she thought James Halken wouldn't disapprove of him.

"I don't like him," I said.

"That will make Mr. Halken very unhappy," Vanna said, "and don't let Bimbo know or he may be unpleasant. He's mad because you and Avril gazed at one another so long in that soulful way. You are quite attractive, you know. If only you had money! I'm making Avril mad now," she whispered. "She evidently thinks she has put her seal on you and you belong to her. Do you?"

I glanced toward the head of the table and Miss Halken was certainly staring at us. "I never saw her till today."

"What a silly thing to say! With me, one glance is sufficient. At least it used to be. Now I ask about the money first. Age brings me caution. One word of warning. Don't dance with Avril unless you dance well."

AFTER dinner in the hall came more cocktails. And I, out there in South Africa, had been pitying my America imagining it was dry. Bimbo frowned when I came up to him and Avril. I spoke to the girl.

"Do you know anyone with the rather foolish name of Bimbo? He may be interested in a long-distance phone call."

"Excuse me, Avril," Bimbo said. He gave me a dirty look and hurried away.

"Let's dance," I said. At first she rather resented my commanding tone. She had been used to entreaty. But she danced beautifully, and loved dancing, so I was forgiven.

Later, when we were sitting out, she said, "You seemed tremendously interested in Vanna Burnett."

"Why not? She was talking about you."

"Dad described you as a worthy, hard-working young man, unused to society, who would be out of his element here! You're beginning well."

"He may be a little prejudiced. I failed to keep an appointment with him on two occasions."

"With dad?" she said. "Nobody has ever dared to do that. Why did you?"

"Because I wanted him to ask me here. I wanted to meet you."

"What could you have known about me?"

"I wanted to find out if you really had the power of fascination that one man said you possessed. He said you had only to stare into one's eyes and that man would give up everything."

"How people exaggerate," she said.

"I came here thinking it was all nonsense."

"And isn't it?" she asked softly.

"No. When you looked at me, I don't know what happened. I know very well that for you I could give up everything but one."

"So you have a romance after all? I adore fidelity in men. It's so rare."

"I could give up everything but honor."

I could see she was interested. This was a line she hadn't been used to.

"What an extraordinary thing to say," she commented. "I wish I knew what you meant."

"You will, later. Just now Bimbo interrupts and he looks angry."

"What did you lie to me for? There wasn't anyone on the phone for me."

I smiled at his wrath. "I didn't say there was. I merely said that you might be in-

terested in a long-distance call. Anyone might."

"I've got your number," he said, "and I'm on to your game. You don't belong in here anyhow."

"I should be very sorry to belong anywhere with you," I asserted.

Avril danced away with him, but she looked back at me and smiled. I could see she wanted to ask what I meant by giving up everything for her but honor.

A few minutes later I went up to my host's private suite. I was unhappy, resentful at being patronized, and for the moment absolutely indifferent as to the impression I made. This attitude of mind gave me an assurance that was valuable in dealing with magnates used to getting their own way and certain of their power over an unknown like me.

"Well, gentlemen," I began, "what is your proposition?"

They had expected me to be humble and grateful. They wanted me to lead so that they could counter. In fighting it's the safest way.

They made me an offer that would have seemed incredible a few months before. But I showed no gratification because I felt none. I listened to their expressions of annoyance when I turned it down.

"Before we go on, gentlemen," I said, "you expressed doubts as to the validity of my patents. I anticipated that, so I'll tell you my father is the leading patent attorney in Worcester. You may have heard that there's an Institute of Technology there. He has been working on this patent for a long time and the patent has been allowed. I have also had my process for the extraction of gold from low grade ores secured by patent. It is worth far more than the stamps." I rose to my feet. "Think it over and let me know within a day or two what better offer you have."

THEN I went back to the great rooms below and watched Avril. I made no effort to speak to her. I think that surprised her. At any rate, she came to me and asked if I wanted to meet any particular girl.

"I came to see you," I said.

"Meeting me doesn't seem to have brought you much joy. You look stern and solemn and old enough to be one of dad's dearest friends."

"I feel old," I said. "I'm twenty-nine to be exact—and I'm conscious just now that I should have been happier if I had never left the Rand."

"You surely don't blame me?"

I nodded. "I do."

"That isn't fair," she protested. "How can I be to blame both for bringing you here and making you sorry you came? I've never met anyone as mysterious as you are, Mr. Knight. Is it genuine, or only your line?"

"You'll find out," I said. "Let's dance. I'll teach you the Kafir Moon Dance. It will go to this music, and you can follow anything."

It pleased me to see Bimbo watching us. In fact we soon had the whole crowd watching us. I got the idea from a stranded musical comedy dancer I had met in Grahamstown. He had elaborated on a Kafir motif.

"You dance wonderfully," Avril said.

"Be careful," I warned her, "Bimbo is watching and he is jealous. I suppose you're engaged to him."

"Would you mind?"

"Yes. You deserve a better lot. I should prefer almost any of the other boys

here for you to be engaged to than Bimbo."

Her voice was colder. "I'm really in no need of your advice, Mr. Knight."

"Have you ever taken anyone's advice?" I retorted.

Avril was getting annoyed. She was not used to my tactics.

"I'd better caution you about Bimbo. He has a great reputation as a fighter, and he has the most jealous disposition." She stared as though she wanted to read fear in my eyes. "I don't think he likes you."

"I'll be very careful," I said. "Thank you."

Later in the evening the redoubtable Bimbo pushed his way to my side.

"I'm warning you!" he said. "You're a small-town cut-up and we'll make some allowance for you, Avril and I, but don't try any funny stuff with me, or I'll put you out cold."

"Thank you, Mr. Tunney," I said, "but I'd prefer to discuss books with you."

I MOVED away and talked to Vanna Burnett. Like most of the other girls she had not spared the cocktails. "I can fly with you," she said, "if you want to fly around the room, but I can't dance. Nice boy! If you ever get rich don't forget poor, lonely, little Vanna, will you?"

I promised and she went on. "If you've fallen for Avril, remember she doesn't regard men as I do, affectionately and loyally; to her, you're a specimen to catalogue. When men have proposed she has no further use for them. But, oh, the trouble she'll sometimes take to get them to that point! Dick, dear, I think a little champagne would help."

I liked the girl, somehow, so I brought her black coffee and made her drink it.

She chattered on and I watched the dancers. Avril had the secret of seeming to be the only girl in the room—that magic gift of personality, sometimes a thing apart from beauty, but in her case united with it.

Two days were wasted by Halcken and his group trying to break me down. Then they suddenly capitulated and said their lawyers were coming up from New York.

"I don't understand you, Knight," Halcken said. "You are getting a most astonishing break. You've forced us to your own terms. If I had done that at your age, there would have been no holding me. What's wrong with you? You look as though you were suffering."

"I am," I said, "but you wouldn't understand that."

It was hot the next morning and Avril and I swam out to a little black rock just big enough for two of us to sit on. I could see she was trying to outdistance me. She swam well, but I had been on my college team and kept by her side easily enough. I had seen a lot of her during these two days.

"So the lawyers will be here at lunch," she said, "and you'll be a rich and important man from now on! I knew by your eyes that you were a man of destiny. Dick, sometimes I'm a wee bit afraid of you. You have brooding, suffering eyes." She touched my arm with a half-affectionate gesture. "Was it a woman who made you suffer?"

"Yes," I said. "You."

"Dick, how absurd," she said and I thought her eyes would madden me. "I didn't believe you even liked me."

"You knew," I said. "You knew when you looked at me the first time that I was another one of them."

"I don't quite like that way of putting it," she said.

"Isn't it true?"

"It need not be," she said and the husky contralto voice was pitched so low I could hardly hear it. I wondered how many men had believed in her and poured their souls

out so that she could make fun of what they said to her friends afterward. I could see quite plainly the tremendous power she had to bring men to her feet. The thing had grown into a craze with her. Like some old professor with a butterfly net, she sought out her victims. She was pretending I meant the world to her, whereas I had nothing in common with her, or her set, save a certain ability to dance well. In that moment I wished I had been one of her own thought-free, money-laden, pleasure-mad crowd.

"Sometimes, you frighten me," she said. "You look at me so coldly, Dick, that I think you are comparing me with some girl you love, and are finding me wanting."

"I think you are the loveliest, most fascinating girl I ever saw."

"Why haven't you told me so, then?" she asked. "Did you think I wasn't crazy to know how you really felt?"

"Something stands between us. Perhaps more than one thing. First, I know you are a superb actress who collects men's hearts and puts them in her private museum to amuse her friends."

"What right have you to say that?"

"Don't deny it. Why shouldn't you collect the poor fools if they ask for it? But knowing that prevents me from getting labelled as case one thousand and one."

There was a new note in her voice as she said:

"Dick, in a way, that used to be true, but it isn't now. Please, please believe that."

"Since when did you reform?"

"You make it very hard to say," she answered, "but it's since I met you."

NEVER in my life had I wanted to believe anyone as I yearned to be able to believe her. Her beauty, that fascination for which she was noted, had attracted me irresistibly from the beginning. But there had been added to it an almost virginal sweetness and shyness as though I were the only man about whom she cared. I pulled myself together and made myself recall Roy's lonely grave on the Veldt. Perhaps it was by some such magical trickery as this, that she had broken Alden's heart and sent him away to die. I forced myself to remember that I had a double errand in coming to her home.

"Do you remember Roy Alden?" I demanded. "A tall, blond man who played tennis so well? He stayed here a month several summers ago."

I could see she was hurt, or acted the part so well that it seemed she was hurt, at my abrupt change of mood. Instead of admitting at once that she knew him she pretended to think a few seconds.

"I remember him," she said. "Dad didn't like him much."

"Did you?" I asked.

"Probably," she said. "If he played tennis very well I did. I was tennis-mad in those days and wanted to be crowned at Wimbledon. Is he a friend of yours?"

"He was my best friend. I buried him just before I came home. I am the only person to know—you will be the second—that he committed suicide. You wonder why I tell you, I suppose. He killed himself because of you."

"Impossible," she said. "I mean, he had no reason to do that."

"Once you said you loved him. Then you forgot him utterly."

"Can't you understand that he was one of many people here that summer and I probably loved them all, for the summer. I was much younger then. There was absolutely nothing to it but just that." There was anxiety on her face. "What, after all, is that forgotten summer to you?"

"I came here simply to tell you what you had done."



Local Color!

There's a true bit of Paris at your druggists—a crimson leatherette box full of Po-Go Rouge, at 50c!

Po-Go Rouge is hand-made and packed in France. Its fine creamy-smoothness adds the right touch of local color to pale cheeks.

In 3 shades, for all complexions: Blondes prefer Po-Go's *Brique*; Ronce is the French Raspberry tint created for darker complexions; Vif is the new cheery red that mates with bright lights after dark.

PO-GO ROUGE

Meet Po-Go at your druggist—or, if you prefer an introduction by mail, name your shade, send us 50c, and we'll do the rest!

GUY T. GIBSON, Inc.
565 Fifth Ave., New York City



Made and
Packaged
in France

© 1923



ESSENTIAL for the underarm toilette! The NEWEST, Jantist deodorant. HECK is clear as a sparkling diamond. And with not the slightest trace of scented ingredients. No color to stain the most delicate gown. Your favorite, faintly fragrant perfume may still be as intriguing as ever. Safe as it is simple and effective to use. At drug and department stores everywhere.

HECK

TO CHECK PERSPIRATION

The Heck-Conard Company, Inc.
Kansas City, Missouri

- ☐ I enclose 50c (coin or stamps) for regular size
- ☐ I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for trial size (either of above mailed postpaid)



"Then your business with dad was just an excuse?"

"Yes. I had to get in here socially so I could see you."

Avril laughed. I felt it was horrible of her to choose such a moment as this. God knows, I was suffering and I told her so.

"If I didn't laugh, I should cry," she said. "I swear that I gave Roy no special cause to think I was fond of him. The trouble with him was that he was a dreamer and a poet. He idealized everything and everybody. He idealized me. I wasn't laughing at the thought of him. I was laughing at myself."

"Doesn't it strike you as funny that I, who have never until this moment cared what anyone thought about me, should want you to think well of me? And, then, when I've admitted it, you turn out to be a sort of avenger who has come here under false pretenses to denounce me. Roy was years older than I; he should have understood me better."

"You promised to write," I said.

"I NEVER write to anyone," she said. "My friends know that." She rose to her feet. "If you think Roy was wronged, you may be content to know that you have avenged him. You saw something about me that nobody else has. I threw away my tricks and artificialities and was my real inner self to you, only to find you had been acting a part. I hope you are proud of it."

"Avril," I said, "be fair to me."

"Were you fair to me?" she asked.

She stood motionless for a little while. Pain looked from those lovely eyes and a suspicion of tears. Perhaps there were tears in my eyes, too, for I was profoundly unhappy. Then she dived into the deep water and made for the shore. She must have heard me call to her but she did not turn her head.

That night at dinner Avril did not even look at me. Bimbo was on her right. I took Vanna in to dinner. She was very quick. She wanted to know what was wrong. When I denied that there was anything unusual, she jeered at me.

"Avril and you have quarreled," she said. "What I'm interested in is why. I've always called you sweet, so tell poor Vanna."

"Miss Halken will be more obliging," I said. "Ask her."

"You're the stubbornest beast I've ever met!" Vanna said. "Men with firm jaws and steady eyes always are. But I love you for your loyalty to Avril. What made you expect she would fall for you?"

"I never did expect it. She will make a great match and I'm not that."

"Bimbo is," Vanna said. "Don't you think he's sweet?"

I looked over the table and my eyes met his. If mine showed dislike, his reflected triumph. He put an arm across the back of Avril's chair and his fingers caressed her shoulder. It was a gesture which meant that Avril was his and I must keep off. Vanna missed nothing.

"You have such an adorable, short, straight, collar-ad nose," she said. "I should hate to see it hurt, but it's in danger. Bimbo doesn't like you. He told me so as you and Avril swam out to the rocks. He said it wouldn't happen again."

"It won't," I said, "but not on his ac-

count. I can tell you that for sure."

I was in the billiard room later practising shots alone, when Bimbo and two boys who were his close friends came up to me.

"This is where I convince you that you are not wanted," Bimbo said. He locked the door and removed his coat. "Just a little friendly scrap. Avril wanted to see it, but wherever she goes the crowd follows and it wouldn't look right for the hostess to arrange to have a guest thrashed. Conventions, you understand. Besides, old man

I was not alarmed at what was coming. What hurt me was that Avril hoped to see me beaten. Lord, what a mess I had made of things!

There is no need to describe the fight. Bimbo was much heavier but he was overweight and slow, and his rage made him wild and careless. I suppose I should have shown myself a nobler specimen of humanity if I had not punished him so much. But Bimbo, had he known it, was paying debts that he had not incurred. He was paying for the misery I felt in knowing that I was leaving the girl I loved, believing I did not care. I saw in him the man she would marry.

Well, it would be a face into which she would not care to look for a long time! He was game. Bimbo had courage and strength but he made the fatal mistake of underestimating his opponent. I escaped undamaged except for a bruise on the temple where a right swing caught me.

"Take him away," I said to his friends, when at last I knocked him out. "Hide him somewhere and have a doctor put some stitches in him. I don't know anything about you two, but I assume you are sportsmen enough to say it was a fair fight. I've no doubt he'll say I used a club."

"Not with us to tell the truth," one of them answered. I could see they had lost their awe of Bimbo. "Gee! you certainly have a wonderful left."

AS THEY started for the door there was a quick turning of the handle and then a sharp knocking. It was Avril, and it was to me she looked first as she entered. Then she looked at Bimbo and started with the shock of what she saw. The three went out silently.

"I'm afraid," I said politely, "that your knight rather fell down on the job. You must be terribly disappointed."

"My knight?" she repeated. "Do you think I wanted this to happen?"

"I'm sure you didn't," I said bitterly. "You wanted me beaten up."

"That is the unkindest and most unjust thing that ever was said to me. Of all the men I ever met, you have brought me most unhappiness and humiliation." Her manner became more formal. She was the hostess, now, impersonal and polite. "I am very sorry that this happened to a guest of 'The Boulders.' My father will be furious with Bimbo."

"Don't go," I begged. "What unhappiness have I brought you?"

"There is no more bitter humiliation for a girl," she went on, in a voice that was not very steady, "especially a girl like me, to let a man see she cares and then find out the thing is all a lie, a trick, a deception. I wish I could be angry about it or bring the pride I thought I had to the rescue."

I took her two hands in mine. "Avril," I begged, "in a moment like this let us not deceive ourselves. I do care."

She disengaged her hands. "If you had loved me you would have been able to sift the truth from lies."

All my nervousness was gone. I had seen love in those sweet eyes, something gave me the power to recognize it. I took her hands again and kissed them.

"You can't take them away," I whispered. "I'm never going to let go of you again."

Next Month Begin This Girl's Story



Every girl has her dream lover! Some girls meet him and heaven comes to earth for awhile at least! But do you suppose that if you could see into every girl's heart you'd find that love brought only joy? Or would you find that for every moment of ecstasy there were many moments of doubt and uncertainty—that for every smile there was a tear?

You who have loved know in your heart all that your love means to you—but has your love ever found its voice? Have you ever been able to say,

"YOU, MY BELOVED,

may see into my heart. From you I will hide nothing. My best and my worst—everything I am and hope to be is yours."

One woman's overflowing love found words to express its longing and delight. On the pages of SMART SET for the next few months you may trace the story of your own love through hers. If you have ever loved or dreamed of love your heart will recognize the undimmed truth and beauty of

G. Sheila Donisthorpe's

*"YOU,
MY BELOVED"*

Halken wouldn't stand for such going's on."

"Avril wants you to beat me up?" I asked.

"That's why I'm here," he said. "You don't have to fight. You can crawl and leave 'The Boulders' instantly if you want to. How about it?"

With the back of my right hand I struck him across the mouth. Like so many Americans, I had my boxing training in camp during the war and had done well.

Who Else Wants to Reduce 29 Pounds in 6 Weeks?

Melt Fat Away by New Oxygen Method



Read What Doctors Say

Dr. Emil Sauer, practicing New England physician, and graduate of a prominent German university says:

Viaderma will take off fat on any part of the body. This is brought about by the release of oxygen contained in the cream, which combines with fat, melting it down so that the resultant by-products are thrown off by the body through the natural organs of elimination. Most cases begin to respond to the treatment in four or five days. Stubborn cases show results in fifteen or sixteen days, with very rapid reduction thereafter.

Viaderma is safe and absolutely harmless. Its principal ingredient has a slight tonic effect and cannot possibly produce any harmful results. A prominent Madison Avenue physician, who has long specialized in the use of colloids, says of the chief fat-reducing ingredient of Viaderma:

"It gives up its loosely combined oxygen readily—to the body tissues. From the action of this liberated oxygen to the fatty tissues, obesity can be successfully treated without danger to the subject."

Measurements Before and After Using Viaderma

"You can see that I have got results. Here are my measurements before and after using Viaderma."

Was	ins.	Now	ins.
Left Knee	21 1/2	Left Knee	17
Right Knee	21 1/2	Right Knee	17 1/2
Waist	43 1/2	Waist	41
Hips	54	Hips	50 1/2
Abdomen	44	Abdomen	42 1/2

"It's Wonderful"

"I am glad indeed that I took the Viaderma treatment for reduction. To be fat is both distasteful and ungraceful and I most certainly was over weight. At the end of eighteen applications I had lost over three inches waist measurement and more than four inches around hips. I notice that after using Viaderma that the flesh becomes firmer and of better texture. I am going to recommend Viaderma whenever I get a chance. It's wonderful."

Yours very truly,"

Reduce Where You Want to Reduce—Banish Double Chin—Thick Neck, Fat Arms, Legs, Ankles—Large Busts, Waists and Hips—Quickly, Safely. No Starvation Diets, No Punishing Exercises, No Dangerous Drugs. Results Positively Guaranteed or You Do Not Pay a Penny.

Think of it! Without drugs, without starvation diets, without dangerous exercises, but with a new method, safe, harmless, endorsed by physicians and scientists, enthusiastic users have reduced 29 pounds in six weeks. You, too, can get amazing results—or no cost to you.

Through a remarkable new scientific discovery, it is now possible to reduce exactly where you want to reduce—easily, quickly and safely. Double chins that make you look ten years older vanish in a few days' time. Large busts, thick waists, big hips, fat arms and legs that fashion frowns on respond readily to the new treatment. In the past thousands have done themselves serious bodily harm by too strenuous exercises,

dangerous starvation diets, weakening baths and powerful drugs. Doctors everywhere are warning women against these wrong methods. Today they are entirely unnecessary. For hosts of women, whose appearance was ruined by excess fat on various parts of the body, many of whom had given up all hope of finding a sure and safe reduction method, have quickly regained youthful slenderness and liveness of line through the discovery of Viaderma.

Accidental Discovery of Famous Chemists

This discovery of Viaderma was purely accidental. An eminent New York doctor, specializing in skin diseases, asked a group of colloidal chemists, who, for years had enjoyed the highest professional standing with physicians, and whose products were sold only to physicians, to try to find a remedy for chronic skin troubles. (Colloidal chemistry is one of the latest developments in chemical science.) After a number of experiments these chemists prepared a cream which would liberate oxygen freely when absorbed through the skin. And then came the amazing surprise!

They discovered that whenever the part being treated was fat, this excess weight quickly disappeared. Exhaustive clinical tests were then made to reduce excess fat on every part of the body. Results were obtained with a uniformity that was amazing. So convincing have been these tests that these specialists unhesitatingly say that there is no question about the power of Viaderma to remove fat. And it is so safe and harmless that it has received the endorsement and approval of chemists and physicians of high standing.

What It Is

Viaderma is a colloidal, infiltrating cream containing double oxygen. It is golden brown in color, and when rubbed on any part of the body disappears at once, leaving a clean white foam. You don't have to guess—you see it vanish before your very eyes, proving how it is absorbed and penetrates right into the fat layers, where the oxygen (like the oxygen in the air you breathe) gradually melts away excess fat.

What It Does

As Viaderma filters through the skin and into the fat layers it immediately begins to give off pure oxygen. This oxygen combines with and disposes of fat in exactly the same natural manner as in exercise. When you exercise you take fast, deep breaths, absorbing increased oxygen into your blood. This oxygen is the means whereby the fat is disintegrated. With Viaderma you accomplish the same and even more desirable results, for you limit the action to chin, neck, bust, hips, legs or wherever you wish.

How You May Try Viaderma Without Risking a Single Penny

Just mail the coupon at the right and we will send you, without any obligation on your part, free booklet on "How to Reduce Where You Want to Reduce." We will also send you our guarantee order blank telling how you can order Viaderma on trial with the strongest and most liberal guarantee you can imagine. You must be satisfied or it does not cost one penny. When you consider that you take not the slightest risk in sending for this booklet and full information about Viaderma—not even a financial risk—there is no longer the slightest excuse for excess fat. There is certainly no reason when others stouter than yourself have easily gotten rid of their unsightly fat and surprised and delighted their friends with youthful and attractive appearance regained. Mail the coupon today.

What Women Say Who Have Used Viaderma

You have read what scientists and specialists say about Viaderma. You have seen how they endorse and approve it. These scientific opinions prove that it is sure, safe and harmless. But more convincing than anything else to most people who want to reduce is the actual experience of folks who have bought and used Viaderma. Day by day letters come to us from grateful men and women telling of remarkable results. There is space here to print only a few. Read what these people say. For obvious reasons we do not give their names in print; but these signed letters are on file at our office:—

"Remarkable Reduction"

"I want you to know of how much benefit Viaderma has been to me. I have used it on my legs and the reduction has been remarkable—about three-quarters of an inch in six weeks' time. I shall certainly continue to use it and expect further results."

Yours very truly,"

"Surprised at Results"

"The cream is quite remarkable and although I've only recently given it any kind of a fair test, I am surprised at the results. One inch off my neck and that's going some. I shall certainly recommend Viaderma whenever I can."

"Thanking you again I am
Cordially yours,"

"Has Lost 29 Pounds and Feels So Much Better"

"After about six weeks' treatment with Viaderma, I feel that I must let you know how wonderfully it has helped me. I have reduced from one inch to two and one-half inches over arms and legs, and over two inches in the neck. During this period I lost 29 pounds and feel ever so much better in general health. Viaderma is truly the solution of safe and sane fat reduction."

Very truly yours,"

Colloidal Chemists,

Dept. 75,
27 W. 20th St.
New York City:

COUPON

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your free booklet, "How to Reduce Where You Want to Reduce," and complete information telling me how I can get Viaderma on trial without any financial risk.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....



TANGEE

A remarkable beauty aid!

THE modern vogue for natural color has brought forward a new lipstick with an astonishing property. It changes color, as you put it on, from its original orange to flush-rose—Nature's own shade—and blends with each individual type of beauty.

This wonderful lipstick is matched in a rouge which changes color to blend with your complexion and like the lipstick—stays on all day without fading or rubbing.

The name of this color magic? Tangee Lipstick and Tangee Rouge. Be sure you see the name on the box and gunmetal case.

PRICES—Tangee Lipstick \$1, Tangee Rouge Compact 75c, Tangee Creme Rouge \$1 (and for complete beauty treatment: Tangee Day Cream, Tangee Night Cream, and Tangee Face Powder, \$1 each). 25c higher in Canada.

The Power of... Twenty Cents

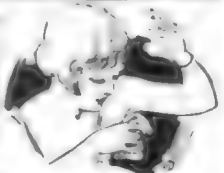
Twenty cents brings you the miniature Tangee Beauty Set—all six items and the "Art of Make-up." Address Dept. S.S.3, The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Name.....Address.....

Please Accept **FREE**
10c Package

You Women are Clever

You know a good thing when you see it. That's why so many of you have written for a trial package of Del-a-tone and are now using it regularly in preference to razors, pulling out hairs, and all other methods.



DEL-A-TONE
Removes Hair

Adds that touch of daintiness so essential to feminine charm. The standard depilatory for 20 years.

Del-a-tone Cream is snow-white, fragrant, and ready for immediate use. Removes hair in only 3 minutes from arms, and legs, back of neck or face. Leaves skin smooth, white, dainty. The quick, effective results are the same, whether you use the newer Del-a-tone Cream or the old reliable Del-a-tone (powder). Send coupon today for FREE 10c package.

The large size economy package is sold by drug and department stores, or sent prepaid anywhere in U.S. for one dollar. Money back if not satisfied.

Miss Mildred Hadley,
c/o THE DELATONE CO.,
Dept. 655, 721 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE, prepaid and in plain wrapper,
10c size I have checked herewith:

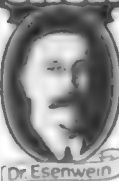
☐ Del-a-tone Cream ☐ Del-a-tone (powder)

Name.....

Address.....

FREE TRIAL
In U.S. only

SHORT STORY WRITING



One pupil won a \$2000 prize. Another pupil earned over \$5000 in spare time. Hundreds are selling constantly to leading publishers.

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. Write today.

The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 47 Springfield, Mass.

How My Ship Came In

[Continued from page 45]

my hope gratified. Tom Barry would be punished for this reckless attack contrary to my advice. He would be mauled and beaten, injured, possibly even killed.

And then suddenly at that thought a sob tore at my throat and my nerves jumped in terror.

I knew then what I might not have known for many weeks. It was not hate I felt for Tom Barry and his masterful heart, but love.

It came over me in a tide. I did not want him hurt; I wanted him protected. His enemies were my enemies and his desires were mine.

I saw him backed against the bulwarks now, jabbing and striking from the shoulder into the ring of angry faces that surrounded him.

MY HEART was in my throat and my pulses were pounding. I turned and ran into my father's cabin where I snatched the loaded shotgun that was fastened into the rack against the wall.

The next moment I had rushed up on deck, and with shaking hands levelled the gun at the group in the waist of the ship, and shouted:

"Stop!"

The men fell away from Barry, their mouths gasped in angry surprise. Barry snatched a belaying-pin from the rail and herded them aft.

"Keep 'em covered till I ditch their booze," he ordered.

Then he went forward and entered the forecabin. He returned in a few moments with his arms full of bottles, which he dropped overboard.

I turned as a step sounded on the companion stairs, and saw Winslow come on deck, blinking drunkenly at the gun in my hands.

"What's the war all about?" he asked with a tipsy leer.

"Never mind what it's about, you!" snapped Barry. "Get down on deck here!"

"Huh?" Winslow's shoulders hunched and his head sunk between them. He reminded me of a turtle as he strode toward the ladder and descended to the deck. Then, with his great fists balled menacingly, he advanced upon Barry.

"Get back here, Mr. Winslow!" I ordered. Barry held up his hand and smiled confidently.

"It had to come," he asserted. "It's just as well now as any other time. Please keep those rats—" he nodded toward the dazed crew—"out of it."

Then he sprang toward Winslow. Before the mate could put up his hands Barry's fist crashed against his jaw. I shivered at the awful sound. Winslow stopped, swayed on his feet, then fell headlong to the deck.

"The war's all over!" Barry announced as he regained his belaying-pin and herded the crew forward. "Get your buckets and man the force pump, we're washing down. Jump, you soldiers!"

They jumped. In less than an hour the deck was cleared of its mass of litter and the chastened hands were holystoning, while Winslow, still groggy from that terrible blow, stood over them dazedly, making a half-hearted attempt to direct their efforts. On the poop Barry watched their labors, a glint of triumph in his gray eyes.

From the day of the fight, the Fleurette seemed a different ship, as if she too had found her master. She was no longer "a floating piepan." The crew performed its tasks grudgingly but there was no open defiance from them.

But I was not altogether at ease about the way things were running. It seemed to me that there existed some subtle understanding between the mate and the men. I had a feeling that they were biding their time. My senses had become perceptive and alert.

And when I was watching Tom Barry, I would sometimes turn to see them regarding him with quick covert glances, like the slow, scheming look in the eyes of a cat as it regards a bird in a cage.

The Fleurette finally came to anchor abreast of Ship Island Light one night about ten o'clock. There would be a tugboat out to bring us in at daylight. Barry set an anchor watch of two men, allowing the others to go below. But the men seemed disinclined to sleep and remained on watch, walking restlessly to and fro in the waist as though expecting something to happen. I thought that it was merely the feeling of nervousness that is said to beset sailors when anchored in sight of their destination and went below to my room.

Midnight found me tossing restlessly in my berth. The motion of the anchored vessel was far from soothing. The banging of sheet blocks and the clink of shackles blending with the protesting groan of the hull was filling the night with pandemonium. Finally I gave up hope of getting any sleep, so I dressed to go on deck.

From overhead a mumble of voices drifted down through the cabin skylight. I stood in the center of the main cabin and listened a moment to the conversation of Barry and Winslow on the poop overhead. Since that short fight the mate had apparently been friendly to Barry but I sensed the deceptive nature of the man and feared for the safety of the man I had learned to love.

"Bad place here if it should come to blow from the Sou'-east," I heard Winslow remark.

"Holding ground's fair, though," Barry assured him.

I mounted the companion stairs; my slippered feet made no noise on the stair treads. I paused just inside the hood and looked about me, blinking to accustom my eyes to the blackness of the night.

A FEW miles to the north Ship Island Light gleamed a welcome. Away off on the quarter flickered a distant beam which marked that desolate region of sandy cays, shoal water and endless leagues of waving sea grass, the Chandeurs.

As I watched, a light flickered through the darkness, then disappeared. Again and again it appeared. Then the sailor idling at the useless wheel uttered a warning.

"What's eating you?" Barry growled.

"N-nothing, sir," the man replied meekly.

With studied nonchalance Winslow drew a cigar from his pocket and placed it between his teeth. He struck a match, and waved it to and fro in the windless air before applying it to the tobacco. Then he flicked the still blazing match into the sea and watched as it streamed in a wide arc toward the oily surface.

I watched this bit of byplay with a smile of amusement. The man's action had amounted almost to a ritual and the solemnity with which it had been performed aroused my sense of the ridiculous.

Suddenly a blinding shaft of light cleft the darkness to starboard, illuminating the schooner from truck to water-line. At the same time the cough of a motor exhaust rose above the moaning wash of the sea as a dingy black shape emerged from the darkness and sidled toward the Fleurette.

"'Hoy there, Bert, ol' boy! How's tricks?" came a stentorian hail from the deck of the stranger.

Behind the glare of the searchlight I caught the outline of the strange craft and recognized in the stubby hull and short mast with its badly fitted sail, a fishing lugger, one of the grubby sisterhood that ply the sound waters of the Gulf coast from Mobile light to the Chandeleurs. By the smell that was wafted to me on the light air, I knew it to be a shrimper.

Barry sprang to the rail and shouted through his cupped hands:

"Keep off there, you mud-holer! Do you want to ram us?"

With a belaying-pin in his hand Winslow moved stealthily behind Barry. His arm swept up, then down, bringing the heavy greenheart pin crashing against Barry's head. The latter's knees buckled under him and he collapsed to the deck.

I was frozen with horror at the unexpectedness of Winslow's act. A startled cry from the helmsman brought Winslow about quickly, and he saw me standing just within the companion. He darted forward and slammed both halves of the companion door shut upon me.

The snap of the padlock that secured the slide mingled with Winslow's hoarse laugh of triumph. A minute later there came a pad of barefeet upon the poop ladder. Then a growling, "Heave-ho," and something heavy splashed into the sea.

"That settles that red-headed swine!" Winslow said. "I reckon we've paid him back, what?"

A cold horror gripped my heart as I realized that they had flung Tom overboard.

The dark sea and its deeds of violence; how many of them echoed in my thoughts! The sea that my father had followed, that had brought me my lover, that had taken him away!

I wandered around the confines of my prison like a mad woman. I think I could gladly have killed Winslow then. And back of all my rage, there was the dullness of my loss. No hope, nothing to live for. Tom was dead. If I had loved him before, since I thought him lost to me, I loved him a thousand times more deeply.

Then I found myself close to the bulkhead, and peered with haggard eyes through the port-hole to the deck.

SUDDENLY I saw a lantern bob over the rail and a man jump on board from the shrimper. Behind him came another, carrying a large gin-block and a coil of rope. Mounting the hatch, the man with the block hooked it into a sling about the foreboom and rove the coil of rope about the sheave. Then came a tap, tap of batten wedges knocked from the hatch.

The clatter of falling hatches was mingling with the cough of the gasoline winch as Winslow, accompanied by another man, came on the poop.

"Who was doin' all the shoutin'?" the voice of the stranger said as I listened through the open skylight.

"Big Charley boy the jane shipped in Port o' Spain," the mate grunted. "I beaned him with a belayin'-pin, an' the boys gave him a passage over the side."

I heard the hoarse laughter that made my blood run cold. I would make them pay for what they had done, murderers and tigers of the sea who had taken my love from me.

Then once again Winslow's husky voice went on:

"We got the hooch aboard an' stowed it among the cargo while she was stayin' ashore at Port of Spain. The ol' man croaked, an' the port authorities wouldn't let her leave without a ticket aft."

"She'll get wise, won't she?"

"We should worry!" the mate said.

"We'll knock the shackle out o' the anchor chain an' set the sail. There's a bit of a norther due, so she'll have an easy passage south all by her lonesome."

As they moved forward out of earshot, the last realization of all came home to me. My ship had been turned into a whiskey runner; its contraband cargo loaded while I had hung fearfully over my father's bed in Port of Spain.

Slowly the full meaning of Winslow's words came to me. When all this contraband was removed, they would treat me and the schooner as they had treated Tom Barry. A shackle would be knocked out of the anchor chain, and the Fleurette, under set sails, would drift before the coming norther at the mercy of the wind and the sea.

So that was to be my fate! It seemed to me I did not care whether I lived or died, yet the horror of such an end was full upon me. I recalled the stories I had heard of mystery vessels, their decks tenanted by dead men, that were occasionally found drifting off the south coast.

THEN all at once my heart gave a great leap, and the blood swam in my head.

I had seen a furtive movement above the rail, well out of the range of the dim lantern that swung from the foreboom. Someone was crawling along outside the vessel with his feet on the rubbing strake that surrounded the hull, his hands clutching the cap rail for support!

Could it be Tom? I hoped, even while I dared not hope!

The next instant the man had reached a position well screened from the dim rays of the lantern, dragged himself over the rail, and crouched on the deck.

I think I almost cried out in my joy as I saw Tom's features.

I heard him creep softly up the ladder to the poop, move stealthily over to the companion and try the padlock on the slide. Finally he gave up the attempt to force the lock, came over to the skylight and peered into the cabin.

"Jeanne—Miss Poirier!" he whispered.

"Here, Tom!" I called. I thrilled at his use of my name.

"I can't come below; they've got the slide locked," he said. "Pass me up that shotgun and about a dozen shells. You might also get that pistol from the desk in my room, hurry!"

I rushed to my father's old room; I got the shotgun and a box of cartridges, after which I brought the pistol from his room and passed the weapons and ammunition to him. He broke the shotgun and inserted fresh cartridges, then tried his pistol to see if it, too, were loaded.

"Those birds are going to get the surprise of their lives," he announced. "You keep low, out of range; there's going to be some shooting."

He stepped away from the skylight. The next moment the booming crack of the shotgun rose abruptly above the grinding of the two hulls. For a moment the line of men paused in startled surprise. Then Barry fired a second time; the line dissolved; cases clattered to the deck and the crew of the shrimper tumbled pell-mell over the rail to the safety of their own grubby craft.

"Rush that damned girl, you guys," roared the voice of Winslow from the deck of the fishing boat! "I told you there'd be hell a-poppin' if she broke out. Get busy!"

I smiled in spite of my fears as I realized that Winslow imagined that it was I who was doing the shooting.

"Try it yourself, why don't you, you double-crossing swine?" Tom shouted defiantly. "Come ahead!"

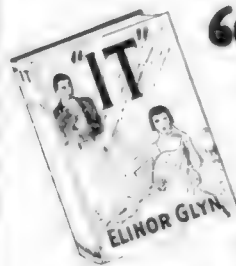
With a snarl of rage, Winslow fired at

Elinor Glyn

The World's Foremost
Love Psychologist
Will Tell You How to

Get Your Man

In the Two Greatest Books
of Her Career



12 Mo., 140 pages,
large type, color in
four colors designed
by the author

"IT"

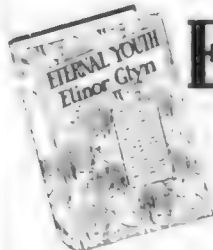
A Powerful
Analysis
of Passion

This most modern of modern novels tells the story of two people who possess IT—that subtle, mysterious force which makes them irresistible. Elinor Glyn, philosopher of love, in taking her characters through their amazing love adventures, reveals to the readers the astounding secrets of "IT". *There must be physical attraction, but beauty is not necessary.*

Have You "IT"?

Only by Reading the Book
Can You Know—but—
Youth's Glow is Also
Essential to Happiness

Elinor Glyn says of



12 Mo., 171 pages,
gaily colored and
profusely illustrated
with original draw-
ings of the author

ETERNAL YOUTH

"Dear women who buy this book! I want you to study every word of it. For if you do—and follow the advice contained therein—you need never grow old. And however much kind friends may tell us that old age is beautiful, and we ought to sit down under it, we know that it is hateful and means the end of many of the simple joys of life, because they appear unsuitable for us." Elinor Glyn



At your Bookseller
or sent direct from
the Publisher

POSTAGE PAID

Mail This Coupon

THE MACAULAY COMPANY, Dept. S. 1.
257-265 4th Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send books as checked

- ☐ "IT" ☐ ETERNAL YOUTH
☐ For which I enclose \$.....
☐ Please send C. O. D.

Name

Street

City

Every woman should know This Face Powder Secret



Two Kinds
of Face Powder
To Choose From

Sample

Them Both

No one face powder blends with all types of skin—so Stillman has made two kinds of powder.

One—"Stillman Oriental"—clings wonderfully to the normal and excessively dry skin. It does not smart, will not irritate or flake. Is distinctively different from other powders. An entirely new formula that soothes the dry skin and keeps it soft and natural.

For the oily type of skin—"Stillman Bouquet"—spreads smoothly, and clings, too. Will not clog the pores, which is most important for this type of skin. Blends perfectly, removes all skin shine, making your complexion flawless and irresistibly natural.

The two secret formulae for these two powders are the result of 34 years of research, and the practical treatment of over one million faces. Both powders come exquisitely perfumed in beautiful boudoir boxes.

"Stillman Oriental" and "Stillman Bouquet" are now ready—ready for you to use. A generous sample of each is packed in a handy form for you—the "Stillman Twin Packet," 6¢ in stamps to cover mailing costs brings this Twin Packet to you with an instructive folder on how to tell whether your skin is normal, oily or dry, and a special introductory offer on your first box of Stillman Powder.

Mail the coupon below with your name and address and check the shade of powder you use. The two-powder Twin Packet, leaflet and introductory coupon will come to you by return mail.

Stillman FACE POWDER

MAKERS OF STILLMAN FRECKLE CREAM

The Stillman Co., 145 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.

Please send Stillman Twin Packet, instructive folder and special introductory offer. Enclosed find six cents in stamps to cover postage cost.

☐ White ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Feminine Hygiene

Do you realize that beauty and daintiness, as well as health depends largely upon feminine hygiene? Do you use Sterizol in your daily toilet to make you feel bright, fresh and clean?

STERIZOL

You
Well?

I'm
Well!

is a most convenient and economical antiseptic for feminine hygiene. It is extremely effective, yet absolutely harmless and non-poisonous. Prescribed by many physicians. Splendid for head colds, sore throat, skin irritations, and for eliminating odors of all kinds. The \$1.00 jar of Sterizol Powder makes 40 pints of antiseptic solution.

At your druggist's. Send for free booklet.
THE STERIZOL COMPANY
105 Water Street Ossining, N.Y.

MUSIC LESSONS IN YOUR HOME



You can read music like this quickly

Write today for our FREE BOOKLET. It tells how to learn to play Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc. Beginners or advanced players. Your only expense about 2¢ per day for music and postage used.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC 43 Manhattan Building, CHICAGO,

Tom, who levelled his weapon athwart the deck of the shrimper and pulled the trigger. The boom of the gun was echoed by Winslow's yell of pain.

Charge after charge whistled across the deck of the shrimper. Yells of anguish blended with the crack of the gun, while her crew fought each other for the scanty cover that her deck afforded. Suddenly, with a great coughing of her motor, she broke away from the Fleurette.

I heard Tom smash the lock that secured the companion slide. I climbed the stair and gained the top as he threw open the doors.

"All right?" he inquired.

"I'm all right, and you?" I replied.

"I've got a knot on my head that's overhanging my collar," he grinned. "Otherwise, I'm feeling fine."

"I thought they had killed you!" I said.

"They might have, at that, if my skull hadn't been so thick," he said. "As it was, the shock of the cold water brought me around and I hung on to the rudder pendant until my head cleared. Then I sneaked aboard."

"I didn't know what it was all about until I heard Winslow tell one of the gang that you were locked in the cabin. Then I figured he was trying to double-cross you."

"Double-cross, what do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, they were running off with your liquor, hijacking you," he retorted.

"It's not mine. I never shipped that cargo," I cried indignantly.

"You didn't, eh?" he asked grimly.

I sagged weakly against the companion, a sudden rush of tears blinded me.

"I didn't know it was on board, Tom," I repeated, "until I heard Winslow talking about it after the rum-runner came up. He said they smuggled it aboard while I was ashore at Port of Spain."

He stroked his chin and regarded me. I could see that he still doubted my innocence.

"Surely, Tom," I pleaded, "you don't believe I'd do such a thing. Why, think of the chance I'd be taking. If a coast-guard boat discovered us now, I'd be ruined. And the Fleurette is all I have in the world!"

He patted my shoulder with clumsy sympathy. "There, don't worry," he soothed. "I'm sorry I suspected you. But, the fact is, I was just a little sore. My ticket is an American one and I'd be liable to suspension if I were ever captured in command of a rum-runner."

He led me to a deck chair, snatched up the shotgun and left the poop. Walking forward, he stopped above the open hatch and snapped:

"On deck. Crawl out of it!"

One by one the crew came on deck and stood in a crestfallen group by the fore-rigging.

"Bring them aft, please, Captain Barry!" I called.

He herded them to the break of the poop, where they stood with downcast eyes.

"Is this the way you men repay me for giving you better than port wages and feeding you better than the scale?" I queried. "Some of you tell Captain Barry how this liquor happened to be on board my ship."

The men maintained a dogged silence. Tom studied their faces in the growing light. Then he passed me the shotgun, he jerked a rabbit-faced fellow from the crowd and jammed him roughly against the rail.

"Spit it out!" he snarled. "Get it off your chest!"

"It was the mate," the man gasped. "He fixed the deal an' wrote to Boudreau—" he jerked his head toward the fleeing shrimper—"to meet him here an' take the stuff off. We was to get a hundred apiece for our share."

"All right!" Tom interrupted. "That'll do!" He looked up at me. "What d'you want done with this stuff?" he asked.

"Throw it overboard!" I ordered.

Tom grinned and waved the men forward. "You heard what the boss said," he shouted.

The crew hung back in stubborn silence. Tom stepped to the life-rail and lifted a belaying-pin.

"Hop to it!" he said.

Six hours later the Fleurette was slipping over the placid waters of the Mississippi Sound in the wake of a harbor tug, bound for her berth in Gulfport Basin. Tom had the wheel. I sat in a deck chair watching him. About the deck the tired crew slumped in dejection.

"It went hard with them to dump all that good booze," Tom said as he noted the black looks that were being cast in our direction. "A thousand cases or so means a lot of money at current bootleg prices."

Then a silence fell between us. The lazy air fanned our faces; we both stared ahead. I felt nervous and somehow miserable. Once I heard him cough as if he were

about to speak and then thought better of it. "It's been a queer cruise," he said at last.

"How do you mean?"

"Well, we've had a mutiny and a fight and been between the devil and the deep sea with the rum on board. And they almost did me, and you, too."

"Oh, well, we'll be in soon enough now," I said in a voice that I scarcely recognized as my own. "Then you can find a better berth and one with less chance of danger."

"And what will you do?"

"Oh, I'll find another licensed man and pick up another cargo."

Suddenly I felt him tense, saw him slip a becket on the wheel, and advance toward me. His face was dark, his eyes blazed and he was frowning.

"What do you mean you'll get another man on board here?" he demanded. "Are you dissatisfied with my work?"

"You don't seem to care whether you stay or not," I faltered.

Then he smiled. It was a warm, tender smile, full of understanding and gentleness. "Jeanne," he murmured, "I'm the skipper and you're only the owner. You've got to take my orders while we're at sea!"

"Your orders?" I echoed.

He stooped over me and caught me in his arms.

"My orders," he murmured, "because I love you, Jeanne."

I did nothing. I felt weak and helpless but a strange new happiness surged in me.

"That night when I thought you were killed, I wanted to die, too," I whispered.

"Did you, Jeanne? Do you think anything could kill me when I had you to look out for?"

"But you don't really love me," I said. My mouth trembled in a smile.

I did not smile any longer, or even speak, for he had kissed me. And so for a time we stood together as the schooner sailed on.

Why Smart Set Is Different

SMART SET is a magazine of
the younger generation, by the
younger generation, for the
younger generation.—R. T.
Lindmark, Backus, Minn.

Tell the Young People

Quality of Mercy

[Continued from page 36]

"But I was glad," she admitted, "that I did not have to go further into that phase of the matter with poor Pauline. She was too ill to understand the strength of my convictions along the lines of truth. I doubt if a girl of that class could understand them anyway."

"But," I asked, "suppose she renews the subject when you see her again?"

"I shall have to be firm," Christine said. "But I doubt if the poor child lives long enough to talk of anything in this world."

WHEN Christine went to the hospital the next morning she learned that Pauline Henderson had died in the night. After the necessary formalities, the body would be sent to potter's field, for the deceased had left no money. Christine Dale could not see the poor girl go to a pauper's grave, so she dipped into her own meager funds and gave her a decent burial.

I suspected this but was not sure of it until later, when I charged Christine with having paid the wretched girl's funeral expenses. She could not deny it but changed the subject immediately.

"I came," she said, "to show you the letter I have written to Pauline's mother. I want to know if you think it is all right."

She handed me the letter addressed to Mrs. James Henderson and I read it slowly. It was brief but kindly. It was simply that Pauline had died of pneumonia, that the writer had been with her often during her illness, that all had been done that could be done, and that arrangements had been made for a suitable funeral. The announcement sounded so cold. Christine explained, that she had been moved to add a postscript.

"You have my deep sympathy," this said. "It was your daughter's request that I write to you if she died. If there are any questions that you wish to ask me about her illness, please let me know."

"It is to be hoped that she will ask you no questions, Christine," I remarked. "I would not envy you the job of replying to them."

Christine smiled sadly. I think she was sure of hearing nothing from Mrs. Henderson and was thankful that the whole painful episode was ended.

In less than a week she returned to my studio. In her hand was another letter; on her face was consternation.

"Oh," she said, "will you read this? What am I to do?"

The letter she handed me was written in an unsteady hand on cheap paper and was from a Massachusetts village. It thanked Miss Dale for her kindness to "our little girl" and admitted it was all right that she should have been buried "so far from her people, as it would have cost too much to send the body home". Then followed a request that made me gasp.

"I have a great favor to ask," Pauline's mother wrote. "Could you possibly come to see us sometime soon and tell us all about our child? I know it is asking a great deal but it seems as if I could stand it better if I talked with somebody who was with her. It would mean so much to me. I am sorry we can't meet you when you get to the station but it's not a long walk to our house. Sometimes there's a village hack there but sometimes there isn't."

"Christine!" I exclaimed. "That is asking too much of a complete stranger! Grief is the most selfish thing in the world."

"Yes, it is," Christine said as she folded the letter and returned it to its envelope.

"Of course the request is unreasonable. People who lose dear ones always have distorted views. I remember," she added after a pause, "how it was with my father when my mother died. And later, when my father died, I realized only that I was an orphan. The little bit of comfort I got was in talking about my dear dead parents with people who had known them."

She stopped suddenly.

"What is the matter?" I demanded.

"What are you thinking of?"

"I am thinking," she said, "that unless I go to this poor mother there will be no one who has seen the girl in two years with whom she can talk of her."

"Don't be absurd!" I said. "Considering the kind of life the girl has led, it is as well that her people do not have to talk to those who knew her."

A long silence followed. I leaned back in my chair and watched the changing expressions that came to the pale face before me. There was doubt, followed by something almost like fear. Then lines of grim determination formed about the sensitive mouth.

"Well?" I broke the silence.

"I must go!" The words were spoken very softly. "It is my duty. If I have undertaken this welfare work I have no right to turn aside just because the path leads me up into New England and to a disagreeable task. This mother begs me to tell her about her daughter. I must go to her."

"But," I argued, "surely you will not tell her the facts?"

"I shall try to evade them if I can without prevarication. If she asks certain questions, I shall answer them truthfully."

"Oh, Christine," I urged, "don't be so quixotic! Surely you can get around the truth in some way! I am such a sinner myself that I might make up a story that would comfort the poor old parents."

Christine shook her head.

"I would be a sin. No, if I put my hand to the plough I must drive a straight furrow. If this mother demands the facts of her daughter's career I must give them to her. It will be hard. I begin to think that duty is always hard. I must not conceal the dreadful results of sin. Perhaps some other girl in the village from which poor Pauline came might take warning from her fate. Anyway, it is my duty as a Christian woman to answer Mrs. Henderson's questions truthfully. But Heaven grant she doesn't ask!"

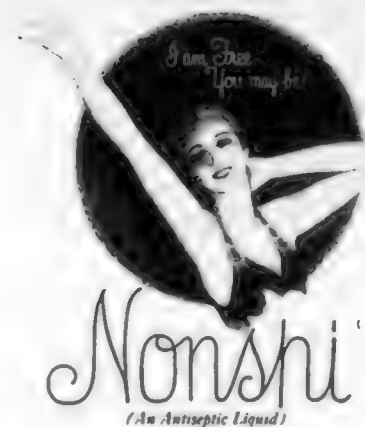
I saw it was useless to argue with Christine. So instead of reasoning further on ethics, I asked her what her plans for the trip to Massachusetts were.

"I shall go to the association office tomorrow, as soon as it opens in the morning," she said, "and ask for a day out of town. I shall then catch the first train possible from the Grand Central. I know something of the route and think I must change cars at Springfield, but those details I can see about in the morning. I must go home and lay in a supply of courage for what may be ahead of me."

"It does take courage to be truthful," I remarked.

She smiled. "It is none the less a duty on that account. Good night, dear!"

"Christine," I begged, "promise me that when you get back tomorrow night you will come up here instead of going to your room. We can have something to eat here together and you can rest and be com-



Keeps Your Underarms Dry and Odorless

NO WOMAN need suffer the mental distress and the physical discomfort caused by underarm perspiration if she will use NONSPI (an antiseptic liquid).

NONSPI, used and endorsed by physicians and nurses, does not actually stop perspiration—it destroys the odor and diverts the perspiration to parts of the body where there is better evaporation.

NONSPI has more than a million users. It is an old, tried, dependable remedy, used the year around—spring, summer, fall and winter by fastidious women everywhere. It keeps their underarms dry and odorless and protects their clothes from ruinous perspiration stains.

Try NONSPI! Purchase a bottle at your toilet goods dealer or druggist for 50c (several month's supply) or if you prefer

Accept our 10 cent Trial Offer (several weeks supply).

The Nonspi Company, For the enclosed 10c (coin or stamps) send me a trial size bottle of NONSPI.
2626 Walnut Street,
Kansas City, Mo.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____



Skin

TROUBLES

Poslam Often Ends Pimples in 24 hours

Pimples, black heads, eczema, rashes and other blemishes cleared up quickly and safely by Poslam. Used successfully for all skin troubles for twenty years. It must be good. Thousands of unsolicited letters from delighted users tell of amazing success. Buy Poslam at your druggist, only 50c, or let us prove to you free that Poslam will clear and beautify your skin.

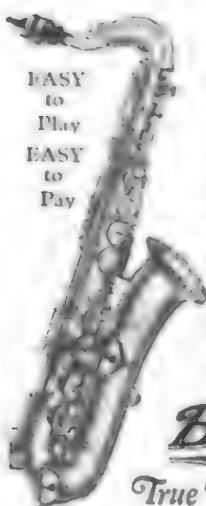
FREE Proof Sample
See amazing improvement within 24 hours. Free. No cost. No obligation. Send today for generous trial size of Poslam. Simply mail your name and address.

Sample Desk M, Poslam Co., 254 W. 54th St., New York, N. Y.

Quicker Results!



Only a Buescher Gives You All These Features



EASY to Play
EASY to Pay

Patented Snap-on Pads—the greatest improvement for beauty of tone—easy to replace—no more cementing. Found only on the Buescher.

Patented Automatic Octave Key—always positive.

Perfect scale accuracy—every tone always full, clear and true.

Hands never moved from one playing position.

Easier to play because of many exclusive improvements.

Convenient key arrangement, simplifies fingering of rapid passages.

BUESCHER

True Tone Saxophone

John H. Niles, Musical Director, Palace Theater, Northfork, W. Va., wrote: "I have used nearly every make of Saxophone and never found one I enjoyed so much. The tone is true in every respect from the low Bb to high F, something I have never found in any other instrument. Also it has a wonderful action."

10 Evenings—One Hour Each

Quicker results are assured with a Buescher—you will be astonished at how easily it "comes" to you.

FREE—Saxophone Book

Illustrates all the various models, and contains pictures of many famous professionals, also first lesson chart. Send your name for copy. [452]

Buescher Band Instrument Co.
2513 Buescher Block Elkhart, Indiana



MEN WANTED FOR RAILROADS

Nearest their homes—everywhere—to train for Engineers, Brakemen; beginners \$150-\$250 monthly. Promoted to Conductors or Engineers \$3,000-\$10,000 yearly—highest wages on railroads. Also clerks.
Railway Educational Association, Dept. 835-5 Brooklyn, N. Y.

BEAUTIFUL EYEBROWS

Enhance Natural Beauty of Eyes with

EXORA ROUGE

\$1 a jar Samples of Mascarrillo, Exora Rouge, cream and powder

CHARLES MEYER, 9 EAST 12th ST., N. Y. C.

MASCARRILLO

10¢

fortable. Moreover I shall be eager to hear about your trip. Promise to tell me everything."

"Yes I promise! It will be good to get back here to you and to talk the thing out although I warn you that it probably will not be a pleasant story. But at all events it will be a true one," she said.

"True stories are often unpleasant," I answered, "but they are none the less interesting on that account."

She hurried away without answering.

I thought of her often during the next day. I tried to imagine her speaking the cruel truth to a heart-sick mother. I was annoyed with myself for caring so much about the outcome of Pauline Henderson's story.

IT WAS ten o'clock that night when Christine called me from the Grand Central Station. I knew from her tone that she was weary. She asked me if I would not prefer that she go right home, if it would not keep me up too late were she to come to me.

I assured her that I wanted to see her, that I would be disappointed if she did not come. "Unless," I added, "you are too tired?"

"Oh, no," she assured me. "Unless you are too tired. I feel as if I must talk to you, to relieve my soul."

"Then come at once!" I said.

When, twenty minutes later, she appeared in my room, I stifled the exclamation of dismay that threatened to escape me. For Christine Dale looked ten years older than when we parted twenty-four hours before. Her eyes were heavy, her lips bloodless, yet she smiled bravely at my greeting.

I chatted of indifferent matters while I made her a cup of coffee. Then when she had taken that and a certain chafing-dish mixture of which she is especially fond, the color came back to her lips, but her cheeks were still pale and her eyes had dark circles under them. I insisted that she lie down on the couch in front of my tiny grate fire. I drew a chair close to her and she looked at me gratefully.

"And now," she asked, "may I tell you everything?"

"Yes," I urged.

"I told you it would not be a pretty story," she said, "but it is more unpleasant than I even fancied it would be."

"I want to hear every word of it. Don't skip anything," I said.

"I won't," she promised. "And please don't interrupt or say anything until I have told it all."

"All right. Go ahead."

She began to tell the story slowly as she said from the beginning. And as she talked I could see every detail of the journey. I wish that in telling it I could reproduce her soft, tired voice. For it made all she said more poignant. I could see the brown fields through which the train rumbled along, the pools of water in the hollows and the deep shadow of the trees.

The season was a month later in Massachusetts than it was in New York. She remembered how, when she had walked in Central Park a week ago, she had felt a thrill at sight of the greening grass, the swelling buds. She had gone into the Park to get a bit of beauty after the sordid scenes she had passed through. For she had walked there on the day that Pauline Henderson was buried.

She recalled all this while on her way to see Pauline's mother!

She changed cars at Springfield and boarded the train on the branch road that ran out to the little village from which Pauline had escaped two years ago.

The trip seemed long, yet, as the train slowed for the final stop, the traveler

wished that the end of the journey were not so near.

Nevertheless, no matter what happened, she must follow what she knew was the path of duty and she must answer Mrs. Henderson's questions truthfully.

She had found at the station the village hack. It was a rickety affair but would take her to her destination more rapidly than she could walk. Time was a consideration. It was now three o'clock. The only train that she could get back to Springfield that afternoon would leave the little station at four.

"I told the hack driver to return for me," she told me. "He had tried to enter into conversation with me as soon as I seated myself beside him. He was very curious as to my mission."

"Come from New York?" he asked me.

"Yes," I said in an uncommunicative tone.

"Humph," he snorted. "The Henderson's girl died down there last week, I hear. Perhaps you knew her?"

"I told him that I did. My brevity did not check his volubility."

"She was a pretty young one when she left here," he remarked. "Run away from her folks?"

But this statement had elicited no response from the colorless and taciturn passenger, in spite of the fact that she noticed the light of curiosity in the man's eye was unquenched.

After he had turned his horse around and driven back towards the station, Christine opened the whitewashed gate and went up the path to the little house behind two huge elm trees. The place was evidently old and while neat, showed the lack of a man's care. The clapboards of the house needed paint but the windows shone.

Before Christine could knock, the front door was opened for her. A pale, thin woman spoke her name.

"You are Miss Dale, aren't you? It's good of you to come. I hoped you'd understand."

CHRISTINE declared to me that she could scarcely believe that this gentle-voiced creature was Pauline Henderson's mother. She had heard that the farmers' wives in New England were of a finer type than they were in other parts of the country and this woman was of that class of the farmers' wives.

"I am glad to come," Christine said. Then she corrected her statement by adding, "if I can be of any service to you."

"You can, I am sure," Mrs. Henderson answered and led the way into the parlor where a fire burned in an air-tight stove. "Take a chair, please. My husband is worse today. In fact he has been worse ever since the news of her death came. Sit down and take off your coat. That was one reason I asked you to come to see us because I thought perhaps he'd feel better if he knew, really knew just how things were with her, with Patience."

"Patience?" Christine repeated the name. "Yes, that was our girl's real name but she never liked it. It was my mother's name and we gave it to our baby in the hope that she'd be like ma. But she wasn't, not even as a little thing. She was brighter and more lively than any of the rest of us ever were, either in his family or in mine. When she went away, she wrote that she had dropped the 'Patience' and called herself—"

She paused and the listener supplied the name that the girl had picked out for herself. "Pauline."

"Yes," the mother nodded. "That's what she wrote me and I wrote back that I was displeased. She ought not to have done that, changed the name that was given her

in baptism. I guess she was hurt at my letter for she did not write again for a good while. But, when she did, she sent money for her father and me. Did she ever talk to you about us, Miss Dale?"

"Oh, yes," Christine said, "she talked about you."

There was an awkward pause. Then the mother crossed the room and closed the door into the hall.

"I don't want him to hear what we say," she explained in a tense voice. "He's unhappy enough as it is and it seems as if this was killing him and me. We've got to know the truth no matter how hard it is. I have a feeling that you'll tell it to me. At first I thought I could never bring myself to talk to anybody about her. I mean to ask all about her. But it got to the point where I had to know. And he, my husband, feels the same."

At this point in her story to me Christine paused as if trying to gather courage to go on.

"I CAN never forget the look in that mother's eyes," she said at last. "She seemed to be searching my very soul. I found myself answering her as if I were in a dream. I was so afraid of adding to her pain, so afraid of lying to her!"

"What did you say, Christine?" I asked. "I told her that I would tell her anything she wanted to know," Christine replied. "I said I would answer any of her questions. I suppose that was a prevarication, wasn't it? For I suspected only too clearly what was on her mind."

"Oh Christine!" I said. "Do stop your self-analysis and go on with the story!"

She flushed and did my bidding. In fact she hurried on through the recital, yet gave every detail so that it made a picture before my mental vision.

"Dear Mrs. Henderson," she had said, "I can understand that you are anxious to learn if your daughter had good care in her last illness. She had every attention possible and the best doctors and nurses in the hospital. You have nothing to worry about on that score."

"Thank you!" the mother said gratefully yet her eyes lost none of their pain. The next question showed that she was still in the throes of an agonizing fear.

"May I speak very frankly, Miss Dale?"

Christine nodded. She said that a band seemed to be tightening about her throat.

Mrs. Henderson's thin hands were clasped nervously in her lap. They looked almost like bird's claws against the cheap black of her dress.

"You see," she said with an effort, "unless I tell you what we're troubled about you can't understand. It's not our child's death that's killing us; it's the fear of what she was when she was alive."

Another moment of absolute silence. Then the tortured voice went on.

"When Patience ran away she wrote me from New York that she had a good job and was happy. Then for a long while we heard no more. Then money began to come and at first we were glad. Later folks began to talk. You know the way they do in a small place where everybody knows everybody else. A man who had been down to New York said he saw our girl on the street with a man and that she was all dressed up and laughing and talking very loudly as if she had been drinking."

"Absurd!"

Christine pleaded that the word escaped her involuntarily. She knew she did not consider the statement absurd. Yet she admitted that she did not retract it.

"That's what I said," the mother went on eagerly. "The story came to me in a roundabout way but I did not believe it at first. But then, other and worse rumors got

about, either made up or told by some folks who had heard them from somebody who had been to New York, though how any of them would know anything about one girl in a great big city like that I don't see. Anyway, I couldn't stand it any longer. I wrote to Patience and asked her to tell me just how she was making her money."

She stopped and swallowed hard. The pale face was suddenly suffused with red.

"It was as if I was insulting my own child," she said after a moment. "And Patience was angry. She wrote back that she noticed that I took the money she sent, even if I had lost all my love for her. Then she said something about a good job she had but that it was her business and nobody else's. She never wrote after that though she sent us money lots of times. And of course people kept on talking and sometimes it seemed as if we just would go crazy if we weren't sure about her. Do you believe in God?"

The query was so sudden and fierce that the listener caught her breath in astonishment.

"Why, yes," she answered promptly, "of course I do."

"Then you can know how it is with us. My husband and I are church members. We come of religious people. We tried to bring our child up in the way we were brought up. We took her to church; we taught her the Bible. And we believe in Heaven and Hell."

THE woman's voice broke on the last word. Then she added in a hoarse whisper:

"Since we believe all that, can't you see what it would mean to us if—"

Christine Dale laid an unsteady hand on the bowed head.

"Mrs. Henderson," she said, "I understand just how you feel and I am here to try to ease your mind, to comfort you."

"I prayed God to send you," the mother murmured, "and to help me bear what you would say for I must have the truth."

I could imagine how pale Christine's face must have been but I am sure her tone did not falter as she said:

"Suppose you ask me your questions and I will answer them."

"Yes." The gray head was raised and the anguished eyes looked once more into the visitor's face.

"Did my girl have a job, a decent job, in New York?"

"Certainly she had," Christine found herself replying. "She told me all about it."

"What was the job? She said in one of her letters that she had had two positions, one better than the other."

"She told me about both situations," she said. "One was at hat-making, the other at flower-making."

"Do those occupations bring in a good salary?"

"To an expert, yes."

"And was she an expert?"

"In her line, yes."

"I can feel that you are telling me the truth," the mother said eagerly. "Please go on. Tell me where you met my girl? What she was doing? I must hear it all, please!"

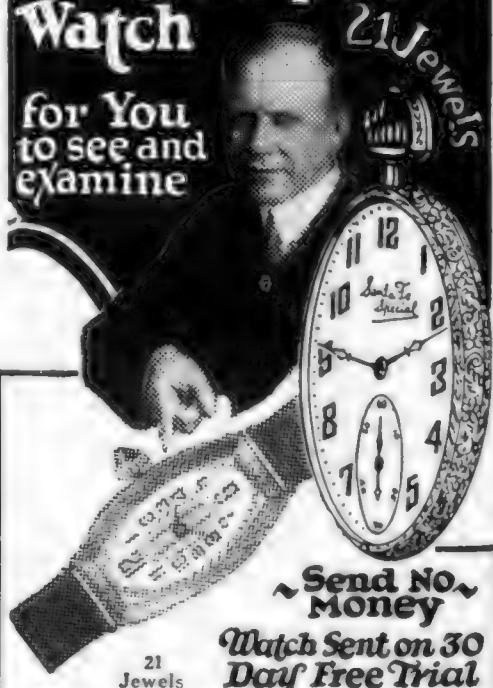
"You see," Christine said. "I am a worker in an association in New York, an association that looks out for the poor, and such people, supplying their needs in a big city."

She knew she was floundering miserably. She must tell the truth. This woman said that she, Christine Dale, had been sent by God.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Henderson filled in the pause. "I have heard of that kind of thing, have read of it in the papers. Welfare work. I think they call it. And was that the way you met Patience? Was she in-

I Want to Send You a Santa Fe Special-Watch

for You to see and examine



Send No Money

Watch Sent on 30 Days Free Trial

In addition to our NEW LOW PRICE, I will send for your approval one of these Standard Watches, guaranteed for a lifetime of satisfactory service, not only by the Santa Fe Watch Company, but by the Great Illinois Watch Factory. So accurate, Government officials carry them; so perfect and beautiful, jewelers say they are worth $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ more than we ask for them. I will send you one to see WITHOUT ONE PENNY DOWN—allow you to wear it 30 days FREE—then sell it to you on easy payments.

Why Not Own a 21-Jewel Santa Fe Special Watch?

You will never miss the few cents a day that will make you own one of these watches. SEND FOR WATCH BOOK—illustrating in beautiful colors hundreds of designs and combinations in cases in the POCKET WATCH, MEN'S STRAP WATCH and LADIES' WRIST WATCH. You can have your name or monogram and any emblem you may desire engraved in the Case to suit your own ideas. Write today for Free Watch Book, and make your selection at once, while this offer lasts.

FREE! A Limited Offer: With every Santa Fe Special, a beautiful gold chain or strand of exquisite pearls. Write today. Mail Coupon for both Watch and Diamond Catalog.

Santa Fe Watch Company

Dept. 4115 Thomas Building, Topeka, Kansas
(House of the Great Santa Fe Railway)

Mail
Coupon
Today

Santa Fe Watch Company,
Dept. 4115 Thomas Building,
Topeka, Kansas.

Please send prepaid and without obligation your Watch Book Free, explaining your "No Money Down" Offer on the Santa Fe Special watch.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

YOU CAN OIL PAINT

Amazing new method teaches men or women to earn after first lesson. OIL PAINT photos at home—portraits, landscapes or art subjects. Earn \$18 to \$100 and more a week. FREE OIL PAINT OUTFIT. Employment service to graduates. Send now for free illustrated book.

PICTORIAL ART STUDIOS, INC.

Dept. C. S. 2926 Broadway Chicago, Ill.

Learn Advertising at HOME

Send your name and address for free booklet giving interesting information and vital facts about Advertising. Find out how we prepare you at home, in your spare time, for the opportunities open in this fascinating business. Practical work. No test books. Old established school. Successful graduates everywhere. Just the plan you have always wanted. Write today. No obligation.

PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL OF ADVERTISING
Dept. 3185, 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.

HOME-STUDY COURSES

THAT LEAD TO BUSINESS CAREERS

DO YOU WANT an important, high-salaried position? You can have one if you can do the work. LaSalle experts will show you how, guide you step by step to success and help solve your personal business problems thru the time-saving LaSalle Problem Method. Our salary-increasing plan enables you to prepare during your spare hours, without interference with your present duties. Simply mark on the coupon the field in which you desire success, and we will mail you a valuable book describing the opportunities in that field, together with an outline of our salary-increasing plan. Also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One." There is no cost or obligation. Find out how the salary-increasing plan starts average men and women on the high road to success and financial independence. Check and mail the coupon NOW.

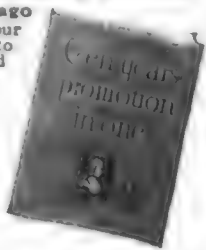
— Find Yourself Through LaSalle —
LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
The World's Largest Business Training Institution
Dept. 550-R Chicago

I should be glad to learn about your salary-increasing plan as applied to my advancement in the business field checked below.

- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Higher Accountancy
- ☐ Traffic Management
- ☐ Modern Salesmanship
- ☐ Railway Station Management

- ☐ Law—Degree of LL.B.
- ☐ Commercial Law
- ☐ Industrial Management
- ☐ Modern Foremanship
- ☐ Personnel Management
- ☐ Banking and Finance
- ☐ Modern Business Correspondence
- ☐ Expert Bookkeeping
- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching

- ☐ Business English
- ☐ Commercial Spanish
- ☐ Effective Speaking
- ☐ Stenotypy—Stenography
- ☐ Telegraphy
- ☐ Credit and Collection Correspondence



Name _____

Present Position _____

Address _____

BUNIONS

GO IN 15 DAYS!

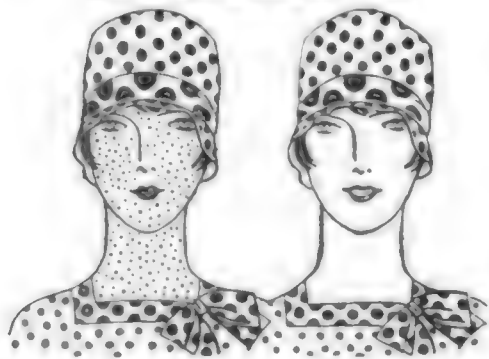
I end bunions forever with my new Pedodyne Solvent treatment. Pain stops almost instantly. Actual reduction of the enlarged growth starts so fast that your next pair of shoes can be a size smaller—often two sizes smaller. Its action is amazing.

PROVE IT FREE

Just send your name and address, no money, and the full treatment guaranteed to bring complete results may be yours to try. Just say, "I want to try Pedodyne." No obligations—Address

KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. M 264
180 North Wacker Drive Chicago, Illinois

Freckle Soap washes away Freckles



NAROLA Freckle Soap penetrates the pores, softens the skin and removes freckles and skin spots surely, completely. It simply washes them away. Narola soap not only rids you of freckles, but it reveals the fairness and beauty of your skin, bringing you the charm and beauty of a clear, soft, unfreckled skin—an attractiveness rightfully yours.

Aside from freckles and other skin spots, Narola is matchless for the complexion of young or old. Special price to readers of Smart Set, three full-size 50-cent cakes for \$1.00. Order today, enclosing \$1.00; or pay postman plus his fee. We guarantee results or refund your money. **NAROLA CO., 501B Archer Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.**

interested in doing that sort of work too?"

"Yes," Christine said. "Your daughter and I met at that work. And we became well acquainted. And we went about a good deal together, to moving pictures and to concerts and places like that. And I used to go to her room and sit with her and talk to her. And she told me of her home and of how she meant to help you and her father as long as she lived. She told me how hard it was for you to be left here alone with an invalid husband but that she could help you more down in New York than she could in a small village. I remember those were her very words."

She paused. The mother was crying softly. She had dropped Christine's hands and had again hidden her face.

"Then," Christine said. "Pauline was taken ill and had to stop work. I visited her and advised her to keep in bed for some days. She got much better. I had a cold that kept me at home for a week. It was during this time that Pauline became again so ill that the—friend—she lived with advised her to go to the hospital. As soon as I learned of this, I visited her there. I was with her every day until the end."

"Did she—" the voice was very low—"did she say anything while she was ill about the religion she was brought up in?"

I was leaning forward, listening so intently to my friend's story that when she stopped again I started nervously. "Go on," I exclaimed just as that poor mother had.

"And what did you tell her?" I demanded.

"Oh," Christine wailed. "I lied to her! God forgive me. I said that the last day of Pauline's life she told me about the religion she had been brought up in, that she had spoken very strongly about it—of how her parents had taught her their faith."

"And then?" I asked. "What did the

mother say? What answer did you give her?"

"And then," Christine went on in a dull monotone, "I heard the hack stop outside the house and I jumped up and said I must be going as my train was leaving in less than fifteen minutes. The mother asked me if I could not go up and see her husband and I said I could not. I did not want to lie to him, too, you see. And then she put her arms around me and burst into sobs and said I had brought to her and her husband peace they had never dared hope for. She said that I had let them have a glimpse of the Heaven where their child was. Those were her exact words!"

The weary voice sank into silence and Christine Dale turned away from me and hid her face in the cushions of the couch.

"Dear," I soothed. "You told that mother a thing that—"

She sat up suddenly, her eyes wide and dark. "Yes, I told her something that was not true! And I told another lie to the driver who took me back to the train when he spoke again of 'the Henderson's girl' and wondered about the manner of her life in the city and how she had died. I told him I knew her well, that she worked hard and sent her money home to her people and that I had come all the way from New York to tell her parents of how she had lived and died. He said he was glad to learn the facts from somebody who knew the girl as there'd been queer stories going the rounds about her. So now he'll pass on my lie! A lie never ends!"

"Christine," I pleaded, "don't you see that you did a big and holy thing?"

"In lying?" she demanded.

"In showing mercy," I corrected.

She shook her head. There was a long silence. At last she looked up.

"I have made a discovery!" she announced. "There are times when wrong may be right and right may be a wrong."

What Every Father Should Know

[Continued from page 54]

leg for a new dress or a bangle or some wholly unnecessary and expensive thingamajig.

"Why not now?" I suggested. "I'm in as good a mood as I'll ever be."

"I'd rather wait," she said quietly.

A little later, when we were alone, I received a shock that momentarily stunned me. "I went to a dance hall with Elizabeth while I was in Brooklyn," Eloise said, "and I thought you ought to know about it."

For a full minute, I said nothing. I couldn't. I was completely bewildered. My next reaction was indignation, then anger, which, before I found my voice had resolved itself into mild surprise. After all, she had come and told me of her own accord.

"I suppose you want to know why I went," she continued. "It was because I wanted to and because I was curious."

"And did you enjoy it?" Somehow I managed to keep my voice level.

"Oh, I liked the music and the floor was wonderful and the lights were so pretty but—"

"But?" I repeated hopefully.

"Well, I didn't like the people there," she said in that decided way of hers that I have come to respect. "They were silly and cheap and the girls acted as if they'd never seen a boy before. The boys were sort of fresh and smart alecky and—well, I just didn't like them."

I could have cried aloud for relief and joy. I could also, and with good reason, have bitterly reproached Eloise for her lack of regard for me. I was then in my present

position and there were those who would have been glad to throw Eloise's indiscretion in my face. I could have named some severe punishment for her act, or forbidden her ever to see Elizabeth or go to Brooklyn again. I could have told her she was a wicked, deceitful girl, that I was ashamed of her. Instead I said:

"I'm glad you found out for yourself, Eloise, and I am more glad that you told me."

As far as Eloise was concerned, that ended it. And I never spoke of the incident again, but it set me to thinking. Was Eloise after all so very different? If she would go to a public dance hall what else might she not do, and for the same reason. "Because I wanted to and because I was curious." I must confess the thought made me uneasy.

LATER that evening, however, my mind was again at peace. Eloise had told me! That meant a great deal. A thousand chances to one I would never have heard of her indiscretion and yet she had told me. Why?

The answer was perfectly simple. Because from the very minute she could lisp in a baby voice that she had made scratches on the wall or cut a hole in her pretty blue blanket, her mother and I had encouraged that spirit of honest and cleansing confession. Sometimes punishment had been meted out, sometimes not. Logical reasoning often sufficed. But if there was punishment on one hand, there was praise on the other for the little girl who wasn't afraid to say, "I did wrong! And there's no way out!"

And our little Eloise's simple confession about the dance hall episode was merely a parallel.

I was glad then that we had been brave enough and fair enough in the past years to be equally honest with Eloise. It hadn't always been easy. More than once I had squirmed and wished for some timely interruption that would postpone the necessity for answering until another time, but the curiosity of childhood is eager, voracious, persistent. To hedge away from the truth is to put yourself in a despicable position, to sow the seeds of distrust and suspicion. To answer honestly establishes an intimacy that makes you your child's confidant for life.

Get close to your girl. That's the best advice I can give you harassed parents who grieve over the rebellious spirit of the young people. No matter how you do it, get close to her. That's what we did. As I look back, I remember a number of occasions when I have professed a sympathy I did not feel for some of Eloise's fads and friends and foibles.

Yes, I thought Betty was cute, although privately I suspected her of being a nit-wit. Phil was certainly a good dresser. I was forced to admit, but I happened to know from my wife who knew his mother that Phil was careless, extravagant, impudent, and altogether a troublesome boy and an ungrateful son.

Earrings? Well, I hadn't thought much about them, but when Eloise came to the breakfast table one morning with a couple of imitation jade pendants dangling from her pretty ears, I said the color was becoming and let it go at that, though inwardly I writhed. Eloise looked as if she might snap her chewing gum and say, "Yeah," at any moment.

Many a father, I imagine, would have made some sarcastic remark or said exactly what he thought of Betty and Phil and the earrings. I didn't, and so far as I know, those are the only things about which I have not given my honest, if brutal, opinion. The result is that my girl and I have been pals. We've discussed everything under the sun from the latest dance step to best sellers and because of this I have learned a lot about my daughter and her friends and the things they do. That is why I believe I understand young people.

The girls and boys of today have called our bluff, yours and mine. They demand that we shall practice what we preach, for a change, if we expect them to take what we say seriously. In their own minds they accuse us of being hypocritical, insincere, unfair, short on memory and utterly lacking in imagination.

They hear us rant and rave about the terrible goings-on of the younger generation and yet they know that in our own way we are also guilty of minor and major transgressions. They see us practice mean deceptions on each other, they see our selfishness and our vanity and the way in which we take advantage of the fact that we are their parents.

We pretend to be the final word; our opinions are the only ones; our beliefs, the only ones; our ideas about entertainment cannot be improved upon. We try to make them think we are perfect; they should ask no more of life than to grow up like mother or daddy. And do we get away with it?

We do not. We shouldn't even think that.

We make of ourselves a laughing stock for those kids. Outwardly they may act respectfully, but inside they're boiling with rage and indignation and helplessness at the injustice of the whole thing. We hide them for foolishness, but we forget that when we were their age we did many of the same silly things. At parties we played "post office" and "blind man's buff" and we were pretty skilful at what was called "fancy sparking." We behaved outrageously on hayrides and the only difference between a parked automobile and a buggy ride is the amount of horse-power. Yes, it's hard to remember that we were once giddy and young and foolish.

And it's equally hard to realize that our kids actually do grow up. Hard to believe that they know anything about life except what we tell them, and yet the average young girl today knows more about life than her mother did when she was married. And I don't believe it hurts them, either, provided we contribute our share to that enlightenment. It's foolish to try to keep them from seeing and knowing things.

The Saturday afternoon movie show is a liberal education in itself. It brings before their eyes every phase of life, too often, the worst phases. The newsstands are groaning with all sorts of literature, most of it trashy, salacious stuff put out under the name of art, and for a matter of ten cents any young person can find free discussions of everything under the sun.

Most of this trash gives them false ideas about life and what is expected of them. At the same time it enlightens them about things in which adolescence is always interested. They could come to us for that enlightenment, but they don't because too often we cling to a stubborn, prudish silence, ridiculously believing that we are thus keeping them innocent.

I have discovered that one of the things that occupies our children's thoughts is sex, and I say this after close observations of the young people with whom I have come in contact. That is as it should be because it is only natural. Sex is all right. There is nothing shameful about it. There wouldn't be half the harm in these sex plays and sex movies and sex books and the art magazines and the tabloid papers with their sensational headlines, if you parents did your job.

My girl is no different from yours. She was curious about these things and investigated for herself, but never, I believe, did she take them seriously because she knew they were false and artificial.

I used to think that life in a small town was simpler, more wholesome, more like life when I was a kid and in a way it is. Boys and girls are out of doors more; their social life is narrowed down to the children in the community and it's easier to keep track of them. I found this out when Eloise first began to go to parties and have moon-eyed boys cluttering up the place with their ukuleles and flivvers. But for the rest, I must admit that I find life pretty much the same in the suburbs as in New York. Human nature is the same everywhere, weak and strong, virtuous and vicious, and scandal is quite as rampant.

I remember what a distinct shock I received when Eloise, then fourteen, related to me several choice bits of gossip about the

It's Easy to Lose Fat



Millions Are Telling About It

A great number of slender women are telling this story to others. They have done so for two decades. Now you see the results in every circle. Note how slenderness prevails. Excess fat is nowhere near as common as it was.

The story is this: "I took Marmola prescription tablets—four a day. No abnormal exercise or diet was required. New beauty came, new health and vitality. I ceased them when my weight came down to normal. Now I take Marmola only when I start to gain again."

Marmola contains a scientific discovery, based on wide research and thousands of experiments. Men thus found a substance which in the body turns food into fuel and energy, rather than into fat.

Marmola supplies that substance, plus other helps. The complete prescription is in every box, also the reasons for results. Thus you may know just why the good comes, and have no fear of harm.

Marmola has for 20 years brought priceless benefits to people over-fat. Those people have told the results to others, and the use has spread. Millions of boxes have been used to contribute to the slender figures of today.

Go try it for a little time and watch how the fat disappears. Then tell others about it, in kindness to your friends. It means a great deal to many. Go order before you forget it.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

PHOTO ENLARGEMENTS

Size 16x20 inches

Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed.

SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, size 16x20 in., guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 85c plus postage, or send \$1.00 with order and we pay postage.

Special Free Offer With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage now of this amazing offer and send your photo today.

UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
1652 Ogden Ave., Dept. 35 Chicago, Ill.

Superfluous HAIR all GONE

Forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root without pain or injuries to the skin, in the privacy of your own home.

Send today 3 red stamps for Free Booklet. We teach Beauty Culture

D. J. MAHLER CO., 925-B Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

Why Smart Set Is Different

SMART SET is modern but not "fresh". It is snappy but not offensive. It is alive, alert, humorous and instructive.—

Carolyn Seely,
Ossipee,
N. H.

Spread The Good Word

Sent to You



for Only \$1

A Sensational Offer!

Only \$1.00 and you get the famous 21-Jewel Studebaker Watch direct from factory. Balance in easy monthly payments!

Lowest prices ever named on similar quality. You save 30% to 50%.

DOWN

21 JEWEL-Extra Thin STUDEBAKER The Insured Watch

Ladies' Bracelet Watches, Men's Strap Watches. Diamonds and Jewelry also sold on easy payments. This company is directed by the Studebaker Family of South Bend, known throughout the world for three-quarters of a century of fair dealing. 100,000 satisfied customers. Send coupon at once for full particulars of our amazing offer. Studebaker 21-Jewel Watches have 8 adjustments—heat, cold, isochronism and 6 positions. An insurance policy is given free—insuring the watch for your lifetime!

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG!

A copy of our beautiful, new, six-color catalog will be sent free to anyone sending the coupon below. Shows 80 magnificent, new Art Deco cases and dials. Latest designs in yellow gold, green gold and white gold effects. Exquisite thin models. Masterpieces of the watchmaker's craft.

Special Offer: Watch Chain FREE

To those who write at once for free Catalog we will include particulars of our special offer of an exquisite Watch Chain free. This offer is for a limited time only. Send coupon at once—before it expires.

Studebaker Watch Co.

Directed by the Studebaker Family—three-quarters of a century of fair dealing

WATCHES—DIAMONDS—JEWELRY

Dept. X901 South Bend, Ind.

Canadian Address: Windsor, Ont.

SPECIAL OFFER COUPON

STUDEBAKER WATCH COMPANY

Dept. X901 South Bend, Indiana

☐ Please send me your free Catalog of Advance Watch Styles and particulars of your \$1 down offer

☐ Please send me Jewelry Catalog free.

Name.....

Street or R. F. D.....

City or Post Office.....

State.....



WANTED GIRLS—WOMEN 16 UP

Design and Create your own Frocks and Gowns at **SMALL COST.**

You can easily learn in your own home, using spare moments. Over 28,000 Have Done It.

Gown Designers and Creators GET \$35 to \$75 a WEEK.

Mail the Coupon Today Sure!

Bush to me free 32-page "Gown Book" with sample lessons as checked below.

☐ Gown Designing ☐ Millinery

social life of our town. Her manner of relating them showed an understanding that caused me grave apprehension. What will become of her, I wondered, with such horrible examples before her very eyes. What will she think of married life and what sort of a wife will she make? And this was only one of a number of times when I was forced to realize that times have changed since I was a kid.

I was brought up under less lurid conditions where the circus, one or two shows a year, the strawberry festival and the church socials were the high lights in our social life. Somehow we youngsters neither saw nor heard anything of the goings-on of the big people, but at this late date I have a strong suspicion that, nevertheless, we had our own village scandals.

I suppose there are some among my old cronies who are shocked at the way the young girls today dress, my Eloise included. I am constrained to remember the days when I courted Eloise's mother.

Layers upon layers of underclothing over stiff, whalebone corsets that crushed and tortured. Four or five ruffled and embroidered petticoats, trailing skirts that caught up unknown quantities of dust and germs. Rats, puffs, everything but live mice in the hair. And the police had to keep the crowds moving on the corner where the Flatiron building now stands because the wind blew and caught those voluminous skirts and innumerable petticoats and raised particular ruction. To glimpse a woman's ankle was a novelty, but to get a sudden and unexpected look at her leg caused a panic!

Fainting fits were in style, too, and any form of athletic exercise aside from bicycle riding where the men really did the peddling, was taboo. Girls were more "lady-like", more "feminine".

OF COURSE times and our methods of education have changed all that, fortunately. Our girls go to school and compete with the boys in athletics, which is as it should be. That girl of mine can play tennis, hockey, basket-ball, ride horseback, swim and dance. She can paint and hammer a nail and clean the carburetor of a car. In short, she can run any husky American boy a close second when it comes to physical courage and strength. She's not dainty and finicky and delicate, and thank Heaven she isn't.

It's the girls and women who have to do the heaviest and riskiest labor on earth, bearing children, and no time is too early to build up their vitality and spunk for such a job. Ladylike is a nice word, and very appropriate in some connections, but a course in ladylike swooning and maidenly giggles is no preparation for bringing up a family. Basket-ball, baseball, tennis, hockey, golf, swimming are here to stay and the modest swimming suit, long stockings, full skirts, bathing shoes that laced above the ankle and fancy hats are gone. Again let's give thanks!

I've been to the bathing beaches and I've seen the girls in their short jersey swimming suits and I must admit that they have failed to shock me. Perhaps it is because I've seen my own girl among them. I've also seen her swim with an easy, graceful and powerful stroke, and I have watched her muscles grow firm and round. Sometimes my heart has almost burst with pride and satisfaction in the fine, wholesome girl who calls me "daddy".

Every year someone starts a movement to compel these girls to wear a different type of bathing suit. But why? Why condemn those girls who really swim and enjoy it to the discomfort of hampering skirts simply for the sake of a few of their sex who can't behave themselves? The gay ones would be just as gay no matter what sort of suit the law required them to wear.

"But if you approve so heartily of the

open, vigorous life for the young people, why make such a fuss over certain plays and books and movies?"

I know some of you will come back at me with that question, and I'm ready for you. Why? Because those "certain books and plays and movies" do not present honestly or faithfully the true facts about life. They are artificial and manufactured for the sole purpose of creating an unhealthy appetite. The man who peddles dope to school children is no more vicious than the greedy wretch who places salacious literature in their hands or offers them some other form of vulgar entertainment.

There is a vast difference between a fine, honest book and a salacious one; a vast difference between a piece of exquisitely chiseled marble statuary in the Metropolitan Museum and a chorus girl, anxious to add five or ten dollars a week to her salary by appearing nude in a musical revue; a vast difference between magnificent and inspiring motion pictures and cheap, sexy ones. It's simply a matter of good taste and physical and moral hygiene, not puritanical prejudice, as some claim. Most of us older people can and do make distinctions, but the young ones, eager for excitement and thrill and novelty are easy victims. Again let me say that I speak as the father and intimate confidant of one of them.

I lay down no laws, no set of rules, for anyone to follow with regard to young people. I am telling you only what I have learned by experience, some of it bitter and most of it sweet. You can't make your girl or boy go straight by continually jawing about things. You can't command obedience and respect by making your word the final law, and no answering back.

At eighteen or even eight, children are free, unshackled humans. Their brains, backbones, Charlestons and opinions belong to them quite as much as yours belong to you. By suppressing certain indisputable vices, we can protect them to a certain extent, but they must go through the same unhappy experiences that you and I have gone through. That is life. We can only prepare them to cope with it. How?

First by being brutally honest with our kids: telling them the truth about sex matters, showing up the tawdry artificial things in life for what they are worth. But before we can do that we must discipline and educate ourselves. We must be honest with ourselves, call our own bluff, confess our own stupidity, acknowledge our own faults—expose our own weaknesses and quit trying to wear an eternal halo. Only then are we fit to deal with the faults of our children.

IT SEEMS to me, though, that a bit too much fuss is being made about the kids. I look around at the boys and girls who grew up with Eloise and I fail to see where any of them have "gone to the devil". Most of them are married and are living normal home lives. I call them absolutely sane and sensible and nice.

A few, of course, have not been above reproach, but when you consider the dangerous freedom they have, it is not surprising.

In my own girl, I've seen all the stages of girlhood: the tantrums, the giggles, and the first, second and advanced stages of puppy love. And I've seen her grow up into a fine, clean young woman with plenty of sense and a capacity for enjoyment that makes me sick with envy.

Now, at last, our worries are over. Not a single terrible fear has come true. Eloise has come through it all without a scratch. She is now Mrs. Powell, adored by her young husband, mistress of her own home, happy, healthy, still in the flapper age, but according to Bill, her husband, a "perfect little wife".

What more could a father ask?



Win a NASH Sedan or **\$1400.00 in cash**

Someone who answers this ad will receive, absolutely free, a fully equipped De Luxe Model Nash Sedan, or full value in cash if preferred (\$1,085.00). In addition to this Nash Sedan we give away, absolutely free, a latest model Chevrolet Coach or its cash value (\$595.00), a Brunswick Panatone Phonograph, a Six Tube, Single Dial Freshman Radio, a Corona Portable Typewriter — many other valuable prizes and hundreds of Dollars in Cash.

Solve This Puzzle

The numbers in the squares to the right tell two words. The alphabet is numbered, A is 1, B is 2, C is 3, etc. Can you make out what the two words are? When you do this, send me your answer right away. It may mean winning the Nash Sedan or \$1,400.00 in cash.

\$315.00 Cash For Promptness

In addition to the two automobiles, the many other valuable prizes and hundreds of Dollars in Cash, we are also offering a Special Prize of \$315.00 in Cash for Promptness. First prize winner will receive \$1,400.00 in cash, or the Nash Sedan and \$315.00 in cash. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded each one tying. Get busy right away. Solve the puzzle and send me your answer together with your name and address written plainly. **EVERYBODY REWARDED.** Address **M. L. BOEING, Dept. 3885** 323 So. Peoria St. Chicago, Ill.

14
1
19
8
19
5
4
1
14

What Made Him PROPOSE?

At last the hour arrived, the hour she had long dreamed of — just a few minutes, a few words and he was hers forever. He chose her, in spite of the fact that there were many others more beautiful and talented. Her secret was simple. Thirty days ago she had read an amazing new book entitled "Fascinating Womanhood," which shows how any woman can attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. She could just as easily have fascinated any other man. You, too, can have this book; you, too, can enjoy the worship and admiration of men, and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice. Cut out this ad; write your name and address on the margin and mail to us with 10 cents and a little booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood," giving an interesting synopsis of the revelations disclosed in "Fascinating Womanhood," will be sent postpaid. No embarrassment — the plain wrapper keeps your secret. Send your time today.

THE PSYCHOLOGY PRESS

4865 Easton Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Dept. 71-E

Skin Blemishes Banished Quickly

It is so easy to rid your skin of pimples, blotches and other blemishes. Simply apply pure, cooling liquid D.D.D. Clear and stainless — dries up almost immediately. Its soothing elements penetrate the skin and quickly drive away the irritation. Stops itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle will prove the merits of this famous antiseptic — or your money back. On sale at all drug stores.

D.D.D. The Healing Skin Lotion

DEAF? Why?

Why be humiliated by poor hearing when this **AMAZING INVENTION** is available. Only device with Patented Circular adjustment (360 degrees), enabling you to TUNE it to your own ear. Eliminates harsh sounds, delivers voice tones perfectly. If you have any trouble hearing, write today for FREE particulars. Send no money, just name and address.

THE MAGNAPHONE CO., 59 E. Madison Street, CHICAGO Dept. 1558

LATEST STYLE WRIST WATCH



Direct from Switzerland **\$3.99**

Full Jeweled Movement PLATINOID or White Gold Finish

This fully guaranteed dainty Ladies' Watch cannot be manufactured in America for less than \$12.00. Beautifully engraved case and dial. Send No Money. Pay on delivery \$3.99 plus postage. "FEDCO" U. S. Swiss Agents, 561 Broadway, New York City, Dept. L 38

The Devil's Gift

[Continued from page 59]

Fitz and Jacqueline laughed together and I grinned feebly. I was thinking of Jac's legs, bare and sunburned to a tan that would turn any man's mind and that touselled head of hers, gleaming like a siren's beacon above the careless yellow and red robe that showed most of the clinging silk garment that was between it and her skin. It wasn't my honor so much that I squirmed for. It was Fitz, good old Fitz, whom I loved as a brother. I knew he'd fall for her before the first week was over. I trembled at the thought of what would happen when he learned the truth. I knew his impulsive temperament.

I think if Captain Richards had not been along, I would have taken Fitz outside after dinner and told him the whole sordid tale.

THE next morning I got Fitz and the captain out before Jac was up and we walked through the falling leaves to the dam at the foot of the gorge. Artists, both of them, they were as enthusiastic as school-boys over the panorama nature spread out for them below the half-finished work, and I had no trouble keeping them there until noon. We lunched at the cook-house and they started off afterwards with their kits and pencils.

I found enough work to keep them from my mind the remainder of the day. It was not until the mists began to rise that I went in search of them. At the end of the Lift road I met Captain Richards, hobbling along on his cane with his drawing materials under his arm.

"I've got enough sketches already to keep me happily at work for a week," he cried. "I've even sketched your beloved dam for you, Mr. Fuller!"

"That's splendid, Captain. I'll frame the sketch and hang it in my room when I get out into the world again."

I glanced into the growing shadows.

"Where have you left Fitz?"

"Isn't he with you?"

I shook my head and explained that I had been working at the office since they left me at noon.

"Then he must have gone on up to your lodge; he left me over an hour ago and I thought he had joined you at the dam."

"No doubt he has gone ahead to Pine-tops," I admitted. "We will find him helping Mrs. Fuller get supper."

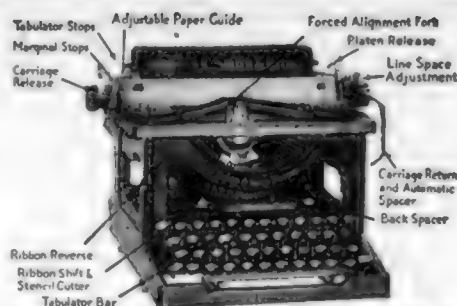
And we did find Fitz and Jac together in the kitchen. Fitz had on one of her dainty little aprons and was turning the biscuits. Jacqueline in her yellow and red kimono was sitting on the wood box, peeling potatoes.

"Hello!" grinned Fitz, as he turned from the stove long enough to glance at the clock in the next room. "Now don't you fellows get in my way here! I'm about to win a bet from Mrs. Fuller that I can have these biscuits ready before that cuckoo clock cuckoos."

I stood aside and Captain Richards followed me into the room. A low, "I'll be darned," told me that he had caught sight of my wife in the Chinese wrapper.

I stood glaring at Jac but she did not raise her eyes to meet mine. Her long, carefully manicured fingers worked steadily at the potatoes. Only the bustle of Fitz over his biscuits broke the silence of the kitchen while the cuckoo clock in the dining room croaked the hour.

"I've won, Mrs. Fuller!" said Fitz. He jerked the pan from the oven and pointed triumphantly at the brown, smoking bread. "I've won your wager; the biscuits are done!"



10 Days Free Trial

An extraordinary offer! Genuine L. C. Smith ball-bearing typewriter at a 50% saving—and for only \$4 a month. Here's your chance to own the finest machine made at rental prices. Only a limited number of these superb type writers available at these low prices and easy terms.

You cannot imagine the perfection of this wonderful ball-bearing typewriter until you have used it. Positively the easiest writing, fastest running, longest wearing typewriter made. Test this magnificent machine in your home or office for 10 days. Then you'll know money cannot buy a better, more beautiful, rebuilt typewriter.

Only
\$4
a Month

Guaranteed 5 Years

For over 20 years the L. C. Smith has been recognized as the best typewriter made. The U. S. Government bought 40,000. It is the choice of big corporations like the Standard Oil Co., etc. IT IS THE WORLD'S ONLY BALL-BEARING TYPEWRITER.

Send No Money

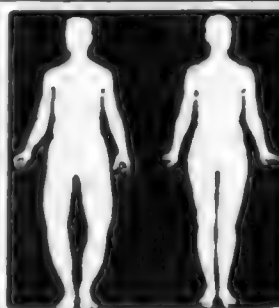
Just mail the coupon—we'll send you the typewriter for a 10 day trial. No one will urge you to buy. Unless the typewriter sells itself to you, return it at our expense. But you'll want to keep it, and you can for only \$3 down and \$4 a month. By using coupon you receive free \$3 worth of extras (Tools, Waterproof Cover, Home Study Touch Typewriting Course, etc.) Send coupon now before the offer is withdrawn.

\$50 SAVED BY USING THIS COUPON

SMITH TYPEWRITER SALES CORP.

495-360 E. Grand Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Ship me genuine L. C. Smith, F.O. B. Chicago. On arrival I'll deposit \$3 with express agent. If I keep machine, I'll send you \$4 a month until the \$45.60 balance of special \$48.60 price is paid; the title to remain in you until then. I am to have 10 days to try the typewriter. If I decide not to keep it, I will return my \$3. You are to give your standard 5-year guarantee. Special price for cash \$46.45.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Occupation _____
Employed by _____



PERSONAL Appearance

is now more than ever the key note of success, both in social and business life. Bow-Legged and Knock-Kneed men and women, both young and old, will be glad to hear that my new appliance will successfully straighten, within a short time, bow-leggedness and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently, without pain, operation or discomfort.

Worn at night. My new "Lim-Straitner", Model 18, U. S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its results will soon save you from further humiliation, and improve your personal appearance 100 per cent. (Model 18 is not like old-fashioned splints or braces, with bothersome straps, hard to adjust, but a scientific, modern device of proven merit, used and recommended for the last 7 years by physicians everywhere.)

Write today for particulars, testimonials and my free copyrighted physiological and anatomical book which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed legs without any obligation. Enclose a dime for postage.

M. TRILETY, Specialist 1582 L. W. U. Building, Binghamton, N. Y.

*The Personal
Story of
Emma Courtney*



"I will never forget the inhibitory days when as a 'fat girl' I was the butt of all my friends' jokes. They referred to me as 'the yew-ht,' 'Fat Frank' and other odious names. They never knew how deep these jokes cut into my feelings. But as I look back, I am certain that my friends were right. I was fat. Almost every dress I put on soon burst at the seams. Carrying so much weight tired my legs and weakened my ankles so I had no energy left at the end of the day. Although young and pretty, I found out that young men did not care for 'fatties.'

[illegible]

Send the coupon today. Address Annette Kellermann, State Jail, 245 West 39th Street, New York City.

Annette Kellermann, Suite 405,
225 West 39th Street, New York City.

Dear Miss Kellerman:

Kindly send me, entirely without cost, your new book
"The Bare Remnant." I am particularly interested in
West Redding.

Journal of Management Education 30(6)p. 789-804

**You Can Have
\$50⁰⁰
Every Saturday**



If you are a whistle blower, I not only will give you an opportunity to make \$20,000 a month, I will be taking after our business in your locality. I will take care of my existing business with the existing hotels, stores, bars, etc., while setting up a new, improved billing station. I will put these places and demonstrate our new improved "Super" bar, liquor and arrange for their installment. I don't ask you to have any money in bank, I only expect you to be a kid of a man I want! I will show you how to handle the business. We deliver and look after collections.

PAY TO START AT ONCE
If you are in earnest and are responsible, your
earnings can start at once. Checks mailed every
Saturday. An established Ohio Corporation is be-
hind you. Write at once, RAY C. HAHN
FYR-FYTER CO.
16-E Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

Jac laughed and dropped her paring knife long enough to select a cigarette.

"You'll have to wait until later, I'm afraid, to collect your stakes, Fitz," she said, and I saw her head bob towards me.

I was tempted to demand whether Fitz was to receive two kisses or one but I strangled the impulse and led Captain Richards into the living room.

NEXT morning I overheard the captain say something in Fitz's ear that sounded like, "Don't be a fool!"

When we were ready to start for the gorge the next morning, Fitz told me he had a headache and thought he would wait until noon to join us there.

Jac was nowhere in sight but I saw through the game at once. Richards, too, I knew, understood, but neither of us remarked about Fitz's sudden ailment as we went down to the works. I felt that for the sake of our past friendship I ought to go back and put everything before Fitz, but it is a delicate subject when a man has to tell an old chum to beware of his own wife.

We returned in the evening to find Fitz and Jac sitting at the piano. Jac was fully clothed for the second time in months. Fitz explained sheepishly that he had felt too faint to walk to the dam in the boiling sun and held up a rough sketch of my wife to show what he had been doing to pass the time.

I understood then why Jacqueline had put on her dress.

After that day, the three of us were together more than I had expected. We even took a two-day fishing trip up the river. We talked of everything: art, books, travel, plays, my work, their work, other people, everything except the woman in my bungalow. I forgot that Jac even existed in my world, and if Fitz thought of her at all, he did not think aloud in my presence.

We were coming up the stairs from the boat landing on our return to the dam, when a mishap occurred to mar our pleasure. Captain Richards lost his footing and toppled back into the boat. He was faint when we lifted him to the dock and upon examination we found his old wound had opened.

We made the old campaigner as comfortable as we could and sent for the company doctor. It was obvious that the poor fellow would be confined to the cabin during the remainder of his stay at Pinetops.

The physician assured us that the captain's injury was not necessarily serious and would soon heal. The tender flesh of an old saber wound had broken loose. The next morning our patient seemed so greatly improved that Fitz and I returned to the gorge and left Richards propped on the divan in the sitting room.

When the noon whistle blew at the works, I borrowed a team and wagon and drove the mile to Pinetops. I had grown fond of the little soldier and I disliked the idea of leaving him helpless and dependent upon Jacqueline's careless hospitality. I knew Jac had been slipping away to join Fitz in the woods when my back was turned, so before leaving the dam, I made arrangements not to return in case I found my guest alone.

The living room was deserted as were the bedrooms and kitchen. From the back porch I caught the sound of my wife's light laughter, and unnoticed by either of them, I came upon Jac and Captain Richards in the little grove at the spring. The captain was lying upon a huge heap of sofa cushions at the foot of a shade tree and Jac was curled like a kitten at his side. Her hand was upon his and each time she raised her eyes to laugh over a joke, her long lashes almost brushed the soldier's

cheek. So Richards was also her prey!

Without speaking to them, I turned back and as I clambered into the wagon I laughed at the picture of Jac cuddled up beside the gallant old soldier, her eyes caressing him with those carefully practiced glances that she had come to think made her irresistible to men. I had little fear that she could bowl over the experienced old campaigner who had seen women and love in a dozen lands.

I felt so sure of Richard's ability to withstand Jac's appeal that I was almost glad the accident had happened; it kept her busy tending the invalid and thus released Fitz. I wanted him to escape from whatever spell she had thrown over him. The more time he could spend with me or the more time he was in the hills sketching, the better it would be for his future peace of mind.

So for the first time since my guests arrived the days passed peacefully and I was quiet in my mind. That's the reason I was taken so completely by surprise when the storm broke around me.

The captain had been on the sick list for more than a week and I was sitting in my office late Saturday afternoon checking the time slips when I heard someone coming. A moment later the door opened and Fitzsimmons came in.

"Oh, hello, Fitz," I said. "You startled me. All the men are gone and I couldn't imagine who was coming to see me."

"Thought I'd come up and have a talk," he said. "Haven't had a chance for a talk for a long while."

"Fine," I told him. "Glad you came. I'm just about through. Make yourself comfortable."

"Billy," he said, "can't you let your work go for a minute? I've got to get this off my chest."

At his words I looked at him in surprise and the retort that was on my tongue stopped there. Something that I saw in his eyes stilled me and I think I knew in that instant what it was Fitz was going to say.

"What's the matter, boy?" I asked kindly. "Anything happened at the cabin?"

"Billy," he answered, "I'm a fine guest to have around. I know you'll want to kill me. It's like this. I love your wife."

THERE it was. And I had known he was going to say just that. I regretted that I had not warned him weeks before. I should have told him about Jac and saved him his present pain but it was too late. As I made no answer to his confession, Fitz shouted at me:

"Did you hear me? I said I love your wife!"

There was nothing for me to do except tell him everything. I steeled myself and pushed him into a chair.

"That's all right, Fitz," I began. "There's no reason why you shouldn't love her if you want to, everybody else does!"

He stared at me.
"What do you mean?"

"Just what I said," I told him. "Jacqueline is a very lovable woman in a way, until you know her. Unfortunately, until you have been with her a while, you do not really know her. She is like a cat with a mouse; she plays with her man awhile before she shows her claws."

While he stared at me and gripped the arm of his chair, I told him the whole story of my devil's gift from the moment I found her dancing in a cheap vaudeville house to the moment I made up my mind to put her out of my life. I showed him the ugly, greedy soul that schemed beneath her lovely skin. I told him about Frank Hill, the draftsman, and Gallegher, the boy who was drinking out his broken life in the hills. I spared nothing. I told him the whole of Jac's long sordid story.

Genuine Jewelry

Sent On Approval



A YEAR TO PAY
All Transactions
Strictly Confidential

10 Days FREE Trial
Send only \$1 with order, and your choice comes to you parcel post prepaid on 10 Days Free Trial. Pay postman only \$1 more on delivery; after free trial pay balance in 12 equal monthly payments. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Royal terms make buying easy.

FREE "Royal Book of Gems"
Thousands of special values in genuine diamonds, watches and jewelry illustrated. Adults only write now for your copy.

No Red Tape—No Interest.
Order today with absolute confidence.
Established 1895

4 DIAMONDS 4 SAPPHIRES

BB1—Special offer in lady's wrist watch; solid 14 Kt. white gold hand engraved case set with 4 genuine diamonds and 4 Sapphires; 15 jewel guaranteed movement. **\$39.75**

BB2—Our new sparkling, dinner ring. 3 large genuine blue white diamonds—2 sapphires; solid 18 Kt. white gold; richly pierced, magnificent. **\$42.50**



ELGIN

WALTHAM

BB3—Newest model Waltham or Elgin nationally famous, gentleman's strap watch. 20 year warranted green gold filled case; radium dial; guaranteed time-keeper. \$1.87 a month. Specially priced **\$24.50**

ROYAL DIAMOND WATCH CO.

ADDRESS DEPT. 17E 170 BROADWAY N.Y.

3 Private Lessons in Beauty Culture

FREE



Write Today for sample lessons of the wonderful MARSAY PRACTICE METHOD—
which turns out expert operators in a few months, at home in spare time! **Earn as you learn!** We supply 7 outfits of professional tools and materials without extra cost.

\$50.00 to \$100.00 a WEEK

Thousands of positions now open. We help you go in business for yourself—we'll back you to open a MARSAY licensed beauty shop. Profits of \$3,000 to \$15,000 a year. Satisfaction or money refunded! We show you how to earn your way. Write today!

MARSAY SCHOOL OF BEAUTY CULTURE
Dept. 3202, 219 West Chicago Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FREE TO YOU

\$20 Musical Instrument




Choose ANY

Yes, we will give you free a \$20.00 quality Violin, Tenor Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Banjo, Banjo-Guitar, Cornet, Guitar, Mandolin or Banjo-Mandolin. Learn to play by note. We teach men, women, boys and girls by mail. Amazing new, simplified method. A few cents a day pays for lessons. Instrument and first lesson sent on FREE TRIAL. Over 600,000 successful pupils. Write today.

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF MUSIC, INC.
1632 No. Halsted St. Dept. 656, Chicago, Ill.

Learn to Dance

This New Easy Way



You can learn all the modern dances—Charleston, Black Bottom, Valencia, Canter, French Tango, St. Louis Hop, Latest Waltzes, Fox Tots, etc., at home easily and quickly. New chart method makes dancing as simple as A-B-C. No music or partner required. Learn anywhere, anytime. Win new popularity. Be in demand at parties. Same course of lessons would cost \$20 if taken privately.

Send No Money

Just send your name and address. We'll ship the complete course—325 pages, 49 illustrations—without one cent in advance. When package arrives, hand postman only \$1.98, plus delivery charges, and this wonderful course is yours. Try for 10 days. Money back if not delighted. Send your name NOW.

FRANKLIN PUB. CO. 800 N. Clark St. Dep. B-303 Chicago

When I had finished, I lighted a cigarette as steadily as I could. Fitz glared at me a moment. Then he rose and bent over my chair.

"Billy," he whispered, "Billy, you're a liar! You're the biggest, dirtiest liar I've ever heard!"

I had not expected that. I sprang up and faced him. I tried hard to keep my hands unclenched.

"It's the whole truth, Fitz," I said. "I'm only trying to save you from a bigger piece of foolishness than you're already in. I knew if I let you rave on, you'd tell me in a moment that you wanted to take Jac off and marry her!"

"I did intend doing that and I will. You understand what I say? I'm going to take Jac away from you and marry her!"

I shrugged and turned back to my seat. I saw that it was hopeless to argue with him until his rage wore off.

"I came here to tell you we are going," he said. "We are leaving Pinetops tonight. You can do what you please about it, understand?"

"Yes, I understand, Fitz. Don't think I care what you and Jacqueline do. But if you ever believed the truth, you're letting yourself in for a lot of trouble I'd rather not see you have."

Fitz reached for my arm and shook me. His eyes were wild and blazing.

"We're going, do you understand? Nothing you could say would make me love Jac less than I do now. You've lied about her but you're coming back to the house and apologize for every dirty word of what you've just told me."

THAT was about as much as any man could stand. I tried not to hurt him much but months of hard work in the forest had made my fist like steel. I sent him sprawling in the corner.

He was on his feet instantly; his long lean figure trembled with rage.

"That is the greatest insult any man ever offered me," he said. "Our friendship ended when you spoke of your wife as you did a moment ago. There is but one way to settle this thing for me!"

He snatched a white silk handkerchief from his breast pocket and hurled it to the floor at my feet.

"You've studied history. In the olden days, men settled their affairs with a duel. You and I are going to settle this that way, do you understand?"

For a moment I went mad. I swept up the bit of silk at my feet and tossed it into his face.

"All right! There's your challenge! I have a couple of guns in that desk. If nothing less than a bullet will quiet you, we'll settle this by the code duello!"

He chose the automatic Colt and left me the target revolver.

"They are both loaded. Will you measure the distance or shall we shoot from the corners of the room?"

"You take the corner by the door," Fitz cried. "I'll take the corner behind the stove. The light is about even."

"The light doesn't matter. Will you count for the shots?" I asked.

"I'll count up to three. At the third count—fire!"

Like a couple of gallants out of the pages of a musty history book, he and I faced each other under the glaring droplights in my office.

The flare of rage that had made me strike Fitz was gone. After all there was more reason to pity him than to hate him. I knew the misery of the life he was facing if he went away with this devil's gift. I remember thinking, as I stood there waiting, that I would be doing him a very great service if I killed him. Better to go quickly with a bullet in his heart than to linger



EARLE E. LIEDERMAN—The Muscle Builder
Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength," "Hero's Health," "Endurance," etc.

HOW STRONG ARE YOU?

Can You Do These Things?

Lift 200 lbs. or more overhead with one arm; bend and break a horseshoe; tear two decks of playing cards; bend spikes; chin yourself with one hand.

CAN you do any of them? I can and many of my pupils can. It is remarkable the things a man really can do if he will make up his mind to be strong. I have taken men who were ridiculed because of their frail make up and developed them into the strongest men of their locality.

I WANT YOU FOR 90 DAYS

These are the days that call for speed. In olden days it took years to develop a strong, healthy body. I can completely transform you in 90 days. Yes, make a complete change in your entire physical make-up. In 30 days I guarantee to increase your biceps one full inch. I also guarantee to increase your chest two inches. But I don't quit there. I don't stop till you're a first-class athlete—a real strong man. I will broaden your shoulders, deepen your chest, strengthen your neck. I will give you the arms and legs of a Hercules. I will put an armor plate of muscle over your entire body. But with it come the strong, powerful lungs which enrich the blood, putting new life into your entire being. You will be bubbling over with strength, pep and vitality.

A DOCTOR WHO TAKES HIS OWN MEDICINE

Many say that any form of exercise is good, but this is not true. I have seen men working in the factories and mills who literally killed themselves with exercise. They injured their hearts or other vital organs, ruptured themselves or killed off what little vitality they possessed. I was a frail weakling myself in search of health and strength. I spent years in study and research, analyzing my own defects to find what I needed. After many tests and experiments, I discovered a secret of progressive exercising. I increased my own arms over six and a half inches, my neck three inches and other parts of my body in proportion. I decided to become a public benefactor and impart this knowledge to others. Physicians and the highest authorities on physical culture have tested my system and pronounced it to be the surest means of acquiring perfect manhood. Do you crave a strong, well-proportioned body and the abundance of health that goes with it? Are you true to yourself? If so, spend a pleasant half-hour in learning how to attain it. The knowledge is yours for the asking.

Send for My New 64-page Book—IT IS FREE "MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It contains forty-eight full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over and marvel. This book will prove a real inspiration to you. For the sake of your future health and happiness do not put it off. Send today—right now before you turn this page.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
305 Broadway, Dept. 5005 New York City

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN, Dept. 5005,
305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir: Please send me, absolutely FREE and without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development."

Name

Street

City State

(Please write or print plainly)

NED WAYBURN



America's Foremost Dance Authority, who staged the best editions of the Follies and over 600 other Musical Shows and whose inspirational direction contributed so much to the success of Marilyn Miller, Ann Pennington, Gilda Gray, Fred and Adele Astaire, Mary Eaton, Ada May, Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, Will Rogers, Oscar Shaw and many others, offers a complete

Home-Study Course in Stage Dancing

—at a surprisingly low cost

IF YOU CAN'T find the Ned Wayburn Studios in New York, you can get the Ned Wayburn course

Mr. Wayburn is a famous stage dancer, and his course is the best of its kind. It is the only one that is taught in the most up-to-date New York Studios.

The course is a complete course in stage dancing, and it is the only one that is taught in the most up-to-date New York Studios.

Mr. Wayburn is a famous stage dancer, and his course is the best of its kind. It is the only one that is taught in the most up-to-date New York Studios.

From beginning to end this carefully developed home-study course includes Ned Wayburn's secrets of all the latest, most popular dances, a complete instruction and number of steps. The course is easy to understand and follow, complete in every detail. It includes dancing lessons with 100 illustrations, the necessary technique and 11 special photographs dance results are included. You'll be surprised to see how quickly Ned Wayburn can shorten the gap between your ambition and a profitable and delightful stage dancing career.

Right in Your Own Home!

Write for Free Booklet WHF which gives complete information

NED WAYBURN

Studios of Stage Dancing Inc.

1841 Broadway New York City

At Columbus Circle (Entrance on 60th Street)

Open 9 A.M. to 10 P.M. (Exc. Sat. Eves. and Sun.) Tel. Columbus 3500

Have You Got These?



Banish Them in 3 Days at MY Expense With RUGA CREME

Are you annoyed and embarrassed by Freckles, Blackheads, Pimples, Wrinkles and Facial Blemishes? Then you will be overjoyed to learn of this old Egyptian beauty secret modernized and improved in my scientific laboratory. It holds the secret of that clear, dainty complexion which wins friends and love. Miss Karsten says, after trying everything, Ruga Creme lifted her wrinkles and made her skin like New in three days. Others report long-standing cases show speedy improvement.

Ruga Creme is so simple to use — so delightful and refreshing on the skin — that thousands of my customers use it regularly to preserve that youthful freshness. Now I want YOU to try it and be convinced that it will help you — hence

MY AMAZING "PROVE IT YOURSELF" FREE OFFER

Ruga Creme sells for \$1.98 per jar. Order one jar now and I will give you — absolutely free — a full size trial jar (20 treatments). Use the entire trial jar — then if you are not delighted with Ruga Creme, return the unopened jar within 10 days and get your deposit back. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just name and address and deposit \$1.98 with postman plus a few cents postage on arrival. Write me today!

SEND CASH WITH FOREIGN ORDERS

Jean Laboratories 602 S. Paulina St. CHICAGO ILL.

through years of suffering and wasted manhood. He was a proud man. Jac would trample on that pride. He was ambitious, she would spoil his opportunities; he was refined, she would make him a brute. Yes, a bullet would be the kindest and best. And yet, I had no quarrel with this man whom I had cherished closer than a brother. No, I could not kill him.

The weapon hung at my side.

Facing me stood Fitz and the automatic was steady in his raised hand.

COULD he kill me, I asked myself in amazement, and all because of a woman, a bad, ignorant woman?

"One." The number rang out and there was no note of relenting in Fitz's voice. I could kill him, yes. I had a better eye, a quicker finger, a more expert knowledge of my weapon. Why should I let him, in a moment of madness, kill me? I had my work; I was young; life was good.

"Two."

"Stop, Fitz, stop!" I cried. "Let me talk to you for a moment. Then, afterwards, if you still want to go on with this, I'll be ready. Just a minute."

"I could kill you now," he said, and there was hatred in his voice. "I could say three and shoot. I won't, but I won't talk to you. Get back in your corner. I'll start the count all over again and don't try to interrupt me again for I'm going through with it this time."

"You're making an awful fool of yourself, Fitz," I said, "but if you want to shoot, go ahead and shoot. I refuse to shoot at

you. If you've made up your mind to kill me, go on." I exclaimed and tossed my revolver on the desk. He stood staring at me, impotent rage flaming in his eyes. I do not believe he would have shot an unarmed man but that will forever remain a mystery, for as he hung there over the abyss of murder, there came the sound of running feet on the gravel slope outside and the next instant a bushy-faced mountaineer stood blinking on the threshold. I recognized him as the old chap who cut wood for Jac and brought over milk and eggs every evening from his wife.

"What is it, Dawson?" I asked.

"I got a letter for you, Mr. Fuller." He held out a white envelope.

I ripped open the seal and scanned the few scribbled lines.

"Well, I'll be —. What do you think of Jacqueline now, Fitz?"

Fitz took the page and read it twice before he raised his eyes to mine.

"She's gone with Richards," he said. "Gone—but she said—she promised—"

"Still she's gone with Richards," I said quietly. "And, Fitz, you know, I'm sorry for Richards."

Fitz laid the Colt down on the desk, sank into my chair and sat still with his fingers pressed hard against his eyes. After a long time he spoke:

"And I was ready to murder my best friend for her."

I laid my hand on his shoulder.

"Forget it," I said. "The devil gave and the devil has taken away. This is one night you and I can celebrate."

The Plight of The Modern Magdalene

[Continued from page 47]

lesson to you?" At first she refused to discuss the matter but after a little sympathetic urging, she cried a little and then hesitatingly gave her explanation, punctuated by hysterical outbursts and convulsive sobs.

Her babe had died and she had gone home determined to be a good girl. For months she had kept to her resolution, even her parents admitted that. Then there began to be neighborhood gossip about her. A woman had learned the facts, touched off the story here and there and it spread like prairie fire. One by one her nice girl associates fell away and when she sought them out they or their parents discouraged her. Some were frank enough to tell her why.

The girl was discouraged but not yet hopeless. She would find girl associates elsewhere. For awhile that went on. She was a pretty girl, as I have said, witty and agreeable, and many boys were attracted to her. But she could not hold them. Somehow they invariably heard of her mishap. The boys who were serious in their attentions withdrew; the others inspired by the belief that she was immoral, pressed her with improper attentions and she got rid of them. She wanted to go straight but this sort of thing becomes wearying upon a young girl. She was only human, she protested, with the desires and hopes, the strengths and weaknesses of all average girls.

"Judge," she sobbed. "I wanted to go around like other young girls and have a little pleasure. All the girls I wanted to go with avoided me and all the boys who were nice stayed away because they didn't want to lose out with the other girls."

"So, Judge, I finally said to myself, it

isn't fair. I want to be good but they won't let me. They're all trying to show me I can't be good. Well, all right! So after that when the men who took me to dances and shows and dinners insisted on making love, you know, why I just—well, I stopped fighting. And now I don't care."

IN SPITE of this girl's admitted offences, I who will say that she was inherently a bad girl? Wouldn't it be more reasonable to say that she was the victim of cruel social traditions? She was weak, you may say. Yes, but not more weak than the majority of the very women who believe implicitly in their own impregnability would have been under like conditions. Who can tell?

There is one particularly strange thing about our lop-sided moral code. It is that the sex which has suffered by it, should so long have accepted it unprotestingly, also that this sex should have imposed this code upon its offending sisters more relentlessly than man ever did. That is the only reason the double moral code has lasted so long.

Women will deny this, especially those who are the greatest offenders against their own sex. They will tell you that only a woman can readily understand the suffering of a girl in such a plight and that hence they sympathize with her beyond the understanding of any man. They will protest that they are always ready to help such a girl. But how? In what way will they help? They will aid her in material ways, true, but are they so ready to aid her in the only way that can do her any real good?

Take the case of a young, unsophisticated girl, an orphan who, against her own desire, had been urged by her relatives

to seek justice from the man who had betrayed her. This man was the son of a family of high social standing in the community and in his home the girl had been employed as a governess.

The girl had been brought up in the community and was generally known, liked and respected. She was known to be truthful and honest and, as I said, unsophisticated and modest.

So it seemed sure that many of the influential women of the community who knew all about the girl would be glad to help her. And these were women who could help: women of wealth and position, cultured women, leaders in various uplift activities, women who boast of their liberality. But we found this was a dream. True, some were ready to give money, all to give advice. Others referred the matter to organizations which handle such cases.

But not one was willing to stand personally behind the girl and afterwards not one was willing to have her in their home as a governess or as a maid, or even recommend her to some friend away from town where she could win back her self-confidence.

"You must remember," said one of these women, "that every one of us has a husband or a brother or growing sons in our home. And this girl's lapse has proved that she is not to be trusted so far as men are concerned."

What she really meant, she and all the other women to whom she attributed this viewpoint, was not lack of confidence in the girl but distrust of their men-folk.

Irreconcilables like these assert that it is the girl's "sin" that cannot be overlooked, then prove by their actions that it is not the transgression but only the woman they condemn. For do they not usually overlook or ignore the similar transgressions of men?

One day in court I was talking with a woman connected with an organization whose purpose it is to aid unfortunate girls.

"It is the girl's first slip that is most important," she observed. "All these poor creatures can blame their downfall on their first misguided romance."

I take issue with that, not with the obvious facts of the statement but with the implication. True, without having made her first slip, no girl could make a second. Yet, barring the exceptional case, I have observed that it is not because of the first step that the girl makes the second. There are other factors. Perhaps persecution disheartened her, made her defiant. More likely the girl who continues in transgression does so in answer to a weak moral streak in her make-up.

THERE are as many girls who are bettered and strengthened by a first slip as are harmed permanently. If you could talk with some of the probation officers who keep such girls under their care following their misfortunes, you would learn that a majority of them have learned a lesson and thereafter avoid temptation in any form.

I have in mind especially the case of a young girl who had been the cause of great worry to her respectable parents. She had run wild, infected by the spirit of the modern revolt of youth. She drank, smoked, talked and acted immodestly and was utterly defiant of control. Finally she found herself in the pitiful plight that is traditionally supposed to ruin a girl forever.

But somehow it didn't work out that way with this girl. That was a couple of years ago. Not long ago I met her father and he told me with much satisfaction that the girl was completely reformed. She had given up all her bad habits and associates.

There was a fine young man who wanted to marry her. The father brought up the question whether this would be safe. Not, however, from any uncertainty about his daughter's real regeneration but would it

DIAMONDS WIN HEARTS

No. 12
Beautiful blue white Diamond set in solid 18-k white gold.
\$50
\$1.25 a week

No. 849
Gorgeous blue white Diamond; solid 18-k white gold ring.
\$100
\$2.50 a wk.

Wedding Rings
No. 824—The "Elite" solid 18-k white gold \$7.50
Set with 3 Diamonds, \$22.50; 5 Diamonds, \$32.50; 7 Diamonds, \$42.50; 9 Diamonds, \$52.50; 12 Diamonds, \$67.50. All platinum, \$25.
With 3 Diamonds, \$50; 5 Diamonds, \$70; 7 Diamonds, \$80; 9 Diamonds, \$100; circled by Diamonds, \$200.

17 Jewel Elgin No. 14, Thin Model
White gold filled, 20 year quality case; 12 size; silver dial; assorted patterns, \$23.50. \$2.35 down and \$2.35 a month.

All makes of Railroad Watches, guaranteed to pass inspection. Credit at Cash Prices.

CREDIT TERMS: Pay one-tenth down; balance weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly at your convenience. All goods delivered on first payment. On request we will send any article (NO MONEY DOWN) for your free examination.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. National Jewelers
Dept. N-896, 108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Stores in Leading Cities—Established 1858

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. 1818

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, CASH OR CREDIT

Values Beyond Your Expectation in Worthwhile Gifts!
A handsome genuine Diamond, or a watch, wrist watch, pearl necklace, onyx or emblem ring, mesh bag, silverware, etc., is sure to please. We have endless assortments of gifts appropriate for everyone. We invite comparisons.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG
Big 132-page book illustrating our Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware and gift articles for all occasions, sent absolutely free. **WRITE TODAY!**

No. 865
Man's ring, fine blue white Diamond; solid 18-k white gold.
\$80
\$1.25 a wk.

No. 881
Blue white Diamond; exquisite solid 18-k white gold ring.
\$150
\$3.75 a week

No. 872
Three blue white Diamonds, solid 18-k white gold ring.
\$125
\$3.25 a wk.

Rectangular Wrist Watch No. 868
Solid 14-k white gold, 15 Jewels, Gold filled bracelet to match, \$35. \$3.50 down **\$3.50 a month.**

PREPARE FOR AN ART CAREER

—thru the only art school operated as a department of a large art organization, who have actually produced over a quarter million drawings for leading advertisers. Where else can you get so wide an experience? Home study instruction. Write for illustrated book telling of our successful students.

MEYER BOTH COMPANY
Michigan Ave. at 20th St. Dept. 93 Chicago, Ill.

A PERFECT LOOKING NOSE CAN EASILY BE YOURS

Trados Model No. 25 corrects now all ill-shaped noses quickly, painlessly, permanently and comfortably at home. It is the only nose-shaping appliance of proper adjustment and a safe and guaranteed patent device that will actually give you a perfect looking nose. Over 90,000 satisfied users. For years recommended by physicians. 16 years of experience in manufacturing Nose Shapers is at your service. **MODEL 25 JUNIOR FOR CHILDREN.** Awarded Prize Medal by big Wembley Exposition, London, England. Write for testimonials and free booklet, which tells you how to obtain a perfect looking nose.

M. TRILETY, Pioneer Noseshaping Specialist
Dept. 2975 Binghamton, N. Y.

MAKE \$60 a week!

AND BE YOUR OWN BOSS—
Sell This Amazing All-Weather Coat FOR ONLY \$3.98

LATEST STYLE

WIND PROOF WATER PROOF

AMAZING VALUE

THIS COAT ONLY \$3.98

NO EXPERIENCE OR CASH NEEDED

You won't need cash, special ability or experience to make big money. I tell you where to go, what to do and say. No heavy sample case to lug around—you wear your sample right on your back! All you do is take orders—I do everything else! Everyone buys—motorists, farmers, housewives, office and factory workers, storekeepers, etc.

\$605 IN 30 DAYS

I never sell through stores—only through representatives. This slicker is only one of sixty-five fast-selling clothing products—topcoats, overcoats, suits, etc. A. M. Stone, who formerly earned \$100 a month, made \$605 in thirty days selling

Comer Coats, R. A. Prentiss earned \$945 in a month with this proposition—and W. S. Cooper says \$500 a month is easy! You can make big money like this, too!

SEND NO MONEY

I supply you with everything needed to make \$25 to \$50 a week in spare time—\$60 to \$100 in full time absolutely FREE! Also a sample coat for demonstration! If you want to make really big money—if \$60 to \$100 a week appeals to you—send for details of this amazing money-making proposition. No cost or obligation! Write me today—don't delay—do it right NOW!

C. E. COMER, Pres., THE COMER MFG. CO., Dept. O-625 Dayton, O.

"A New Skin in 3 Days"

Get Rid of Your Pimples, Blackheads, Acne, Oily Skin, Wrinkles, Tan, Freckles, Un-sightly Blemishes and Marks of Age This New Way

READ THIS FREE OFFER



"They're GONE — Because They're OFF!" Place a Piece of Paper Over Half the Above Photo and Note the Transformation!

Worry no more over your "terrible" skin and complexion! Forget your failures with lotions, clays, creams, powders, massage, steaming pots and "cover-ups." Throw away your rubber masks, plasters and beauty makeshifts. Because—here's where you get a new, true skin! Your blackheads, pimples, large pores, freckles, tan, sallow complexion, surface wrinkles, blemishes and signs of approaching age, go, definitely—"because they're OFF!"

Most astonishing German discovery in the history of beauty culture. All explained in an amazing free book called "A New Skin in 3 Days." Learn how to do at home yourself, what foreign beauty doctors have charged enormous prices for. Make your own skin and complexion the envy of all who behold it. Send your name and address only—no money.

MAKE YOUR FACE YOUR FORTUNE!

Hundreds of men and women are now doing it at home in the quiet of their own rooms—without the knowledge of their most intimate friends, emerging in a few days with a new, soft, velvety, clear, spotless, youth-like skin on face, neck, arms, hands or any part of the body where a new skin is desired. It's astonishing—almost beyond belief! Send now—the book is absolutely free to readers of this magazine. Address, Marvo Beauty Laboratories, Dept. 1-26, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Throat Gargle

MANY serious diseases get their start in the throat. Don't let germs get set; keep them moving. Gargle frequently when you have a cold or cough. Use a level teaspoonful of MU-COL dissolved in a glass of warm water. Gives cooling, soothing relief. Cleans and freshens the membranes, so aids good health and sanitary cleanliness. Pleasant to the taste; has thousands of users.



MU-COL

Dependable Hygienic Powder
At Druggists, 35c, 60c, \$1.20 or
The MU-COL Company
167 E. Tupper St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Send for Free Sample

GO TO HIGH SCHOOL AT HOME



Make up the education you missed. Study at home in spare time. Your choice of subjects. Expert instruction. Personal service. You make quick progress because you are in a class by yourself. Diploma. Mail coupon today for interesting FREE BOOKLET.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 6253-L, Scranton, Penna.
Without cost or obligation, please send me full particulars about the course I have checked—
☐ College Preparatory Course
☐ High School Commercial Course
☐ High School English Course

Name _____

Address _____

be fair to the man? The daughter, it seemed, loved this man too much to tell him the truth and declared she would give him up rather than do that. She was too honorable to go to him with a lie in her heart.

There, by the way, is the real tragedy that lies potentially in a young girl's first misstep.

A young married couple had come before me in the family court with much the usual airing of grievances. The wife charged the husband with neglect, drinking, gambling, inadequate support. And all this she attributed to his open infatuation for a girl who had been a friend of both before their marriage. She even declared that she could prove there had been sex intimacy between them.

"Don't talk about my morals," he hurled at her. "What about your own?" Then it came out that he had learned of an early indiscretion of hers, her first and only one.

THE wife admitted the truth of the story but she declared he was only using it as an excuse to get rid of her so he could marry this other woman. "He talks about my one mistake," she said. "He says it proves I'm not good. And yet this other woman he knows has been much worse than I ever was and he knows I can prove that."

He made no denial. "Even if that was so," he declared, "it wouldn't change the situation. I know all about this woman; she hasn't tried to deceive me. But you did deceive me. I had to go find it out for myself. A woman who does that to a man she is going to marry isn't to be trusted in anything."

That is how the girl who transgresses just once may be called upon to pay out of all proportion to her error.

A man who would bring up such a grievance against a wife who had been faithful is, of course, beneath contempt. Very seldom, if ever, is he actuated by moral scruples or real indignation because of the injury he alleges was done him. In most cases he is utterly dishonest, merely seizing upon the mishap and enlisting the old tradition to build himself a screen behind which to hide motives that are unscrupulous.

One such husband, I remember, admitted that he had been fully aware of the wife's indiscretion at the time he married her, but he had kept it to himself and nursed it in secret as a weapon with which to demolish her when the need arose. And the need, to his mind, arose when he tired of her and wanted to get rid of her. He actually believed that he was morally justified in his whole procedure. He did not know that by boasting of his antenuptial knowledge he defeated his own plan. Because if he had not known, he could have alleged that he had been tricked into marriage with an immoral person who had concealed her past.

Several years ago I played a part in an interesting case, not as a judge but as an attorney.

A boy and girl had gotten into the plight that so often happens when youth runs wild. The youth came of a family well established socially and financially. The girl was of humble origin but she was a good girl at heart and certainly her demeanor and conduct had been all it should be until she met this man. I went to the parents of the youth to urge them to have him do the right thing.

They refused to consider it. The mother particularly was unyielding though she was not without sympathy for the girl.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but such a thing is impossible. Our boy is weak and we know it only too well. To marry a girl also weak, as this girl has shown herself to be, would be fatal for both. They would pull each other further down."

One thing that mother said was entirely true. Her boy was morally weak. Not because of this case but because he was wild and had too much money to spend, he was soon well launched on a career of dissipation. He became a drunkard, a drug user and in general a shame and disgrace to his parents. They did everything to try to save him without the least success.

Then the mother, heart-broken, passed on; presently the father, by now utterly disgusted, cast the son off.

Meanwhile the girl had demonstrated that her single lapse was anything but proof of a weak character. She bravely faced the stigma of her disgrace, and so conducted herself that she soon won neighborhood respect, a thing she might never have hoped to do except in the social class whose own hardships teach them the meaning of charity.

Then word came to her that her boy lover had fallen to the gutter, not metaphorically but actually. He was living in a dirty Chinatown rookery. He had so surrendered himself to vice he was beyond hope of saving. That was what they said.

This "weak" girl made a trip to the slums to learn for herself if the terrible story was true. She found that it was. She found, too, that she still loved him in spite of everything. So she went to him. She married him, though the one who performed the ceremony told her she was crazy.

She got herself a job in a factory and she worked to support her husband and herself while he was too ill to do anything. By the very power of a love so strong that it had once almost destroyed her, she now saved him from himself, although there was many a slip back and many a heart-breaking disappointment for her in the year or more it took to achieve his complete regeneration.

WORD of the miracle reached the boy's father. He sought out the pair although he had no faith in the story.

The girl is now in that old man's home, its most loved and honored member. He had been a lonely old man brooding over a lost son. And now he is happy. The boy is happy, too, going straight and making good in his father's business. The girl is supremely happy with them both leaning on her, finding joy in that very responsibility.

Society, imbued with age-old tradition, will be slow to surrender, although already a change in that direction is discernible. At least there is already manifest a general disposition to blame a girl less for one slip than for the sin of being found out. It is, however, in new laws and in the modern interpretation of old ones that the moral balance and the responsibilities are being more evenly divided between the sexes.

Since the dawn of recorded time man has made all the laws, including those which formed the moral code. And these laws: judicial, statutory, social, even religious, seem to have been carefully shaped to spare man the need of paying for his moral infractions and shifting the burden to the woman. It is only since woman has come to assert herself and claim her rights that a reform is gradually taking place. Of course it had taken place already in the minds of straight-thinking and seeing people who regard things according to what they are and not as tradition says they are.

IS IT true that a girl has to be jazzy to be popular? Have you found out that if you're good, you're lonesome? Honoré Willsie Morrow has told May Cerf her idea of the reason why you young people run around and around in circles. Read her article in June SMART SET and see if you agree with her

thing
d we
a girl
erself
They

tively
Not
wild
e was
ssipa-
user
o his
y to

passed
tively

that
of of
d the
ucted
rhod
oped
own
arity.
boy
meta-
ing in
d so
eyond
said.
slums
y was
ound.
te of
mar-
rmed

and
her-
y the
t had
saved
many
g dis-
more
ation.

boy's
r al-

home.
He
ver a
e boy
aking
girl is
ng on
bilty.
ition.
ready
nible.
neral
e slip
It is.
modern
moral
being
s.
man
which
laws:
rious.
spare
l in-
the
come
that
Of
the
people
they



REMOVE THESE FAT SPOTS

FASHION DECREES that the figure be slender and graceful. Women who are fat in spots—in the abdomen, hips, throat, underarm or elsewhere—need no longer worry!

Simply use the wonderful Frances Jordan Reducer 10 minutes daily! It does away with massage treatments—with hot baths, dieting, strenuous exercise, and drugs. It removes the fat just where you want it removed—no where else. There is no discomfort—no exertion—no wrinkles nor flabby flesh!

The Frances Jordan stimulates the circulation and the fat spots are absorbed. It relieves constipation and tones up the nerves.

This remarkable Frances Jordan originally sold for \$15.00. Very large sales now permit us to sell direct to you for \$5.00. Act today! Send \$5.00 in cash, money order or check. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Frances Jordan
REDUCER
FRANCES JORDAN, INC.
822 - MONROE BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILL.

PHOTO ENLARGEMENTS

Size 16x20 inches
Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed.

98¢

Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, size 16x20 in., guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 98¢ plus postage—or send \$1.00 with order and we pay postage.

Special Free Offer With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage now of this amazing offer and send your photo today!

UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
1652 Ogden Ave., Dept. 55 Chicago, Ill.

WAVY HAIR in 10 MINUTES

50¢

AMAZING PREPARATION!

"Waves" transforms the straightest hair into lustrous, natural soft, wavy. The "Waves" is not attended by dandruff or hair, absolutely genuine. Lustrous, combable, no school. Results guaranteed. Large bottle sent postpaid on receipt of 50¢ cash, or money order. Waves Laboratories, 24 East 2nd St., Dept. W-87, New York

30th YEAR Alviene UNITED

SCHOOLS OF THE Theatre

DRAMA—OPERA—PHOTOPLAY STAGE DANCING COLLEGE

ART AND SCIENCE OF SINGING.

Play production. Students afforded N. Y. appearances and experience with stock players at Alviene Art Theatre. For catalogue (state study desired) to Secretary, 66 W. 85th St., N. Y. Extension 25.

DIRECTORS
Alan Dale
Wm. A. Brady
Sir John
Martin-Harvey
J. J. Shute
Marguerite Clark
Rose Coghlan

THE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME DESIR D'AMOUR "LOVE'S DESIRE"

This mysteriously alluring perfume attracts and fascinates. Rich and poor, proud and humble alike fully appreciate its charm and gentle magic. Poignant, sweet and lingering as one's first kiss. Leads the charm you need to be happy in love and social affairs. In crystal vial \$2.75 and postage. Pay when delivered. Lasts for many months. Instructions included. Plain wrapper.

MAGNUS WORKS, Box 12, Varick Sta., New York, Desk 5MS-5

Rebel Romance

[Continued from page 65]

What had I really thought about him then? How astonished I would have been, had I known then that he and I would be moving down this black road together in a silence that was like the silence of death!

What was he thinking? After all, what could we two say to each other? The road slipped under our feet. We went on and on through the darkness.

Finally a faint grayness pricked the gloom. I glanced at Captain Ryder. His face was drawn and haggard. Again I realized the physical ordeal he was passing through.

We moved on down the valley and came at last to a cluster of huts that formed a village. They had a deserted air, but I made my way towards one of them.

I knocked at the door. There was the sound of someone stirring. Then the tall door, swinging like a shutter, was opened.

"Will you please—" I said to the bare-foot man who appeared. Then I stopped short for I was looking into the face of José Mantega. My memory went back; I saw most vividly another scene, six months before, when I had caught José Mantega watching a friendless mongrel strung between two poles while he built a slow fire beneath it.

I HAD cut the poor beast down, while he had sullenly explained that the dog had snapped at him and he was merely teaching it a lesson. He had turned on me, and the snarl on his face was uglier than any mongrel's.

"You are about to discharge me. Señorita. Your father discharged me once before, when I worked here as a boy. I shall wait patiently. The time will come when I shall pay you back for both insults!"

I had laughed contemptuously and in the morning he had gone. I had forgotten him.

As I stood at his door seeking help, his eye flickered with recognition but he seemed to have forgotten his resentment. I told him I was on my way to the coast and needed shelter for the night.

"And I want a horse," Captain Ryder said, "and supplies for our journey. I'll pay you what you ask."

José spread his hands in a deprecating gesture:

"But we Mantegas are alone in the village. The others have joined the war or fled. I need my horse. It would cost you dear, more than you could afford."

"How much?" Captain Ryder asked.

José named an outrageous sum.

The captain thrust his hand into his shirt and dragged out a little doeskin pouch, from which he poured into his hand, a stream of golden coins. From these he gave José the amount he had named. Then he returned the doeskin pouch, that seemed as full as ever, to his shirt bosom. I saw José's eyes staring, with a fixed, hypnotic stare. Perhaps I should have guessed what he was planning then and there but I was far too tired to think of anything.

"José, I want a bed. I shall sleep all day," I said.

He smiled blandly. "Wait for one moment," he said. I heard his receding footsteps and a low murmur of voices. Presently he returned.

"I am very slow," he explained, "but there was the matter of rousing my brothers and that could not be done more quickly."

It seemed a reasonable enough explanation for the delay and I followed him inside, glad to think he bore no grudge for his discharge from the plantation.

The room into which José Mantega had shown me was little larger than a closet.

Buy Direct—this modern way

\$1
Brings Your Choice
10 MONTHS TO PAY

Fifty years of direct diamond importing have enabled us to offer high quality diamonds at a 6% net profit, and extend most liberal terms. You owe it to yourself to investigate our values and charge system. Do it today.

WHAT YOU DO—
Send one dollar with Name and Address, article desired and brief note telling us about yourself.

Simply state: (1) how long at address; (2) age; (3) married or single; (4) name and address of employer; (5) nature of work; (6) how long in employ. All information held strictly confidential—no direct inquiries to employer.

WHAT WE DO—
Upon arrival of your order, we will open a 10 month Charge Account and send selection for approval and 15 DAY TRIAL. If satisfied, pay balance in ten equal monthly payments; otherwise return and dollar will be refunded.

No Articles sold to persons under 20 years of age

\$2975

14K rolled gold plate strap watch for men with guaranteed 15 jewel Bulova movement, radium numerals and hands, dust-tite cap. \$1 with order; \$2.97 a month.

It's a BULOVA Dust-tite watch

\$5750

Gent's ring 18 K white gold; blue white diamond; blue sapphires on each side. \$1 with order; \$5.85 a month.

\$45

Engagement ring 18K white gold; blue white diamond. \$1 with order; \$4.40 a mo.

\$3950

Three blue white diamonds in 18K white gold dinner ring, old design. \$1 with order; \$3.85 a mo.

To Any Adult
Interested in the purchase of a diamond, watch, or articles of jewelry, we will send, without obligation, this complete booklet. Ten months to pay.

\$45

Four blue white diamonds; four blue sapphires in 14K solid white gold wrist watch with 15 jewel movement. Silk grosgrain ribbon and flexible expansion bracelet—gift case. \$1 with order; \$4.40 a month.

L.W. SWEET, Inc.

DIAMOND IMPORTERS

A Personal Service for You
We will gladly furnish without obligation to buy, any information regarding merchandise, methods and service. Write us.

DEPT. 1108-K
1660 Broadway
NEW YORK

I Pay Men \$40 A DAY!

S.W. Allen of California made \$40.80 in one day's "joyful work"! Hundreds of other men are reporting amazing incomes—many of them doubling and tripling their former salaries.

Just Wear This FREE Cap
Just wear this beautiful hand tailored FREE RAIN-PROOF Cap. When your friends see it, nine out of ten will want one like it. They can't resist the Rain Proof idea—it's so new and unique. You can make a splendid income in full or spare time. No experience is needed. "I haven't found a man who doesn't fall for the made-to-measure idea," writes Chas. Horstman. Send at once for FREE Selling Outfit. Taylor Cap Mfgs., Dept. J-2 Cincinnati, O.

WANT WORK AT HOME?

Earn \$20 to \$50 a week RETOUCHING photos—men or women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you at home, furnish WORKING OUTFIT and employment service. Write today. ARTCRAFT STUDIOS, Dept. 33, 427 Diversey Parkway, Chicago.

FRECKLES



OTHINE Removes This Ugly Mask

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

• Simply rub an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it at night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles. *Advertisement.*



CORRECT your NOSE

Beautify
Your Face

ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER will shape your nose to perfect proportions while you sleep or work. Age no obstacle. Safe, painless, comfortable. Rapid, permanent results guaranteed.



60,000 doctors and users praise it as a marvelous invention. No metal or wires.

30-Day FREE TRIAL

Send for FREE BOOKLET

ANITA CO., 595 Anita Bldg., Newark, N. J.



Gold Medal
Won 1922



ARTISTIC PORTRAIT ENLARGEMENTS

only **98¢** each

FROM ANY PHOTO
or SNAP-SHOTS
SIZE 16 x 20 INCH

(or smaller if desired)
The usual price of this work is \$5.00 but by taking advantage of this Special

Offer you can get a beautiful life-like enlargement of that favorite picture of mother, dad, sweetheart, baby or any friend for only 98 cents.

SEND NO MONEY—Just mail us the photo—any size (Full figure, bust or group) and in about a week you will have your enlargement guaranteed never to fade. It comes to you C.O.D. On arrival pay postman 98¢ plus a few cents postage, or send one dollar cash with order and we pay postage. Money back if not delighted. You can send us your most treasured photograph, it will be returned to you unharmed.

FREE In order to advertise this remarkable offer we send free with every enlargement ordered, a **Highly Colored Hand Painted** miniature reproduction of the photo sent. These miniatures alone are worth the whole price charged for the enlargement. Take advantage of this really Amazing Offer and send your order today. **DO IT NOW.**

ALTON ART STUDIO, Dept. 32
5654 West Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Please enlarge artistically the enclosed photo. Return enlargement and FREE Hand Painted miniature, C. O. D. 98¢ plus postage. (If \$1.00 is enclosed you are to send postage paid.)

Name

Address

City

State

Check Size

Wanted

☐ 16x20 in.

☐ 10x16 in.

☐ 11x14 in.

☐ 8x10 in.

It was stuffy and disordered but I was in no mood to be critical. I threw myself down on the couch and closed my eyes. For a long time sleep would not come. Too many confusing things struggled together in my mind. When at last I did sleep it was as if I were plunged into a profound coma.

I awoke to find I was being softly shaken. I stared upward in bewilderment and tried to remember where I was and what had happened. Then I saw José Mantega bending over me.

I got up swiftly. He laid a finger on his lips, then beckoned me to follow him. I felt dull and was still very tired. The golden sunlight was pouring through the chinks of the square blinds. The day could not be far advanced.

I FOLLOWED José into the square hall. He did not speak but he moved cautiously and furtively and turned once or twice to see that I still followed.

Then he stepped outside and I followed him through the palms to a small structure that was used to store farm tools. He opened the door of this. Suddenly I saw his two ferret-faced brothers and a wrinkled old woman with a nose like a parrot. I was in the presence of Mother Mantega and her brood. I looked at the eyes that were regarding me with such intense curiosity. Why had I been summoned to what was so evidently a family council? Then José spoke.

"Señorita, this man who accompanied you, do you know he is an enemy of the republic, one of the accursed Mora's councillors?"

I pretended to be surprised. "He told me he was on our side, escaping from the rebels," I said.

José smiled. He drew in a breath of satisfaction. "Now that you know the truth, you are with us?"

"What do you mean to do?" I asked.

"Strike a blow for the republic!" he said. "He must die."

Mother Mantega began to laugh, a sound of high cackling that made one shiver to hear.

"Ay! What hypocrites I suckled! For the republic! For the gold he carries in his pouch you mean!"

My fingers were biting into my palms. Every nerve in my body quivered. Desperately I fought to keep my head clear, my heart steady. I did not have to wait long to learn why I had been taken into their council.

"Señorita," said José, "you can do what none of us are able to. He sleeps in the room where my rifle leans in the corner. There are three machetes there also, and a revolver. We have no other weapons. Twice I have opened his door slowly and carefully and each time he has stirred. But for you it would be a simple matter to go in on some pretext and to return with the revolver. Then I will shoot him through the doorway while he sleeps!"

I could scarcely keep from uttering a cry but I pretended to consider.

"But what can I say, what can I tell him if he awakes?" I asked.

"Tell him you thought you heard him getting up. Pick up the revolver and slip it inside your dress while he is not looking. He will not suspect you. We will be waiting outside the door."

"Very well. I will," I said.

José's eyes narrowed. "You seem more willing than I hoped," he said.

I laughed. "Have you not told me it is for the republic?" I said. That seemed to satisfy him.

I went at once to the door of the central room, flung it open and stepped inside. Captain Ryder's eyes opened and met mine. He seemed to sense that something had happened before I even spoke.

I poured out what I had heard. He caught up the revolver I had been sent to fetch.

"We'll be getting out of here," he said. He spoke casually as if we were in no danger at all.

"But they want to kill you!" I cried.

"Don't ever trouble about me," he boasted. "Why there isn't a man living I'm afraid of!"

The next instant he had lifted the revolver and pushed open the door. In the corridor, crouching and expectant were José and his brothers.

There was a startled look on their faces, a stupefaction that gave way to sullen hate! José's eyes were burning on me. I knew as by instinct, he had meant to dispose of Captain Ryder first and then have me utterly at his mercy. What a fool I had been to think he had forgotten his threat that day I had driven him from the plantation!

Ryder was issuing commands. "You come here!" he said and pointed at José. "And you two get out there, saddle our horses, and bring them both around! I give you ten minutes for the job! If you're not back then, I'll settle this brother of yours for good!"

He thrust his revolver against José's chest and José turned deathly pale. The brothers scampered, as if for their lives. Captain Ryder began to talk to me while we waited, as if José, with his raging face and terror stricken eyes, were not standing beside us with a revolver barrel at his heart!

At last, one of the Mantegas slipped back into the corridor, and with a servile, trembling smile, motioned us to come out.

"The horses are ready, Señor Officer!"

The captain nudged José and waved him ahead of us but as José reached the threshold, he turned.

I saw his eyes darting quickly; his hand rested on the door.

"Señor, give me one word with you," he begged. Then he gave a great start and peered across our shoulders. It was a mere child's trick but it worked. Captain Ryder and I turned for one instant and in that instant José had thrown himself with a lithe rush against the door and slammed it shut. I heard the captain shout. We were trapped! And José was laughing at us outside the door.

Never have I seen anyone so crestfallen as Captain Ryder. He cursed and tramped up and down, flung the revolver away, picked it up again, called himself a fool.

His ironic voice, full of scorn for himself, made me forget the irritation I had felt before. Already he was putting his own anger aside, and was studying the door. It was impossible to break it down but my own eyes had gone to the tall shutters in the windows. In that thought Captain Ryder was not far behind me.

HE GOT a grip on one of them and exerted his full strength. The shutter came free with a wrench and the hot sunlight streamed in but it streamed through iron bars set into the timbers! Captain Ryder tried one of them but it was firm as rock.

At the same moment I heard José's voice:

"I'll remember this, Señorita. When I have my hands on that accursed rebel who is with you, I will destroy him by inches before your eyes. I will keep you for myself and when I have tired of you, I will turn you over to the Indians."

I did not answer. Ryder was frowning and I heard him curse.

I heard the faint sound of José's retreating footsteps, and saw Ryder go impatiently to the window and try those inflexible bars once more. He came back, paced up and down the room, frowning, thinking hard. Catching sight of my worried face,

He
nt to
said.
in no
ied.
he
g I'm
e re-
n the
José
faces,
hate!
knew
se of
me
had
threat
plan-
You
José.
our
! I
ou're
r of
José's
The
lives.
while
face
ding
his
back
rem-
him
res-
and
he
and
here
order
that
a
med
We
at
llen
ped
way.
l.
self,
felt
own
It
my
in
ain
ex-
ame
ght
ron
der
ck.
ce:
I
who
hes
ay-
will
ing
at-
tly
ble
up
ing
ce,

he mustered up a smile to reassure me. "Don't worry, it will be all right," he said, but I knew he was not as confident as his tone pretended.

I will not say what melancholy thoughts filled my mind during the hours that followed. The Captain found tobacco and rolled cigarettes for himself. Then he told me of his adventures and experiences. It was as if we were seated together in the lounge of some great hotel and not imprisoned in a barred room and waiting tensely for an attack.

But I knew he spoke like that to give me courage, and I was grateful. He had taken José's rifle and examined it, put the machetes within easy reach, and though he was seated on the battered couch with his knees under his chin, he did not take his eyes from the window as he talked.

FOR my part I preferred to speculate about our present situation rather than to try to forget it.

"What do you suppose they will do?" I asked.

He looked startled for a moment but after a little hesitation he answered, "I've been thinking about that but I didn't want to alarm you."

"It won't alarm me. I'm not a child. We must make our plans together."

"There aren't many plans to make. They'll probably try to attack by the window. I shall have to pick them off as they come."

"I could use the revolver," I said.

He opened his eyes and then laughed. "I hope you'll use it with more effect than you did on me the other day!"

"Oh, with these Mantegas, it would be different! It would be like killing a snake. I would not be afraid."

"You will have to use it," he said. "There's only one thing worrying me. We have no ammunition."

"No ammunition!"

"I mean no extra cartridges. The magazine of the rifle is only half full. There are just three cartridges in the chambers of the revolver. Every shot, you see, must count."

"I see. I am glad you told me. We will drive them off with what we have."

"You Amazon," he said with a laugh. "And if we drive them off, what then?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean how are we to get out of here?"

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "I had not thought of that. Why, they might leave us here to starve!"

He shook his head. "I've thought of a way to handle that," he said. "That's not worrying me. The question is—"

He broke off abruptly and leaped to his feet. In a moment he was at the window and I had followed. We saw nothing.

"I thought I heard a sound," he said.

We waited tensely. Then all at once the bolts of the door were drawn back and a rifle was discharged into the room. The bullet imbedded itself harmlessly in the ceiling.

The captain caught up the rifle and somehow I found the revolver in my own fingers. He rushed for the door. It was shut and bolted in his face. As he threw himself against it, I turned to see José Mantega's face pressed against the window grating.

The shot through the door had been a ruse to draw our attention and had very nearly achieved its purpose. At my cry of alarm, Captain Ryder whirled. At the same instant José's carbine spoke. I heard someone cry out, saw the door open again and one of the Mantegas, accompanied by a black man with a scar running from his low forehead to his swollen lips, came tumbling into the room.

I fired, but in my very fear of hitting Ryder himself in these close quarters, I only added to the general confusion of sound.

★ WORK FOR UNCLE SAM ★

\$1140⁰⁰

to \$3300⁰⁰ a Year

POST OFFICE CLERKS CITY MAIL CARRIERS
RURAL MAIL CARRIERS

Railway Postal Clerks

BOOKKEEPERS STENOGRAPHERS

INCOME TAX AUDITORS

CLERKS IN GOVERNMENT OFFICES

AT WASHINGTON, D. C. AND ELSEWHERE

PROHIBITION INVESTIGATORS

MEN-WOMEN 18 UP

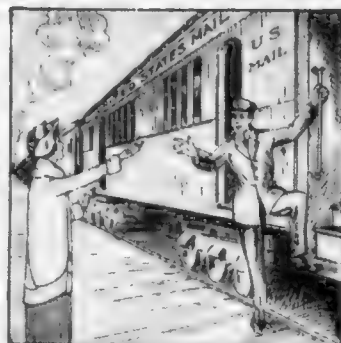


Mall Coupon
today sure

**DO NOT
DELAY**

TEAR HERE
Name
Address

FRANKLIN INST., Dept. B 314, Rochester, N. Y.
(Not connected with U. S. Government)
Gentlemen: Rush to me, entirely without charge, 32 page book with list of U. S. Government big paid positions obtainable and sample coaching. Advise me also regarding the salaries, hours, work, vacation and tell me how to get a position.



Win a New Studebaker

8 CYLINDER 100HP PRESIDENT

or \$2800⁰⁰ in cash

I am going to give away, absolutely free, an 8 Cylinder, 100 Horsepower, Studebaker Sedan to someone who answers this ad. We have already given away many automobiles and thousands of dollars in cash and prizes to advertise our business, but this is the most liberal offer we have ever made. This car will be delivered through the nearest Studebaker Dealer or winner may have its full value in cash, \$2,250.00. This offer open to anyone in the U. S., outside of Chicago.

**\$550.00 IN CASH
Given For Promptness**

In addition to the Studebaker Sedan, I am giving away a latest model Chevrolet Sedan; a Victor Orthophonic Victrola; a Sletland Pony; a Seven Tube Single Dial Metrodyne Radio and many other valuable prizes—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash—including a Special Cash Prize of \$550.00 for acting promptly. Any winner may have cash instead of the prize won. First prize winner will receive the 8 cylinder, Studebaker Sedan and \$550.00 in cash or a total of \$2,500.00 in cash. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Solve the puzzle above and send me your answer right away with your name and address plainly written. \$5,000.00 worth of prizes in all. Everybody Rewarded. Address **L. E. WILFERD** Dept. 3885 315 S. Peoria St. Chicago, Ill.

SOLVE This Puzzle!

25 15 21 3 1 14
23 9 14 9 20

A is 1, B is 2, C is 3, etc.
Can you make out what the four words are?



Speed-80 Miles per Hour!

A PERSONAL REASON

The reason that thousands of girls and women on the stage and in business are fit every day of the month is—SEEQIT. Discomforts, backache, nausea, cramps, headache and irritability are promptly relieved by swallowing a SEEQIT tablet with a sip of water. SEEQIT is absolutely harmless and effective.

No social engagement need ever be missed—SEEQIT tablets will keep you fit all of the time. Doctors give SEEQIT to thousands of girls and women in business organizations.

SEEQIT is now packed for individual use. One Dollar postpaid.

Obtainable ONLY from

Laboratories Jaq, Inc., 119 West 57th St., New York City.

Send for
Sample
NOW—

Enclosed please find 10c. for sample of SEEQIT. (S. S.)
Name
Address
City





Play "JAZZ" on the Saxophone

Become a musician so quickly as to astound everyone. Learn by playing the real music—instead of tiresome "exercises." You'll soon become the most popular person in your "set."

New Easy Method

Nothing else like it for thoroughness and rapidity. So simple that young and old find it easy to play with amazing skill. No "trick music"—but actual notes, learned quickly right in your own home.

FREE BOOK and Demonstration Lesson

offer this wonderful musical opportunity. Send for them today before copies are exhausted. You'll be astounded by this easy, rapid way to become a veritable master of your favorite instrument. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC.
4275 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. City
Send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane. Also Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

Pick Your Instrument
Piano Violin
Organ Clarinet
Ukulele Flute
Concert Harp
Trombone Cello
Saxophone Piccolo
Mandolin Guitar
Sight Singing
Piano Accordion
Voice and Speech
Culture
Harmony and
Composition
Drums and Traps
Automatic Finger
Control
Banjo (Plectrum,
5-String
or Tenor)

Name _____
Address _____
Have you this Inst.? _____
Inst. owned _____

Make \$50 A Week Showing this Style Line

Harford Frocks, a subsidiary of the famous Real Silk Hosiery Mills, offers a wonderful opportunity to ambitious men and women. Good expansion program requires 500 more Home Service Representatives who will make \$25 to \$75 a week, and get DRESSES FREE. They will show the latest fashions and most wonderful values in dresses, coats and lingerie. Priced dollars lower than stores charge for equal quality. Work easy and pleasant—full or part time. No deliveries. Experience unnecessary. Write TODAY for FREE book of advance fashions and amazing

HARFORD FROCKS, Inc.
522 Noble Street, Indianapolis, Indiana
Sole agents of the famous REAL SILK HOSE MILLS

One Year To Pay



No. A169—\$62
\$2 Deposit—\$1.25 A Week
7 fine quality, genuine blue-white diamonds are set in solid platinum disk shaped like solitaire. Diamond platinum cluster set in latest style, engraved 18 kt. solid white gold mounting. Two dark sapphires add to beauty.
Guaranteed

No Red Tape 10 Days Trial

SEND NO MONEY After you get the ring, pay only \$2.00 to the postman. If you keep it, pay only \$1.25 a week for one whole year. Don't bother writing a letter. Just pin this ad to a piece of paper with your name and address.

PRICE CUT TO \$62—WORTH \$100 You now can buy this gorgeous ring at the wholesale price. Compare it with similar rings at \$100. We guarantee it to stand any test or comparison. Greatest bargain offered by any Diamond Importer. We allow 8% annual increase in exchange for a larger diamond ring.

Write for 16 brings our large Jewel Store right into your home. Tells how to buy diamonds like an expert. Gives information other jewelers dare not tell.

Agents Wanted—Write for Details

Take Money Back 10 days GUARANTEE side. If you are not satisfied that the ring is the biggest bargain you ever got, return it and we will refund every cent you paid. All credit dealings kept strictly confidential. No needless delay.

Our catalog \$197.00 gives complete information about weights and grades of blue-white diamonds, starting at remarkably low price of \$197. a ct.

STERLING DIAMOND & WATCH CO. INC.
Diamond Importers—\$1,000,000 Stock—Est. 1879
1540 BROADWAY, DEPT. 2470, NEW YORK

One of the Mantega brothers caught me and was dragging me towards the door. I shouted. The captain tore himself away from a group that had gotten into a corner, and come in my direction. He stumbled and fell as he rolled over, his fingers must have closed on the barrel of a discarded rifle. He got up and lifted it like a club. There was a crack and a dreadful moan and the man who held me staggered back and fell into the hallway.

In that instant I had caught sight of Ryder's eyes. They were wild and fierce. It was as if he were half a dozen men. He fought, reckless of what happened and seemed utterly unafraid. In those close quarters, it had become almost a hand to hand struggle. He had picked up a machete and was striking right and left. Before that onslaught which seemed to me superhuman, the Mantegas and the blacks soon gave way. All at once as if at a signal they broke and ran, screaming and tumbling through the door.

Ryder swayed on his feet. I thrust a rifle barrel as a wedge in the door but José Mantega kicked it away and drew the door shut. The bolts charged home again. We had beaten them but we were still prisoners.

For a little while I did not move. I stared at Captain Ryder. He was bruised and cut in a dozen places. The blood was streaking down his face.

I began to sob. I moved over to him and put my arms around him as I tried, with trembling fingers, to wipe away that blood. "It's all right," he murmured. "I'm not hurt at all. That last fellow got me behind the ear; it stunned me for a second. That's why they managed to get the door shut again."

He stumbled a little as I guided him towards the couch where he sank down.

I had torn a strip from my dress and I was trying to stanch his wounds. From outside I heard murmurs and a faint sound of groans. The Mantegas were carrying off their wounded. Then I noticed that the light was going out of the sky. In a short time it would be night.

I was kneeling before Dan Ryder as I wiped the blood from his face. His eyes, heavy from exhaustion, looked into mine. He had said he would never tell me of his love again unless I asked him to. I never believed that I would ask him yet here I was doing just that. Without saying a word, I made him see that I would never struggle against him again.

HE TOOK me into his arms and kissed me. In that darkening room, with the sense of terror and disaster growing up around us, we clung close together.

"It's good to hold you like this for just this moment," he murmured. "Good—for if this is the end, I'd want no better hour. But it's hard on you. I wanted to save you. If you knew what I went through all this afternoon! I tried not to let you see but I didn't think we'd get through this far."

I put my fingers against his mouth and buried my head against his shoulder. I think I was begging him not to give up, not to despair.

But he shook his head. "No use trying to get away from the truth," he said. "You see, it's night already and in the night they'll make a second attack. This time we've got no cartridges. When they realize that, it will give them courage. I have saved out one cartridge from the revolver. I'm giving it to you now."

"But what do you mean?" I whispered. He looked away. "What they do to me, when they get me down, doesn't matter. But you—if they should torture you. If you couldn't bear things—"

Then I saw what he meant but I did not take the cartridge from his fingers. He

groped for the revolver where I had flung it on the couch and loaded it with the single cartridge. Then he kissed me once more.

Suddenly I heard angry murmuring of voices outside the door, the tramp of feet and José's harsh tones striking like a whip as he upbraided his companions.

After the lull of the fighting, I expected at least the Mantegas would hesitate before their second attack. But that they have thought it best to take advantage of our already weakened condition, as soon as possible.

The door was thrown open. In the dimness I could see the advancing figures. The room was in complete blackness and they hesitated, peering uncertainly before them.

The next instant a light flared on the scene and showed us crouching together.

The light had come from the barred window, where a man with a lantern had climbed up. He was taking careful aim at Dan Ryder's heart.

THEN I acted on an impulse that was quicker than any thought. I fired that last cartridge. The man went backwards with a cry. I think I had wounded him in the arm. The lantern crashed on the ground below the window and were in darkness again.

I heard Dan Ryder's voice, "The last cartridge! You shouldn't have done that! Well, I can't die now."

He slipped from my side. A new strength seemed to have poured into him. He lifted the machete and struck at the blackness. There was a yell. The next moment he had drawn the door shut and dragged the couch against it. On top of this he placed every available piece of furniture in the room.

"Put your back against it!" he said. "Call if you need help. I'll take the window!"

I expected to hear the weight of heavy bodies flinging themselves against that weak barricade but there was only an excited series of shouts and then a dead silence.

"What's happened?" I asked. "Where have they gone?"

"I don't know," he said. "It sounded as if they were running. What's that?"

I heard the sound of horses, curt military commands, a confused faint din.

"They've sent for help," I cried. "They've got others to help them. Oh, then we're gone!"

The courage went out of me. I ran to his side and flung myself sobbing into his arms. The sounds grew louder and nearer. I heard footsteps in the hall; then something pushed against the door. The barricade held.

Captain Ryder had not moved. He was standing as if transfixed. The next moment a voice demanded:

"Open! In the name of the army of the rebellion!"

With a shout of triumph, Ryder tore down the barricade, and flung the door wide. Lights gleamed on us and men in dusty service uniform stared with blinking eyes.

Suddenly they gave way, as if forming a kind of lane. I heard quick footsteps. An officer marched through and paused upon the threshold to survey us with inscrutable, unsmiling eyes.

I was looking into the face of General Felix Mora!

We had been saved when everything had seemed lost. In my delight I could not check a cry. Felix Mora glanced at me, then his eyes returned to Captain Ryder.

"You were ordered to go to Espiritu," he snapped, "and take charge of the reinforcements I sent. You disobeyed my orders!" He swung towards the soldiers behind him. "Arrest this man!" he ordered. "Take him away!"

The room swam before my eyes. "But, General Mora, you can't do this!" I cried. "He saved my life. He tried to help me reach the coast!"

Mora's cold face was turned towards me. "You are mistaken," he answered. "The plantation is in the hands of the loyalists. Our force retreated. It is the coast that is in my hands! It was not to your friends that Captain Ryder was guiding you and he knew it!"

The words battered dully at the doors of my mind. Had Captain Ryder lied to me? Had he done this thing after telling me that he loved me? I heard Mora's final statement:

"It is quite clear that the captain's single purpose was to kidnap you. He found it easier to deceive you than force you!"

I turned to the captain. His eyes gazed back at me but he said nothing. Then I gave a cry of anguish. Why had he lied to me? Somehow I had not known that anyone could hurt me so much. I dropped my gaze. Mora had waved his hand. In a proud, contemptuous silence, Captain Ryder strode out of the room in the midst of the guards.

I FELT numb and I ceased to think. Vaguely, as if far away, I heard Mora issue still other orders. Lights were brought. The wreckage of the room was carried away. An orderly stationed himself at the door. Outside the house I heard commands. Apparently a large force was with Mora.

His eyes looked strangely somber and not until we were alone did he speak.

"You agreed to wait at Piedrecitas until I returned. I have been told you escaped. I had previously taken your word."

"But you must have understood," I stammered. "I told you I'd marry you only because I had to save myself. Surely you realize that. I'm asking you to release me now from my word."

He made a curt gesture. "From now on I am not taking your word, Señorita," he said. "It happens that I was quite serious and I still am. You are going back with me to Espiritu tonight and you're going to marry me as soon as we arrive there!"

"Never!" I cried. "Never. Do you understand?"

His tone became very soft suddenly. "But why not? Am I so repulsive to you? Has the captain painted my character in ugly colors?"

I did not answer. Then a sudden fury came over him and his voice grew high and shrill:

"As if I did not know that you have fallen in love with this rascal, this beach-comber!"

I gave a laugh at that, a bitter laugh. "He lied to me," I said coldly. "Do you think I could love a man like that?"

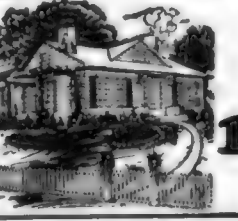
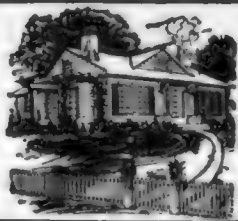
His keen eyes explored my face. "In that case," he murmured, "it will not distress you in the least to learn what I am going to do with the good captain, before you and I start for Espiritu!"

"What do you mean?"

He laughed. "I am going to have him tried as a deserter immediately."

His teeth were bared in a grin. I leaned back against the wall; my fingers gripped the window-ledge for support. I could scarcely breathe. We stared at each other, while from outside came the sounds of the waiting soldiers, the jingling of the horses' bits, the chink of steel, and through it all the heavy perfume and languid air of the dark, tropical night.

WOULD my handsome captain be shot? Would I be forced to marry this terrible Mora when we reached Espiritu? I shuddered. I knew Mora's treachery. I knew he would carry out his dreadful threats. Oh, there must be some way out! But how? I'll tell you the rest of my story in June SMART SET.



REWARD

Find the "One" House That Is Different From the Others—It's FREE

There are 14 six-room houses pictured here. To be sure they all look alike, but examine them closely. Thirteen of them are exactly alike, but one, and only one, is different. It isn't as easy as it looks. See if you can find the different one. It is going to be given away ABSOLUTELY FREE.

These Clues Will Help You

At first glance all the pictures look alike, but on closer examination you will see that one, and only one, differs in some way from all the others. The difference may be in the fence, steps or even shutters. If you can find the one house that is different from all the others write me TODAY QUICK. You may become the owner of this house without one cent of cost to you.

Built Anywhere in U. S.

The one house that is different from all the others is going to be given away ABSOLUTELY FREE. It makes no difference where you live. The house can be built anywhere in the U. S., and if you do not own a lot I will even arrange to buy a lot on which to build the house. A beautiful and comfortable six-room house may be yours if you can find the different house. Certainly you have longed for the day to come when you could own your own home—this is your golden opportunity. Act QUICK.

You Cannot Lose Positively every one taking advantage of this opportunity is rewarded. Find the one house that is different from all the others and rush your name and address to me TODAY. A postal card will do, just say, "House No. — is different from all the others. Without any obligation please tell me how I can get this fine six-room house without one cent of cost to me."

LEE MORGAN, Pres.
Box 3885, Batavia, Illinois

Vacation Money!

Let us tell you how to turn your spare time into plenty of extra cash for a glorious, joyous vacation. Mail coupon NOW.

DEPT. SS-528, SMART SET,
119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.
Without obligation to me, please send me full particulars of your easy, spare-time money-making plan.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Are You Ever Ashamed of Your English?

Do you say "who" when you should say "whom"? Do you say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me"? Do you mispronounce common words in your speech or use them incorrectly when you write?

Many a man has been held down all his life and suffered untold embarrassment because of mistakes in English.

You do not need to make these mistakes any longer. Right at home, in the privacy of your own room, you can make up the education you missed in the days that you should have been at school.

The International School of English will teach you, just as it has taught thousands of other men and women, by a simple new method which shows you instinctively which word to use and how to use it.

INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
Division of the International Correspondence Schools
Dept. 6257-L, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me full details of your home-study course in ENGLISH

Mail Coupon for Free Booklet

Name _____

Address _____

6 Wonderful Months ~ For You!

TO MISS a single brilliant issue of the next six months of SMART SET would mean a real loss to you!

Famous People

FOR in these coming numbers such noted authorities as O. O. McIntyre, Elinor Glyn, Warner Fabian, Virginia Terhune Van de Water, John Held, George Barr McCutcheon, Homer Croy, Frederic Arnold Kummer, Elsie Robinson, Helen Rowland, Thyra Samter Winslow—and many more—will lay bare for you the basic impulses of life and love—the innermost conflicting emotions that cause such turmoil in the secret places of the heart!

Friendly People

IN THESE six splendid issues you will find the very pulse-beat of life itself—vivid, dramatic, amazing! Here you may learn the way of a man with a maid—the actual stories of living, breathing, human beings—friendly people, who open their hearts to you.

From their stories you may learn how to outwit deceivers, how true love is won, how mistakes are avoided—they guide you toward your own goal of happiness.

But—Don't Delay!

ONCE you have read SMART SET's vital first-person stories, the made-to-order fiction of the average magazine will seem pale by contrast. But SMART SET is so popular—it sells so fast—that if you want to be certain of getting every one of these remarkable issues, don't wait!

The coupon below, together with a single dollar bill, will protect you; and at the same time it will save you a third of the single-copy price. Mail it in, and the six biggest and best numbers in SMART SET history—25¢ each, \$1.50 in all—will come to you for \$1.

SMART SET for the next six months \$1!

JUNE 1928						
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
..
3	4	5	6	7	1	2
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
..

JULY 1928						
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31

AUGUST 1928						
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31

SEPTEMBER 1928						
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
..
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	..

OCTOBER 1928						
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31

NOVEMBER 1928						
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30

SMART SET, 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

SS-528-6 Mos.

YES, I want SMART SET to come to me for the next six months.

☐ I enclose \$1

☐ I will remit when billed.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Regular subscription price SMART SET \$3 a year; Canadian postage 50¢ extra a year; Foreign postage \$1 extra

Sane Sex Series

50 Volumes } All
Leather Cover } for \$2.98

Now you can get the latest authentic information about sex and personal hygiene in 50 pocket-sized volumes (3 1/2" x 5") for only \$2.98. Bound in stiff card covers, 64 pages each, with a leather slip cover to protect a book while in use—book may be slipped in or out in a few seconds. These books are by authorities, such as Wm. J. Fielding, James Oppenheim, Dr. Fishbein, Dr. Greer, Dr. Lay, Havelock Ellis, etc. Absolutely up to date; thoroughly dependable.

Here Are the 50 Books

Facts for Girls
Facts for Boys
Facts for Young Men
Facts for Young Women
Facts for Married Men
Facts for Married Women
The Women Past 40
Maidhood Facts
Womanhood Facts
Woman's Sex-Life
Man's Sex-Life
Child's Sex-Life
Homosexual Life
Evolution of Sex
Physiology of Sex
Sex Common Sense
Determination of Sex
Sex Symbolism
Sex in Psychoanalysis
Sleep and Sex Dreams
Clubs with Wives
Clubs with Husbands
Plain Talks for the Married
How to Love
Art of Kissing

Art of Courtship
Beginning Marriage Right
Happiness in Marriage
Sex Ethics
Modern Sex Morality
Love Letters
Psychology of Affections
Is Birth Control Immoral?
Aspects of Birth Control
Love Rights of Women
Ellis on Sex
Ellis' Sane Sex-Life
Eugenics Made Plain
Genetics Made Plain
Hereditry Made Plain
Venereal Diseases
Syphilis Facts
Sex Crimes
America's Sex Impulse
Sex in Religion
Expectant Mothers
What Is Love?
Evolution of Marriage
Sex Rejuvenation

50 Volumes—750,000 Words

Each of these books contains about 15,000 words, making 750,000 words in all—and a genuine sheep-skin leather slip cover is included with each set, all for \$2.98, which is positively all you pay. In usual library form these books would cost \$25 or \$30; now you can get them at a price everyone can afford. Mailed prepaid in plain wrappers.

\$2.98 is All You Pay

Remit only \$2.98—there is nothing more to pay; or, if you wish, pay the postman \$2.98 on delivery. No C. O. D. orders to Canada or foreign countries—these must remit in advance by international money order or U. S. draft. Remember that \$2.98 pays for these 50 books and a leather cover in full.

HALDEMAN - JULIUS PUBLICATIONS
Dept. S-323 Girard, Kansas

Cash for Spare Time!

Right now you can think of a score of things for which you would like to have extra money—a home of your own, a car, a European trip, a college education. Any of these is within your grasp if you simply follow the successful course of thousands who are turning their spare time into cash through the easy IMC plan—without experience, without capital, without interfering with their regular duties. Try it out! It may mean hundreds of dollars for you.

SMART SET

Dept. 528, 119 W. 40th St., New York, N. Y.

Now You Can Own—Diamonds 60% of Market Prices



A 3/4 CENTURY HOUSE offers this 3/4 less 1/16 carat, snappy, solitaire just \$69.50. Try to match at \$115.00. A reason you rarely think of, makes possible RADICALLY LOW PRICES, even for FINEST QUALITY DIAMONDS. Offers backed by thoroughly responsible guarantees. Examination Free. Send now, use blank below.

Why Pay Higher Prices?

World's oldest, largest diamond banking institution of 75 years, rated over \$1,000,000.00, must sell the DIAMONDS on WHICH MONEY WAS LOANED BUT NOT REPAYED. Diamonds, too, from BIG CASH EUROPEAN DEALERS. Send NOW. Lists limited. Free—all details.—Exact descriptions.—Guaranteed amounts you can borrow. Examine Diamonds free, at our risk.

Unpaid Loans—Low as \$60 a Ct.—Offers Now Ready. Send for Free List, Use Blank Below.

Name _____

Address _____

For Free List clip this ad, fill in above and mail to—
Jos. DeRoy & Sons, Opp. P.O. 4188 DeRoy Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Brains or Beauty?

[Continued from page 76]

or thyroid glands or any of the other convenient pegs on which we can hang human cussedness. But it is significant of something and that something is a radical change in our social order.

Economic independence, education, and the emancipation of women have given girls a psychology that very few men can understand. So far, all that has penetrated the thick male skull is that this change means no good by the men, if they have the matrimonial bug in their bonnets.

NO, THIS disinclination of men for marriage is not a recent thing; only the reason for their unwillingness has changed. Men used to steer away from wedding bells from pure selfishness.

Now, they admit they're afraid—afraid and uncertain about the modern girl—and oh, so cagey. The intelligent, freethinking, outspoken girl of today has felt her oats and found them reliable. She is in a position to demand more from the man, more, I mean, in character and behavior and intelligence.

Never was the relation between the modern husband and a wife a more fifty-fifty proposition. Believe it or not, even the double standard is fast disappearing. What's sauce for the goose is apple sauce for the gander. Of course the men don't like it! Of course they squirm. And lots of 'em wiggle off the hook, too, but they are the poor fish who haven't yet learned that a girl can be a good square-shooting, honest pal, willing to take her share of dishes and dirt, instead of a tantalizing, affected little sap, a human clothes-horse with an empty head.

I really feel that I should say a word to Jessie about her brother. I don't believe that what I have just said applies to Oliver. Oliver didn't marry Vivian because she was beautiful and dumb. Babying Vivian and waiting on her hand and foot gives Oliver a feeling of strength and importance. He's tickled pink because Vivian has draped herself around his neck and has stayed put. The more helpless and useless she is, the more brave and strong he is by contrast.

At the risk of making an enemy out of a certain girl in Medford, Massachusetts, I am going to give you right here a letter just received from her. Sometimes it becomes necessary to sacrifice the feelings of one for the good of the many and I believe this is one of those times.

This girl signs herself, "Marian," and she tells me that it's easy as pie for her to make the boys fall but it's next to impossible for her to keep them.

"Dear Martha Madison," writes Marian. "I have curly blonde hair and blue eyes and people tell me that I am very good-looking. I'm no dumb-bell, either; I've got my share of brains plus.

"Now, this is my trouble. I attract boys but can't seem to hold them. At first they are perfectly infatuated with me and would do anything under the sun to please me. But after a while it's the same old story, excuses over the phone and pretty lame ones at that, promises to see me later in the week, and finally I'm out dead.

"What is wrong with me? I've tried to analyze myself but it's a mystery. I seem the same, always, to myself but evidently the boys see some subtle change in me that I can't see. Marian."

At this distance, little girl, I can only guess at the cause of your unhappiness. I really haven't got second sight, you know, and you have told me very little about yourself.

HOW'D FREE LESSONS!

YOU LIKE to Play This Instrument?



No reason why you shouldn't. Easy Lessons show you how. 5 days' free trial in your own home. A year to pay.

THE whole world seems different when you learn to play and now you can play the most spectacular of all instruments—the Deagan Xylorimba. No long waiting. No finger or lip exercises. No tiresome practice. Start to play very first day even if you can't read a note of music right now. Soon you'll be the "hit" of every party. Maybe, like the Musical Hallmans (Reading, Pa.) you'll make \$65 a week spare time.

Our Big FREE Book tells all about the free trial offer, the easy lessons, the wonderful payment plan. No cost or obligation—send in coupon today.

J. C. Deagan, Inc., Dept. 1645, 1770 Berteau Ave., Chicago. Send me, without obligation, full details of Free Trial offer and easy-payment plan of the Deagan Xylorimba.

Name _____

Address _____

AGENTS: \$14 a Day

Our wonderful new plan will put you in the \$5,000 class. 350 High quality products at low prices. Every one a household necessity. All fast sellers. Big orders in every home. Repeat business. Steady income.

New Plan—Big Profits

We show you new way to build permanent business. Big profits from the start. Work spare time or full time. No capital or experience required. Free outfit. Free automobile. Write now.

American Products Co.,
340 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.



TINY NAME CARDS



The Latest thing. Genuine leather card case and your name on 50 perfect little name cards 50c. Size 1 1/2 x 1. Choice of black, red, blue, tan or green leather. Send stamps, coin or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Agents wanted. THE DELUXE CO., 236 West 55th St., Dept. 883, New York.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG

WE COMPOSE MUSIC

OUR COMPOSER WROTE MANY SONG HITS

MONARCH MUSIC COMPANY
236 West 55th St. (near Broadway) Dept. 187, New York

LEARN the BANJO under HARRY RESER the World's Greatest Banjoist

An amazing new Simplified Banjo Course by mail! Harry Reser, greatest living banjoist—famous leader of the Cliche Club Eskimos—offers you an opportunity to quickly become a finished banjo player. Master the banjo at home in a few spare hours!

Also the Harry Reser Special Tenor Banjos at prices that cannot be duplicated anywhere in the U. S.

Write today for beautifully illustrated booklet describing this remarkable Course.

USE THE COUPON!

HARRY RESER'S
International Banjo Studios
148 West 46th St., New York

Send No Money—Pay as you Learn!

Harry Reser's International Banjo Studios,
Dept. 85, 148 West 46th St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me free booklet and full details of Home Instruction Course.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

FEMININE HYGIENE

Has Been
Safe and Sure for
Many Since 1887



For 40 years wise physicians have prescribed the use of Tyree's Antiseptic Powder as a double solution and for home uses for those important tissues.

It can be used safely without skilled supervision because it will not harm the most delicate tissues under any circumstances. It is not poisonous to human beings and accidents cannot happen with it. And yet it is the most satisfactory Antiseptic known to science that may be used freely for personal or home use. Every mouthful of this velvety fine powder is quickly soluble in water. It not only kills all germs but at the same time heals, deodorizes and soothes. Conveniently packaged for home or travel and always wrapped in blue tissue. Fast and economical to use.

Just say **Tyree's** wherever drugs are sold
**ANTISEPTIC
POWDER**

We will gladly send you a liberal trial package of Tyree's Antiseptic Powder and our valuable booklet, "Feminine Hygiene," presenting facts every woman should know, on receipt of 10 cents (stamps or coin) to cover handling.

J. S. TYREE, Chemist, Inc.
Service Dept. HH, Washington, D. C.

Sell 3 Dresses for \$5.50

Yes, three beautiful dresses for only \$5.50. Let one of the amazing Fashion Frocks values that are helping hundreds of women save \$10, \$15, \$20 a week by getting their own dresses without paying for them. We need more home dress representatives at one to take orders at low factory prices. Starting Tuesday, first week in May, high quality, beautiful values. Your big chance. Act quick. Write at once for **FREE OUTFIT**, style book, samples, and amazing offer whereby you not only earn big money, all or part time, but get your own dresses without cost.

FASHION FROCKS, Inc.

Dept. S 101, Cincinnati, Ohio

A Shapely Foot is a Joy Forever BEAUTIFY YOUR FEET

'The "Perfection" Toe Spring REMOVES THE ACTUAL CAUSE of the BUNION or enlarged joint. Worn at night, with auxiliary appliance for day use.

Send outline of foot
**Straighten Your Toes
Banish That Bunion
Any other foot
trouble?**

Write for full particulars

C. R. ACFIELD Dept. 92 1328 Broadway, New York

\$3.99 "Precision" Mens Strap Watch

Worn by practical men everywhere. Shock proof, weather proof. Perfect time keeper. Radium dial. Try it time in dark. Free it ported full jeweled movement. Rich silver finish. Genuine leather strap. Sold elsewhere for \$10.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman \$3.99 plus postage. JENKINS, 621 Broadway, New York, Dept. 45F5.

\$3.99 Latest Style Wrist Watch

GREATEST BARGAIN
Regular \$18.00 value. Newest, daintiest, fashionable Ladies' watch. White gold finish. Genuine imported jeweled movement. Guaranteed. Accurate reliable timekeeper. Silk grosgrain ribbon. Send no money. Pay postman \$3.99 plus postage. JENKINS, 621 Broadway, New York, N.Y. Dept. 45E5.

But I happen to know a girl who is in the same boat with you, Marian. I'll tell you about her and perhaps it will help. This girl's name is Helen and she is very beautiful and very interesting because she has traveled a great deal. Intellectually she is way above the average. She knows how to wear clothes as few girls do and she is in a position to indulge in expensive tastes.

Helen is thirty. She is miserably unhappy. She is still single and I believe she will never marry. No matter when you see her, she's in the throes of despondency and self-pity because the one and only, for the time being, has given her the gate.

If you ask me what's the matter with Lady Helen, I'll tell you that she's the most self-centered girl I've ever come across. At first she impresses you with her sophistication and the quality of her mind. The first time you meet Helen her bizarre ideas about life and people are entertaining.

But it gets monotonous after you've heard her story a dozen times. It's particularly annoying if you happen to want to discuss something abstract with her, or if you want her advice about some difficulty of your own. That's the dickens of it! You know she's got a fine mind and that if you could just once get her off the subject of "Helen", you'd enjoy her immensely. But try and do it! I've tried and so have those countless men who are now out of the picture. It's hopeless and so is she.

That's Helen. Did anything that I have told you about her give you the faintest twinge, Marian?

On the other hand your trouble may be exactly the opposite. Where Helen makes no effort to hold her friends, perhaps you make too great an effort. Fundamentally, men are the same at four as they are at forty. They hate to be chased after. They want to feel heart whole and fancy free.

WHAT would you do if you were sick with love for a man who wasn't aware of your existence except when you accidentally-on-purpose bumped into him on the street? And suppose the reason for his blindness was another girl—a girl who tortured and tantalized him and all but drove him mad? That's the question Dorothy B. puts up to us:

"For two years I have been terribly in love with a man who is in love with another girl. With me it was love at first sight; with him, nothing. His girl does everything she can to make him unhappy and they quarrel continually. He calls her up every night and they spend most of the time saying horrid things to each other.

"Here's where I come in; I'm just a good friend. He never goes out of his way to see me, although I confess I have deliberately bumped into him on the street. The few times we have walked together, we have got along wonderfully and I am certain that he has a real regard for me. I think if it weren't for the other girl, he might even love me.

"They say love finds a way. Well, does it? And will mine? Dorothy B."

Yes, and they say that love is blind. All of which means that if you lead it very gently by the hand, in your case, oh, so gently, it stands a better chance of finding a way than if you let it grope in the dark.

The way? Patience first of all, Dorothy. And next, being Johnny-on-the-spot when he's just emerged from a wordy battle with the beloved one. There's nothing that makes you appreciate sugar like a drink of unadulterated lemon juice. Be ready with your friendship, cautious with your sympathy and whatever your emotions may be, bottle up inside you your private and public opinion of the third party.

There's no law against these accidental meetings and for a while they should be accidental. Later, when you are more cer-

tain of his regard, you might intimate that you are glad at any time to be with him and no questions asked.

Women aren't the only ones who change their minds. Here's a letter from a girl in Illinois whose fiancé just can't make up his mind whether he wants to get married or not.

Florence D. of Berwyn, Illinois, says:

"After I had had the joy of choosing my engagement ring and planning the future with my fiancé, I noticed a decided change in him. I questioned him and he told me that he had found that he didn't wish to get married after all.

"I confess this came as a shock to me for just the day before, he had told me in his mother's presence that he could hardly wait until we had found a suitable apartment. Nevertheless, I returned his ring, though his mother advised against it, and he insisted that we remain friends. I consented because I cared a great deal for him.

"For three months we have been friends, and last evening he came and told me that he was sorry he had been so foolish, that he wanted to marry me after all. What shall I say? Laugh it off, or take him at his word and make plans again?" Florence D."

I THINK, Florence, that if I were you I'd be awfully glad that Babe had experienced this change of heart before marriage and not after as so many do. But just to clinch the thing why not suggest that he take a month longer just to convince himself that he really knows what he wants?

It's trite but true that we all have faults and, although indecision in a man is exasperating, it isn't quite as bad as being married for keeps to some one that would rather die than say, "I was mistaken." Now that you know Babe's greatest failing, you know what to expect and what not to. It's up to you to make as many decisions for you both as you can but if you are wise you will always leave a loophole. Of course his careless, inconsiderate manner of off-again-on-again with the engagement is not exactly according to Hoyle, but how about the girls that have got away with that particular method of murder in their time?

J. W. L.: Be thankful it's the other fellow and not you, that she's engaged to His misery is yet to come; yours is nearly over. Glad the "Big Plan" helped.

MICKY DEAR: Don't judge people by what they appear to be doing. Then change the appearance of your behavior and they'll change their opinions.

JULE: A complete change of scene and work and associations is the only thing I can suggest.

D. A. C.: Why not ask him the question you ask me? He knows and will probably tell. I can only guess and I'd probably guess wrong.

MRS. E. J.: You must tell him and trust his love to understand. What good is love, anyway, if it does not forgive?

BOBBIE: I certainly would try every means I could think of to get him back. It's not your fault, of course, but your happiness is at stake.

MARY: Don't do anything for a while. Give it plenty of thought and be careful that you don't wreck three lives by impulsiveness.

MARIE: I should think you had convinced him by now.

VENA: You ought to appreciate such a fine chap. If you don't some other girl will.

MRS. C. E. K.: No one is to blame, least of all, you. However, there is danger in keeping these grievances bottled up. Tell him your feelings and see if it doesn't help.

I thought I could do it, but I can't; my space is all used up and the rest of the letters must wait until next month.

Most Amazing INVENTION in 25 years "Cleans Up" for Agents

FREE MACHINE FOR AGENTS

\$90 WEEKLY IN SPARE TIME!

Men, here is a wonder—the most sensational invention of the age! If you're looking for a rapid fire seller—an item that nets you a profit—an item that sells itself 7 out of 10 times on demonstration—I've got it in Ve-Po-Ad, the amazing new vest pocket adding machine!

Sells for \$2.95—You Make \$1.65

This most remarkable invention does all the work of a \$300 adding machine, yet fits the vest pocket and sells for only \$2.95! It sells on sight to storekeepers, business men, and everyone who uses figures—and makes you a 100% profit on every sale! Ve-Po-Ad does any kind of figuring in a jiffy, yet weighs but 4 oz. Counts up to a billion. Shows total visible at all times. Perfectly accurate, lightning fast. Never makes a mistake or gets out of order. Over 100,000 in daily use!

Get Your Machine FREE

Live wire salesmen are dropping everything else and flocking to Ve-Po-Ad. Ve-Po-Ad brings them quick money and lots of it. Shapiro out in California made \$475 in one week! You can "clean up" too! Only 10 sales a day in spare time will bring YOU over \$95.00 a week! You need no previous sales experience—Ve-Po-Ad sells itself! If you are really interested in earning a steady, substantial income, write at once for full details of my MONEY-MAKING PLAN and FREE VE-PO-AD given to new Agents. Do it NOW—TODAY!

C. M. CLEARY, Dept. 515
184 W. WASHINGTON ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

25¢ A WEEK
SEND NO MONEY
AMAZING INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Enjoy the steel-blue SPARKLE and marvellous play of colored fire in this genuine Mexican Blu-Flash Gem while you pay for it! Wear this perfect first-water 1-carat Gem, that matches the finest genuine Diamond SIDE-BY-SIDE, guaranteed 20 years, set in either of the \$500 ring reproductions shown; latest platinum style with exquisite filigree and chased effects. Order TODAY! state size worn; we ship by return mail. No reference, no delay. On receipt pay postman only \$2.50, balance to us 25¢ weekly. (Only 1 of each under this INTRODUCTORY OFFER.) NO RISK; wear 3 days; if not DELIGHTED return for refund.
MEXICAN GEM IMPORTING CO., Dept. S 103, Monterey, Calif.



AMUSE YOUR FRIENDS! MYSTIC DREAM BOOK

Tells what all sorts of dreams mean. Interpret dreams for your friends. Amusing description of card games, teaup, palmistry and other interesting phenomena. Suggests best time to marry and whom. Lists "unfortunate" days of the year. Best entertainer for young and old. More amusement in this big book than \$1 would buy anywhere. Send only 45 cents coin or stamps, that is all. Satisfaction guaranteed with every order.
FREE: Quaint Chinese Coin to carry as a pocket piece, with every order.
MAGNUS WORKS, Box 12
Verick Sta., New York, Dept. SM85



GET RID OF YOUR FAT Free Trial Treatment

sent on request. Ask for my "pay-when-reduced" offer. I have successfully reduced thousands of persons, without starvation diet or burdensome exercise, often at a rapid rate. Let me send you proof at my expense.
DR. R. NEWMAN, Licensed Physician
State of N.Y., 286 Fifth Ave., N.Y., Desk M

Alabama Here I Come

[Continued from page 68]

to the sunny South. "Bye, bye, Broadway," I carol. "I am through I hope forever." I never felt better in my life.

Well, Andover's not so big but it certainly has appeal after Broadway. It looks like back in 1840, or something, you know, untouched like. Just before the train eases up to the little station, there in the background I see an enormous yellow house with an old style portico and tall white posts—the kind they picture little George cutting cherry trees in front of—which looks highly familiar. Yes, it is the very one Richard showed me in the picture!

I am the only one getting off, it seems, and a moment later the train is rattling into the distance and I am standing on the platform surrounded by luggage. There are a couple of Uncle Toms lounging about, and as I look around for Eliza and the bloodhounds, the station agent or somebody approaches, touching his cap.

"WAS you-all expectin' somebody to meet you, Miss?" he inquires.

"Why, no," I inform him, "but I am bound straight for the Richard Crenshawe plantation as fast as a conveyance can get me there. I expect to visit it for some time."

He tips back his cap and scratches his head. "Are you suah you-all got off at the right station, Miss?"

"Why, certainly," I warble. "In fact, I saw the mansion as we came in, the big yellow house with white posts."

He looked at me puzzled-like. "That must have been the Hotel Stonewall Jackson."

"Then I must be little Eva," says I. "Do you mean to say you never heard of the Richard Crenshawe plantation and you lived here all your life with it literally on top of you?"

"Ah know Mistuh Crenshawe," says he, "but about the plantation Ah sholy exist in complete ignorance."

"Where can I find Mr. Crenshawe?" I inquire with all the upstage I can summon, which is considerable. "No doubt he will be better fitted to tell me than you are."

The agent-person summons an antique dandy who arouses from a coma to approach us.

"Zeke, take this here lady up the street to Mistuh Crenshawe's office," he says.

"Thanks, terribly," I say to the agent with my nose in the air and enter a pre-war Ford that is, apparently, the town taxi.

My charioteer daringly parks at the curb, his actions being those of one controlling about seven skittish prancers, and he eases his creaking joints from the car to open the door for me. "Hyah y'ah, ma'am," he announces, reaching for my bags.

Before us is a small store or shop, bearing the gold-lettered sign, "Andover Realty and Development Company. Richard Crenshawe, Esq. Promoter."

"Ah hah," I think, "the business office of the plantation," and as my dark-skinned escort opens the door I sweep past him, not unconscious of the fact that my entrance is in the New York manner that knocks 'em out of their seats.

It pretty nearly does exactly that to Richard. Dressed in white flannels he is sitting at the other side of a big, bare table.

"Marise!" he exclaims. Then, remembering his manners, he jumps to his feet.

"Hello, Dicky darling!" I warble, like the

RUPTURED WRESTLER



Throws Away Truss!

Eleven years ago Mr. T. M. Cannon was ruptured very bad. He tried one type of truss after another—all with disappointing results. Finally he heard about the New Science system that does away with steel springs, leg straps and hard cushions. He learned about Magic Dot—the tiny device weighing less than a feather—that held rupture without pressure. He examined a free sample of Airtex—the astonishing flesh-soft pad that yields with every movement of the body.

TODAY—he works 14 hours a day as a barber . . . and teaches boxing and wrestling on the side!

Will you accept the same opportunity that has ended the pain and discomfort for thousands like Mr. Cannon? Simply send your name and address for full details and free sample of Airtex. No obligation whatsoever. Mail to New Science Institute, 5848 Clay Street, Steubenville, Ohio.

NAME

ADDRESS



DON'T BE UNPOPULAR GET RID OF FAT!

Enjoy life! It's easy to lose weight with Les-Wate Reducing Tablets! A sure, safe, scientific Method. You'll begin to reduce with the first box. And you won't have to endure the agony of dangerous exercise or dieting! You can do whatever you like—eat what you wish—and just take Les-Wate after meals. The pounds will disappear like magic! Thousands have reduced this marvelously easy way!

SEND FOR TRIAL BOX

Try Les-Wate! It's the easiest and best way to lose fat you ever tried. You'll be astonished how quickly you'll lose and how much better you'll feel. Guaranteed to be absolutely harmless. Your money refunded if you are not delighted with Les-Wate. Try it! Just slip a \$1.00 bill in an envelope and send for a trial box—enough to last two weeks. Don't delay. Remember, \$1.00 will start you toward better health, happiness and a beautiful figure. Send today for the most amazing fat reducer on the market. Positively guaranteed to do the work. Two weeks' treatment sent by return mail, postpaid, \$1.00.

LES-WATE PHARMACAL CO.
2231 Carmen Ave. Dept. 19 Chicago, Ill.

Skin Irritations

ZEMO Liquid quickly relieves irritating, itching skin and scalp troubles. The safe, sure way to keep skin clear and free from Blemishes and Skin Troubles. Excellent for after shaving. Druggists, 35¢, 60¢, \$1.00.

zemo

FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

U.S. GOV'T. JOBS

\$35 to \$70 Weekly. Men and Women, 18-55. Home or elsewhere. Big list of positions and "How to Qualify" mailed FREE. Write OZMENT'S INSTRUCTION BUREAU, 409-B, St. Louis, Mo.

Play Piano BY EAR

-IN 90 DAYS!

Play anything—jazz to classical! Even if you know nothing about piano music—I'll have your fingers dancing over the keyboard with confidence in 90 days. If you can hum or whistle a tune you can play it! My students are broadcasting—making money. **MAKE ME PROVE IT!** Without puzzling notes! Without practicing tedious scales! I've found the way to bring out your musical instinct. New and original system does away with years of work. **YOU WANT THE PROOF?** I'll send it. Write me now.

D. M. SUTTLE, Director
ILLINOIS SCHOOL OF MUSIC
1010 Hunter Bldg.
Chicago, Ill.

Send NOW for PROOF!

GRAY HAIR

NO DYE! New, radically different. For Men and Women. Applied to scalp—not hair. Quickly restores original color by replenishing color-gland in hair root. Results **GUARANTEED**. No after-graying at the scalp as the hair grows. Not affected by washing or waving. Pleasantly scented. Beneficial to scalp. Ends dandruff. Not greasy or sticky. Won't stain scalp. No one will know you use it.

FREE TRIAL! Don't confuse Youthray with dyes. Get the facts. Then test YOUTHRAY at OUR RISK. Write today for Free booklet and FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Ray Laboratories, 648 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 265 Chicago

Quick!

WHY BE UNLUCKY?
Try wearing one of our marvelously hued Sun Stone Rings, symbol of the Sun's mysterious power for wealth, health and happiness. The first 5000 imported since 1914. Set in weird beautiful Gold Acid Test Ring. Reminiscent of power Hindu Charm and Talisman. For men and women—\$2.75 and postage. Money back guaranteed. "Lucky Gems"—how to know and wear them sent free. Send no Money. Pay postman on delivery.

MANGUS WORKS, Box 12, Varick Sta., New York, Dept. SMS-5

\$100 EVERY WEEK

Fred Frankel, pictured, earns it—so will you, selling Frankel custom quality Shirts, pajamas and Underwear. Biggest commissions. Extra bonuses and profit sharing. Write today for Free sample line.

CARLTON MILLS, INC.
114 Fifth Av., N.Y.C.
Dept. 322K

MONEY FOR YOU

Men or women can earn \$15 to \$25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.

The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
201 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.

1000 Hotel Positions Open!

NATION-WIDE demand for trained men and women in hotels, clubs, restaurants, cafeterias. Past experience unnecessary. We train you in your spare time at home and put you in touch with positions. Our students employed by leading hotels everywhere. Write for Free Book.

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Room AU-2133 Washington, D. C.

Stop Using a Truss

Free—Trial Plapao—Free

STUART'S ADHESIF PLAPAO-PADS are surprisingly different from the truss—being mechanico-chemical applicators—made self-adhesive purposely to keep the muscle-tonic "PLAPAO" applied continuously to the affected parts, and to minimize painful friction and dangerous slipping. No straps, buckles or spring attached. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. For almost a quarter of a century satisfied thousands report success without delay from work. Process of recovery natural, so no subsequent use for a truss. Awarded Gold Medal and Grand Prix. Trial of "PLAPAO" will be sent absolutely FREE. Write your name on coupon and send TODAY.

PLAPAO CO., 55 Stuart Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Name.....
Address.....
Return mail will bring Free Trial PLAPAO.

happy out of the public's gaze," says I. "I'm just sinking my molars into a good, complete rest, and you come around with a fantastic idea like a beauty contest and expect me to like it."

"Well," he says heavily, "maybe Ah could get Evelyn Brentwood to do it for me."

"What!" I shriek. "That cucumber!" "Oh, Ah know she'd never win it," he explains, "but it'd be bettah than nothin'."

"Why this passion for a bathing beauty, anyway?" I inquire, relenting somewhat at his distress.

"Don't you see," he says, "if you was to be in the contest with a big ribbon tied around you sayin' Miss Andover, Alabama, that would make the name of Andover known all over the state because you couldn't help takin' first prize?"

"Richard," says I, "you and Lindy have one thing in common. You both spend most of your time among the clouds. Well, where's my bathing suit and when do I parade?"

IN TWENTY-FOUR hours all you can hear around that town is the bathing beauty contest. It is to take place next week in the nearby metropolis and when they learn that I am to represent Andover, the chamber of commerce of our hamlet agrees to purchase me a new lavender silk bathing suit. Richard is going around in a trance. All he can see is fame and fortune for all of us, although I tell him that that viewpoint is exceedingly damp. But honestly, the excitement is so great that before I know it I begin to share in it.

My goodness, I think, suppose this should be one of those lucky things that happen in story books. Here I am up against a lot of these home-brew Helens. Maybe it's in the books that I won't look altogether uncaptivating against such a background. What if Andover should become a byword? Richard would be rich and then maybe I wouldn't be in such a bad position after all.

So when the great day comes around I, in company with a big bevy of Alabama belles, assemble backstage of the largest movie house in the metropolis I spoke of and I am determined that failure, if it should come, will not be through any lack of effort on my part. I am sporting a new marcel, I have put two solid hours on my face, and if I do say it I don't have to give away any points to any of them on what my bathing suit reveals.

There are about thirty of us back there, all looking at each other exactly as friendly as relatives while a will is being read and I can see right away that there is only one of them that will offer any ardent competition. She is a really wonderful looking little girl, but kind of shy and retiring. She gazes around as though she didn't know what it was all about and I hear a couple of the others saying she is Rowena, the daughter of a Mr. Oswald G. Dunwoodie, some kind of a big bug who they speak of with bated breath.

The orchestra strikes up and we sally forth. First we are to parade, all of us, across the stage, when half will be eliminated. Then we will come out one at a time, do our turns, and the lucky five will be taken to one side, after which the final judging will take place.

By the time it has narrowed down to myself, the Dunwoodie damsel and three others, it is easy to see that the contest is between we two former. The judges keep looking from one to the other of us, and as I size up the situation they would like to give it to her, because of Oswald G.'s station in life, but fear of what the populace would say deters them. For the audience has taken me to its bosom. "Miss Andover," is the people's yodel. And believe me, my

Reduce This Fleshy Spot

DON'T weaken yourself with starvation diets—don't strain your heart with violent exercises. Here's a wonderful new invention which gives you an instant appearance of slimmness and quickly reduces the actual fat—without any danger, discomfort or disagreeable self-denial.

Take Off 2 to 6 Inches with New Self-Massaging Belt

The moment you put on this wonderful, new, self-massaging belt your waist is instantly reduced from 2 to 6 inches—but, better still, you should actually grow thinner day by day. Your stomach disorders, constipation, backaches and shortness of breath generally disappear as the sagging internal organs are put back in normal place. You are filled with a wonderful new energy and will probably look and feel 10 to 15 years younger!



Like Having a Private Masseur

This new, wonderful Well Reducing Belt produces the same results as an expert masseur—only quicker and cheaper. It not only reduces your waistline when you put it on, but is so constructed that every movement you make, every breath you take, imparts a constant, gentle massage to every inch of your abdomen. In a few weeks inches of fat should actually disappear.

The Well Belt is made of the same kind of scientifically treated rubber that is used by hundreds of professional athletes and jockeys and is highly endorsed for its healthful principles by physicians everywhere. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money instantly refunded without question. The Well Co., 875 Hill St., New Haven, Conn.

THE WEIL COMPANY, 875 Hill St., New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, complete description of the Well Scientific Reducing Belt and also your special 10-day trial offer.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

TYPEWRITER PRICES CUT

World's best makes—Underwood, Remington, Oliver—prices smashed to almost half.

\$2 and it's yours

All late models, completely rebuilt and re-finished brand new. **GUARANTEED** for ten YEARS. Send no money—big FREE catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Get our direct-to-you easy payment plan and 10-day free trial offer. Limited time, so write today.

International Typewriter Ex., 186 W. Lake St., Dept. 525 Chicago

BUNIONS

Quick, safe relief from Bunion pain. Prevent shoe pressure. At all drug, shoe, dept. stores, 35c

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

For Free Sample, write The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR? NU-ART

Destroys it—with the roots. No pain. Harmless. Guaranteed. Only \$1.00. Good stores

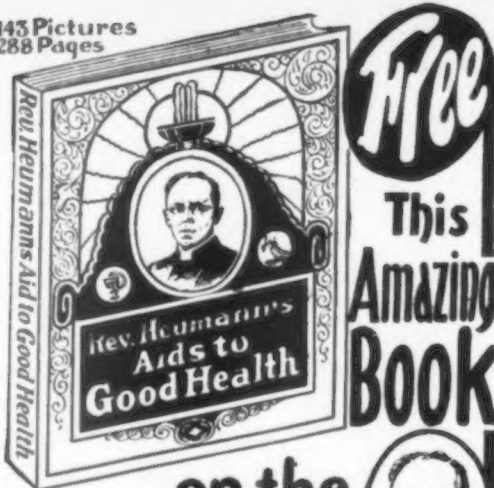
or use SPECIAL OFFER coupon

DELFIN, INC. Dept. 452 Mark X
South Orange, N. J. if C.O.D. ☐

Send me FREE, as a special offer,
a 50c. tube of DELFIN Massage Cream;
a 25c. tube of DELFIN Deodorant;
and a six months supply of Skin Tonic.
Also NU-ART for which I enclose \$1.00.

Name.....
Address.....
City & State.....

143 Pictures
288 Pages



on the Care of The Health

IT'S THE Best Book on the Care of the Health ever Given Away Free. It contains 288 pages and 143 illustrations. More than 4,110,000 copies of this wonderful book (printed in 9 languages) have been placed in homes. Here is the book that will tell you how to GET well and KEEP well. It explains the cause of most all common and serious ailments. Then it tells how many obstinate diseases may be combated with simple means. This book gives you proof of most amazing help given. **Stick GET Well—Read This Book.** Here is the book that you have been waiting for. Written in simple, easily understood language. It points the way to health and happiness. And it's yours FREE without any obligation whatsoever. Just fill out the coupon below—this helpful book will go to you postpaid.

L. HEUMANN & CO., Inc., 34 East 12th St., NEW YORK

— MAIL COUPON NOW —

Coupon 650 E. M.

L. Heumann & Co., Inc., 34 E. 12th St., New York
Please send free of charge and without obligation,
Rev. Heumann's book, "Aids to Good Health."

Name _____

Street or Box _____

Town or City _____ State _____

Print your name very plainly and check disorder with which you are suffering.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nervous Disorders | <input type="checkbox"/> Gall and Liver Trouble |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nervousness, Unduly Excited | <input type="checkbox"/> Gallstones, Jaundice |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Stomach and Bowel Disorders | <input type="checkbox"/> Colds and Coughs |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dropsy | <input type="checkbox"/> Head Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchial Catarrh, Grippe and like disorders. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Constipation | <input type="checkbox"/> Skin Trouble |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Purifying the Bowels System Purifying | <input type="checkbox"/> Eczema, Irritation, Eruptions of the Skin, etc. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Rheumatism and Gout | <input type="checkbox"/> Hardening of Arteries |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Leg Sores | <input type="checkbox"/> High Blood Pressure, Infirmities of Old Age |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Varicose Veins, Ulcers, Slow Healing Wounds | <input type="checkbox"/> Hemorrhoids (Piles) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Anemia | <input type="checkbox"/> Asthma |
| <input type="checkbox"/> General Weakness, Chlorosis | <input type="checkbox"/> Difficulty in Breathing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bladder and Kidney Trouble | <input type="checkbox"/> Rupture |

FORM DEVELOPED



My Big Three Part Treatment is the ONLY ONE that gives FULL DEVELOPMENT without bathing, exercises, pumps or other dangerous absurdities. I send you a GUARANTEED TWO DOLLAR

14-DAY TREATMENT FREE

If you send a DIME toward expenses. (A Large Aluminum Box of my Wonder Cream included.) Plain wrapper.

IS IT WORTH 10c TO YOU? If not, your dime back by first mail. Address now, with ten cents only.
Madame C. C. Williams, Buffalo, N. Y.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME!

Oil painting photos and miniatures. No talent required. Easy, fascinating work for men and women. \$35. to \$100. a week and more. Big demand for artists. Free Employment Service. Earn while learning. Complete artists' outfit furnished. Write for free book today.

**NATIONAL ART SCHOOL, Inc., Dept. P-8,
1008 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.**

FAT? "I REDUCED 34 POUNDS"

says Blanche Arral, world-famous Opera Singer, "by drinking your Japanese herb tea." No dangerous drugs, no tiresome exercises, no distasteful diet. Used like ordinary tea, it cannot harm the most delicate system. (Also in tablet form.) Write for free booklet.

**Tika Co., Grantwood, N. J.
Dept. SS-5**



heart's in my work. I'm going to beat that lassie if it's the last thing I do.

At that moment the orchestra really decides it for us. It has been playing all the time and now as the excitement reaches its height, what does it do but break into an old familiar number from the last show I was in. In an instant I am stepping through the "Carolina Nash" routine that stood 'em on their heads on Broadway, and after that it's no contest. The coveted cup goes to me without a bleat and the populace actually goes wild.

Richard is so happy over the result that he looks at me like I was Cleopatra's sister.

"Marise, you were marvelous," he yelps. "Tell me more like that," I encourage.

"You're goin' to make all the other girls at Atlantic City look like. . ."

"Wait a minute. Wait a minute," I says. "What do you mean 'Atlantic City'?"

"Why," he says, "didn't you know the winner of this contest was to be sent to Atlantic City?"

HAD I been told that two days before I would have declared it out on the spot, but somehow now I can't be so venomous about it. Who can tell what might come? I never expected to win with this one, but here I have walked away with it, and I am just conceited enough not to pass up this other big one without taking a blow at it.

So I look at Richard without too much malice. "You certainly are lucky," I tell him, "to have a weakling like me around."

"Ah saw all the reporters and told them where you come from and tonight every paper in Alabama is goin' to be full of the name of Andover and it'll be in a good many papers outside the state, too."

I am to travel north on the Dixie Beauty Special, which is the train that the contest winners from all over the South are to be transported on. Won't it be a loving collection! I'll have to watch out to see that none of the others slips anything into my coffee. Richard has been provided transportation as my manager and is going up on the train with the delegation from Alabama, including several people from Andover, and also Mr. Oswald Dunwoodie and his daughter, who I understand is terribly disappointed over not winning and is being taken along to quiet her down.

The trip out reminds me of being out with some road troupe, as all these girls will talk about nothing but themselves, how easily they won the contest, and how they are going in the movies or on the stage. Every place we stop there is a big crowd to look us over, so we go out and do our stuff, and actually I get so accustomed to pinning on the Miss Andover label that I feel like something in a can. It takes us three days to get up to Atlantic City and I'm not jesting when I tell you those ocean breezes feel heavenly.

Richard and all of the Alabama crowd are at the station to meet me, and just after I have saluted them imagine my startled surprise when I hear a loud carol from the push. "Yoo-hoo! Marise!"

It sounds familiar, and when I discover that it has originated in my old friend, Leona Long, from the show, I almost fall on her neck.

"Hello, dearie!" she warbles. "Are you in this? Listen, I'm down here with the show! We opened last night. Ain't that a kick! Say, you're looking wonderful."

"Ah'm a li'l Alabamy bebe, tha's what Ah is," I greet her. "How's the bunch!"

"Great! Did you see Ferdinand?" Good old Ferdinand. "Is he here?" I inquire.

"He cert'n'y is!" comes a yell and there is Ferdinand himself. "Say, sweetie, how about a little date tonight?"

"You bettah come along with us, now," says Richard dignifiedly in my ear. "Ah

persuaded them to hiah a band for you, an' Ah got all the photographers waitin' outside."

"All right, Richard," says I. "Yoo-hoo, Leona. Yoo-hoo, Ferdinand. See you later. Come around and look me up."

Gee, I feel all bucked up. Old Oswald Dunwoodie, though, is gazing at me kind of as if he had a bad taste in his mouth and all the rest of my cheering section except Richard are acting like they had indigestion. Richard rides down to the hotel in the same car with me.

"What's the matter with Oswald?" I inquire curiously.

"He didn't like for me to come ridin' down heah an' be seen with you this way," confides my friend.

"What!" I yelp. "And what," I go on, "has Mr. Oswald Dunwoodie got to do with that? Since when is he regulating you and me? Aren't you my manager?"

"That's what Ah told him," says Richard uncomfortably, "but you see he wants me to become engaged to Rowena and—"

Things actually go foggy around me for a minute. Can't I make a single plan without something coming in to not only warp it, but shatter it? This is just too lovely for words. Rowena gets the gravy, and I do the work!

"Do tell me about yourself," I manage to get out on a note of sarcasm. "I'm always glad to hear about my old friends after being separated from them for so long. So you're engaged to Rowena, are you?"

"Not yet, but when her father suggested it I thought that if Ah paid some attention to her," he goes on, "maybe Ah could interest Mr. Dunwoodie in my lots, since he's got so much money that he don't know what to do with it. You see, Marise, he's a great philanthropist and Ah decided to see if Ah couldn't get him to buy the whole forty acres and make it into a park for Andover."

"What a marvelous idea," I says.

"He told me he was very glad to see me and Rowena together, an' said he had always considered Ah would make her a fine husband, an' that if Ah was to do such a thing as marry her, he would not only buy my land, but he would take me into his business as a partner! Wasn't that wonder-ful of him!"

I SIMPLY shake my head. What a waste of time promoting this brainstorm has been. "I see," I snap. "And now papa fears that if you're left alone with me in an open automobile I'll steal the sugar right out of little Rowena's coffee? Is that it?"

"Not altogether," says Richard. "Mr. Dunwoodie was kind of angry about another little thing. You know, he found out you were not a Southern girl."

"Ain't he helpful!" I warble. You will remember what I said about the "ain't."

"Listen, you tell him as far as he's concerned I am a Southern girl. Ah'm so Southern Ah can't hardly speak English!"

"He was goin' to go to the Judges," says his son-in-law-to-be, "an' tell them you weren't born South, until Ah made him promise not to."

"Wasn't that kind of you," I says.

"He was just furious," is the concluding morsel, "because Rowena didn't win the prize."

"Listen, where is this automobile taking us?"

"To the Ritz, of co'ase," says Richard.

"Tell them to go to the Apollo Theater," I says. "To the stage door!"

"Why, what's the matter?" he inquires uncomfortably.

In answer I unpin the Miss Andover banner that is draped over my bosom and hand it to him. "Make your girl friend a present of this," says I in a tone of dangerous sweetness, "with love and kisses."

And listen, Mr. Crenshawe, we Broadway bimbos may give those acquaintances and relatives of yours a pain in the arch but that's nothing to what I derive from 'you-all'. In case you're still mystified, just go into a conference with this information. I am through. Understand? Through! I'll spell it for you if you like."

"Marise!" he says. "What are you-all goin' to do?"

"I'm going job hunting," I scathe. "And when I'm surrounded by stage people again at least I'll know I'm among friends."

Well, pets and petters, I'll confess to you, just between you and me and the armchair, that no matter how much I try to work myself into a frenzy of rejoicing over being back among the familiar sights and smells of the dear old theater world again, the effort isn't altogether successful. Of course all the troupe are overjoyed to see me, and it's not so bad to fall right into a job, which is what happens to me when Izzy Schwartz tells me that I can jump right into rehearsal after the evening performance.

But his words give me a jolt just the same. "When did you say the rehearsal was to be, Mr. Schwartz?" I inquire, anxious to make sure.

"After the show tonight," he repeats. "We're whipping it into shape, and we've been rehearsing every night since we opened. You'll be able to pick up your steps, maybe, and get into the matinee tomorrow."

THAT, you see, is the cute little jester in the deck. The muscular effort involved will probably cripple me. Well, I summon up my sweetest smile and thank him gratefully for the employment. After all, it's where I belong, I guess. I might as well make the best of it.

But that night is when I think of Miss Ellen's four dollar a week room. I join the line-up and for hours we girls go through the steps, over and over again, until we are bleary-eyed and ready to drop. And every step I take I get sorer at everything, especially Richard.

"I wish I was dancing on your neck, Mr. Crenshawe," is my accompanying thought.

It is long after dawn when we are allowed to stagger to bed, with strict orders to be at the theater in plenty of time for the matinee. As I stretch myself out between the sheets I am aware that I am going to almost need crutches for the performance and my prediction is fully justified by the condition of my anatomy when Leona comes in to call me at noon.

"Listen, dearie," I tell her. "Can't you run over and burn down the theater?" She smiles sympathetically. "Or lend me a leg or two," I go on. "Honest, Leona, it is almost too terrible to jest about."

"Your Southern friend has been waiting around for you for three hours, they tell me," says she.

"He has, has he," I yelp. "Ha Ha! Isn't that delirious? Say, before I'll let him laugh at me. . . ." But what's the use talking? I have breakfast brought to the room, and later, when I hobble out of the elevator it is with the fixed intention of withering him to a cinder with scorn!

I guess he has given me up. He is not in the lobby. I get a taxi and go straight to the theater, where the last of my strength is threatened by my pilot's calmly announcing that I owe him a dollar for that thirty-cent ride. I am arguing with him hotly when a hand reaches over my shoulder and tenders him the greenback. "Ah'll jus' pay that for you," says a familiar voice at my ear. It is Richard.

"You'll do nothing of the kind," I says, but as I swing toward him the taxi driver seizes the money and quickly rolls away. "Foolish as usual," I comment to the intruder. "I'll thank you not to meddle with my affairs any more, Mr. Crenshawe. What

are you doing so far away from Rowena?" "Marise," he cries. "Ah know you'll never look at me again, an' Ah doan' deserve to be looked at, but before you send me away Ah want to tell you just three things."

"I suppose they'll be as accurate as all the other things you've told me," I says.

"Honest, Marise, this is the truth," he pleads. "The first thing of all is that Ah love you. Ah didn't know how much Ah did love you until you went away from me."

"I suppose Rowena sent you down to tell me," says I.

"How did you know?" he yelps.

"Why," I tell him sarcastically, "it's so like what any woman would do."

"But she did," is his surprising statement. "That's the next thing Ah was going to tell you. When you passed us on the boardwalk last night Ah suppose Ah must have looked pretty miserable. An' the first thing you know Rowena asked me right out if it was you that Ah really loved, an' Ah told her 'yes' because it was the truth an' Ah couldn't say anythin' else. Well, she told me if that was so she wouldn't have me, not even to please her father."

"Oswald must of burst into tears of joy at that," says I.

"Ah doan' know what he did," is Richard's answer. "Ah just told him that after all this Ah couldn't sell him my land under any circumstances, an' then Ah jumped out of that wheel-chair an' Ah started to look for you. Ah haven't seen him since."

"You looked persistently, it seems," I comment.

"Marise," he begs, "listen. Ah quit because it suddenly struck me that Ah hadn't a thing in the world to offer you. How could Ah come to you an' tell you that Ah'd made a mistake, and knew it now, and wanted to marry you when Ah couldn't begin to support you?"

"Did you really think that?" says I.

"Ah did, Marise. Ah passed the most miserable night, Ah guess, that anybody ever passed in their life. . . ."

"Wait till you hear about mine," I put in.

"But Marise, dear, when Ah got downstairs this mornin' the whole thing was solved, and it was you that had won it. Will you believe me, there were three telegrams from Andover, from the man that Ah left in charge of the office, and what they had to say was that you have made the place famous. All sorts of people have begun to arrive to look it over, and he has actually had an offer from a big realty company in Mobile that wants to buy the entire parcel outright! Marise, Ah owe every single bit of that to you. You made our fortune! Won't you share it with me?"

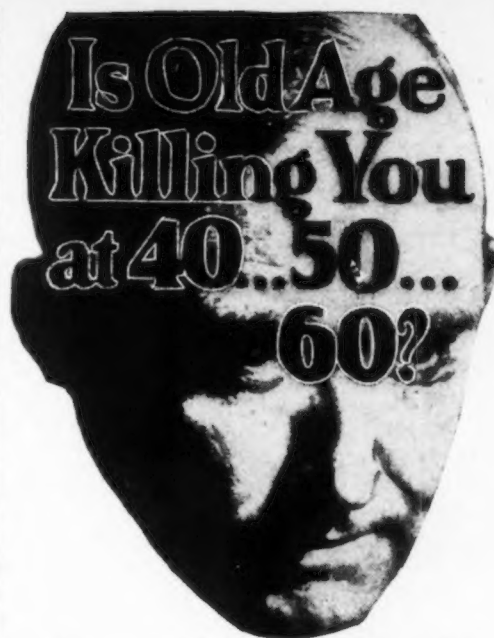
DID you ever find yourself kissing somebody right out on the street in broad daylight? That is what happens to me then and there. The next thing I am conscious of is that I am looking over Richard's shoulder and there are about twenty people gazing at us and laughing out loud.

"This is how we do it in Andover, Alabama," I tell them, and demonstrate once again. "I am Miss Andover, I want you to know," I announce.

"You're goin' to be Mrs. Andover as fast as Ah can have it done," says Richard.

And so I don't parade after all, not with the bathing beauties. You have to be single to do that. But honestly, I'm not jesting with you a particle when I tell you that any of those girls would have given anything to get the prize I got, and as for publicity. . . . Well, my picture when they printed it in the papers was just twice as big as the girl's that won the contest.

No foolin', Ah'm a li'l Alabamy bebe now!



Are you aging too soon—getting up 5 to 10 times at night—is vitality ebbing steadily away—are you definitely on the down grade, half-living, blue, depressed—are you subject to chronic constipation, chronic fatigue, backache, foot and leg pains? Then look to the vital prostate gland!

New Facts About the PROSTATE GLAND

Do you think it is natural for a man to suffer at or beyond a certain middle age? In men past 40, do you know that these symptoms are often the direct result of prostate gland failure? Are you aware that these symptoms frequently warn of the most critical period of a man's life, and that prostate trouble, unchecked, usually goes from bad to worse—that it frequently leads to months and even years of fruitless treatment and even surgery—that it even threatens life itself?

Free to Men Past 40

No man past 40 should go on blindly blaming old age for these distressing conditions. Know the true meaning of these symptoms. Send for a new illustrated and intensely interesting booklet, "Why Many Men Are Old at 40," written by a well-known American Scientist, and see if these facts apply to you.

Natural Method

There is little or nothing that medicine can do for the prostate gland. Massage is annoying, expensive and not always effective. Now this scientist has perfected a totally different kind of treatment that you can use in the privacy of your own home. It employs no drugs, medicine, violet rays, diets or exercises. It stimulates the vital prostate gland in a new natural way, and it is as harmless as brushing your hair. 40,000 men have used it with remarkable results.

Swift Natural Relief

Letters pour in from every state and from many foreign countries. Now physicians and surgeons in every part of the country are using and recommending this non-medical treatment. So directly does this new safe treatment go to the prostate gland that noticeable relief often follows overnight. So remarkable are the results that you can test it under a guarantee that unless you feel 10 years younger in 6 days you pay nothing.

Scientist's Book Free

Send now for this Scientist's free book and learn these new facts about the prostate gland and old age ailments. This book is sent without cost or obligation. Simply mail the coupon to The Electro Thermal Co., 6705 Morris Ave., Steubenville, Ohio.

If you live West of the Rockies, mail your inquiry to
The Electro Thermal Co.
303 Van Nuys Building, Dept. 67-E
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

The Electro Thermal Co., 6705 Morris Ave.
Steubenville, Ohio.
Without obligation, kindly send me a free copy
of "Why Many Men Are Old at 40."

Name

Address

City State



"We can't get married until"

"We CAN'T get married until I earn more money." Thousands of young men are saying that today. Thousands of girls are giving that as the reason the marriage date is being put off and off. Sometimes it gets a little embarrassing, too, to have to keep on giving that excuse. For no girl likes to admit that the man she is going to marry is a failure.

It takes money to support a home these days. And you're right in waiting. But don't wait too long. The years of youth are precious years. They will never come again.

Thousands of men now have happy prosperous homes because they had the foresight to prepare themselves for advancement through the home-study courses of the International Correspondence Schools. Hundreds of them report salary increases of \$10, \$15 and \$25 a week. Many are earning \$75, \$100 and \$150 a week. Some have doubled and even tripled their salaries. Some are earning \$10,000 and \$15,000 a year. Others have become owners of businesses of their own.

If the I. C. S. can help other men to raise their salaries, it can help you. At least find out how. It won't obligate you to ask for our Free Booklets, but that one simple act may change your entire life. Do it now. Do it for HER!

Mail the Coupon for Free Booklet

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS "The Universal University" Box 6256-L, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject before which I have marked X:

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card and Sign |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Lettering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accounting and C.P.A. Coaching | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Secretarial Work | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish <input type="checkbox"/> French | <input type="checkbox"/> Magazine and Book |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrator |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Architect |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | <input type="checkbox"/> Architects' Blueprints |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Engines |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy <input type="checkbox"/> Mining | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture and Poultry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Radio | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |

Name

Street Address

City State

Occupation

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

-Every Deaf Person Knows That I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They stop head noises and ringing ears. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address: **GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)** 175 Hoffman Bldg., 2639 Woodward, Detroit, Mich.

NERVES?

Are You Always Excited? Fatigued? Worried? Gloomy? Pessimistic? Constipation, indigestion, cold sweats, dizzy spells and sex weakness are caused by **NERVE EXHAUSTION**. Drugs, tonics and medicines cannot help weak, sick nerves? My Free Book tells how to retain Vigor, Calmness and Self Confidence. Enclose 25c for mailing.

RICHARD BLACKSTONE, N-385, Flatiron Bldg., N. Y. C.

Back to Long Skirts?

Prize Winning Letter Writers

IF SMART SET readers have their way, long skirts will forever rest in the limbo of forgotten things. Legs is legs, said you writers in the contest, "Shall We Go Back to Long Skirts?" and that's all there is to it. They're nothing to be ashamed of, generally, and most of them don't deserve to be hidden. Morals? You ready letter writers were wise enough to see and say, "There is no connection between short skirts and morals or the lack of them."

The women are particularly insistent that they never again will turn themselves into street-sweepers by wearing the nice, long, trailing skirts of a more repressed and unhappier age. They don't object to adding three or four inches to the length of their skirts but more than that—Still, if the styles changed, radically, what would they do?

"There is no fault to find with the present day styles from the standpoints of history, morality and hygiene," writes Agnes Dalton, Charleston, S. C., winner of the first prize. She can see nothing wrong with the way girls dress now but she sees almost everything wrong with the way they dressed twenty years ago. Her letter follows:

BACK to long skirts? Never! I agree with Miss Hurst when she says that never in the history of the world have women's clothes been as sensible and as decent as at the present time.

I have read articles and heard harangues and chatterings about the "moral decadence of the times" and I have discovered that such observations and remarks are usually introductory to an exposition of how the immodest dress of woman is the cause of all the sin, crime, and illness in this world.

Now, being a woman, I viewed the subject from an inside vantage ground and I am sure I can see nothing wrong with the way women are dressed, except perhaps, they look too warm on very hot days. There is no fault to find with the present styles when considered from standpoints of history, morality, and hygiene.

The Bible is authority for the belief that sin existed in Eden before clothes had been invented and Tennyson tells us in beautiful poetry how Lady Godiva reduced taxes for a whole town by riding through the streets of Coventry in most scanty attire. The poem relates that all the people were benefited by her noble act and but one casualty reported.

Those who advocate a return to long skirts, corsets, high collars, starch, ratty hair, and woolen underwear should learn: that long skirts cause stiff knees and sprained ankles, corsets make the back ache and hurt the diaphragm, high collars cause goitre and bulgy eyes, and woolen underwear is the worst of all, for it irritated and the result was a restless, stupid expression.

I think a short skirt looks well on a young girl, or young woman, but when the grandmothers put them on, I think it is time to talk about the "Thou Shalt Nots" of Puritanism.

"Never back to long skirts, but not too far with the other extreme," is the slogan of Mrs. J. R. Farmer, Elberton, Ga., who won the second prize. Mrs. Farmer is full of praise for the present liberty her sex enjoys but she warns, strongly, against license. She writes:

NO—never back to long skirts, nor too far with the other extreme, but a happy medium is what every man and woman really wants.

Every woman, deep down in her heart, wants to be pleasing in the sight of God and man. Sooner or later the scattering extremists will reach this happy medium and there they'll stay and find more real happiness in acting and dressing sensibly than they ever found in being extra, extremely modern, either in dress or deeds.

Liberty is a wonderful thing and women are more at liberty to dress and do as they please now than ever their long-skirted grandmothers dared to dream.

But whether we wear long skirts or short, we are still human: some strong, some weak,

of varying tastes and emotions and a real lady remains a lady still, regardless of costume or customs.

Those who take too many liberties with liberty will soon tire of the excitement and empty thrill and return to their rightful place, finding real joy in being a true sweetheart, wife, mother or perhaps in some useful career or business. For after all, the busy people, serving God and their fellow-men, are the happiest people.

Don't miss the contest announced on page 68. It gives you a big chance. You better turn right now and take a look at it. You'll find there are liberal prizes with an opportunity to write something more about SMART SET. Also This Funny World, page 74, offers you two chances to be bright.

Prize Winners BACK TO LONG SKIRTS?

First Prize, \$15—Agnes Dalton, Charleston, S. C.

Second Prize, \$10—Mrs. J. R. Farmer, Elberton, Ga.

Third Prize, \$5—Frances M. Frost, 93 Church St., Burlington, Vt.

Ten \$1 Prize Winners

Frances Ellis Morrison, Forest Park, Ill.

J. S. Mackenzie, Harlingen, Texas.
Mrs. Lillian A. Gaddy, Jerome, Ariz.

Samuel Harvel, South Point, Ohio.
Dorothy Dase, Detroit, Mich.

Hilma O. Norman, Atwater, Minn.
Dr. Edwina L. Lang, Lynn, Mass.

Miss Jimmie Mae Wyatt, Valley Station, Ky.

George R. Hartwick, Logansport, Ind.
R. W. Carr, Parkersburg, W. Va.